

## Before Hollywood

The Saints

Before Hollywood before Babylon and Babel  
On a desert isle I was sitting at a table  
Reading into the absurd  
some of us never learn  
In the struggle to survive  
Something must Die...  
On a foreign shore  
In the shadow of a cathedral  
With a cripple's eye  
I stole manna from the temple  
In a cinematic dream  
somebody lent to me  
I began to realise  
Something must die  
So who am I and do I make a difference  
Does life go on and on and is there any answer  
In a tenement electric luxuries of silence  
Of the human mind and all it's evolution  
Is this perverse  
And does it really hurt  
In the struggle to survive  
Something must die.....  
So who am I and do I make a difference  
Does life go on and on and is there any answer?