

# Becoming A Jackal

## Villagers

The most familiar room  
Every implement was leading to you  
And your homely sense of dissaray  
Never once the same  
Always rearranged  
But things would never change  
In the seam between the window frame  
Where the jackals preyed on every soul  
Where they tied you to a pole  
And stripped you of your clothes

I was a dreamer  
Staring at windows  
Out onto the main street  
Cause that's where the dream goes

And each time they found fresh meat to chew  
I would turn away and return to you  
You would offer me your unmade bed  
Feed me till I'm fed  
And read me till I'm read  
But when the morning came  
You would catch me at the window again  
In an eyes wide open sleeping state  
Staring into space  
With no look upon my face

I was a dreamer  
Staring at windows  
Out onto the main street  
Cause that's where the dream goes

And when I got older  
When I grew older  
Out onto the streets I flew  
Released from your shackles  
I danced with the Jackals  
And learned a new way to move  
So before you take this song as truth  
You should wonder what I'm taking from you  
How I benefit from you being here  
Lending me your ears  
While I'm selling you my fears

I was a dreamer  
(I'm selling you my fears)  
Staring at windows  
(I'm selling you my fears)  
Out onto the main street  
(I'm selling you my fears)  
Cause that's where the dream goes  
(I'm selling you...)

I was a dreamer  
Staring at windows  
Out onto the main street  
Cause that's where the dream goes