

"CRUEL BREEZE"

POLICE AND THE COURTS KILL PEOPLE EVERY DAY,
FROM LOVE TO IDLE TIME,
AND SOME PEOPLE JUST DIE ANYWAY,
FROM LIFE TO THEIR CRAZY MINDS,

WITH TIME LIKE I HAVE, IT COULDN'T REALLY HURT TO DIE,
NO MORE THAN IT HURTS IN PRISON TO LIVE,
THE PRISONERS AROUND ME ALWAYS CRY,
BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS TAKEN AWAY, AND THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT TO GIVE,

FOR MANY OF US, DEATH IS JUST A FINAL SLEEP,
AS DUST TO DIRT WE SHALL ONE DAY GO,
MANY OF OUR FAMILIES WILL WEEP,
BUT THE WIND OUTSIDE STILL BLOWS,

AND THE WIND SHALL KILL TIME ITSELF,
IT EATS AWAY OUR WORLD OF HURT,
AND EVERYTHING ONCE KNOWN AS WEALTH,
THE WIND WILL TURN TO DIRT,

TO KNOW DEATH IS TO KNOW ME, IS TO KNOW THE WIND,
THAT WHISPERS THROUGH THE FENCE AND THE TREES,
AND TO ME DEATH IS JUST ANOTHER FRIEND,
BLOWING THROUGH THE LIFE I ONCE KNEW LIKE
A CRUEL BREEZE...

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