

Duels, Idiot

It comes at night, you know.

The idiot sleeps and the idiot talks to the ether,
to the cold night air.

"This can't be right," he groans,
"Bakunin's child, can I be both wild and defeated?
What a cross to bear."

These poor ghosts they can't be all alone,
sat in the dark with one hand on the phone,
and as the television spills the truth,
he thinks, "my God! I've been wrong all these years -
here's the proof:

idiot talk, idiot talk, idiot talk,
tell me what you want...

It happened more each day,
slowly turning into dust,
said the idiot, "I must be a dreamer,"
looking into the sky.
Where machines form an orderly queue,
slowing down to take in all the views
and as the idiot looks then the idiot sees
"so many eyes staring right back at me!"

We poor ghosts we can't be all alone