

# Germs, Our Way

Clara would be proud to know us  
We've taken it to the end  
Where the gray turns to black  
And where the white just begins-

we live every day on the water  
The night just kills the pain  
From the suffering that was  
We are no stranger-we are dust-

Down in the crown we're down on our knees  
Wanna get out but don't wanna succeed  
We're the red-eyed legends of the night before  
We're the dead mind babies of the T.V. war-

Living in rectory of sin  
Against the currents we all swim  
Cageless wonders of sometime when  
The paper lion's chase will end-