

# Apostle Of Hustle, Justine, Beckoning

Down in a southern town  
A devil took both my eyes  
She buried them in the sand  
She wanted me to hold her hand

&quot;Is it coke or would you like a beer?&quot;  
&quot;No, I want what burns and is clear  
When it's clear and it burns to the taste  
It puts beauty back in its place.&quot;

The first of this devil was worse  
It spoke through my fingers in verse:  
&quot;Let the children feast on the street  
'Cause they don't care what they eat.  
Let the horses all starve in a ditch  
Let the architects sit and get rich  
Let the Christians call down from above  
Let them starve for wanting of love and  
If He exists He's out of sight  
or under cheap fluorescent light.&quot;

Justine! Take off that disguise  
In the sunlight there's nothing you can hide

Justine! The world is cruel, I know  
But escape is loneliness for sure

Justine! What does all this mean?  
You got something I'm not supposed to see?