Apostle Of Hustle, A Rent Boy Goes Down

Shadows on the wall Shadows in the depth of his face Shadows taking everybody's place

Paris was a young man, he wore his hair up in a trick
He quit the house made of roses and rose flavored spit
Paris with a dagger on his mind and romance in his hand
Tough and hard, in the yard, now nothing but a stranger in a strange land

Socrates in swaying the youth away Branches thick with heat and syrupy decay Picks up a book commands him to read "The part where he kisses him on the roof" Breaking dawn, woe be gone, hit the dope And hope they become pure and aloof

Paris glittering in the war forced to compete They all tried to bully him, buy him, score it for cheap Hungry boy, he's a wolf, falls down, and bricks a sheep Says, "you're gold for a moment but gold Isn't anything you can keep."