

Adrian Belew, The Howler

Here is the angel of the worlds' desire
Placed on trial
To hide in shrouded alley silhouettes
With cigarette coiled
To strike at passing voices
Dark and suspect
Here is the howling ire

Here is the sacred face of rendezvous

In subway sour
Whose grand delusions prey
Like intellect in lunatic minds
Intent and focused on
The long thin matches
To light the howling fire

No, no, not me
Burn, I don't wanna burn