

Locomotive Breath

Styx

In the shuffling madess, of the locomotive breath,
Runs the all-time loser, headlong to his death.
He feels the piston scraping
Steam breaking on his brow
Old Charlie stole the handle and
The train won't stop going
No way to slow down.

He sees his children jumping off
At the stations - one by one.
His woman and his best friend
In bed and having fun.
He's crawling down the corridor
On his hands and knees
Old Charlie stole the handle and
The train won't stop going
No way to slow down.

He hears the silence howling --
Catches angels as they fall.
And the all-time winner
Has got him by the balls.
He picks up Gideons Bible
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Old Charlie stole the handle and
The train won't stop going
No way to slow down.