

# Art In Manila, Golden Dawn

Cigarettes and trash furnishing your room  
He claims to be from God  
But, when was God this cold?  
He said, "Son, get on your knees and pray to me  
With your mother I'll do what I please"  
A colony of worshiping beings  
Children, find your song  
And let it take you to the golden dawn  
See, old man, you done us wrong  
You ain't no saint and I'm not your son  
I've never been your son  
A blue line ascending moon  
Mocks you from the sky  
A tall on your room  
And tears in your eye  
He said "Son, get on your knees you'll be redeemed"  
But the Lord's so far from here  
A distant dream, a nightmare's scream  
Children, find your song  
And let it take you to the golden dawn  
See, old man, you done us wrong  
You ain't no saint and your time is done  
Your time is done  
Don't let it all take you away  
The property of love  
Oh children, find your gun  
And let it take you to the golden dawn  
Said, old man, you done us wrong  
You ain't no saint and I've just begun  
Life's just begun  
Children, find your gun