

# Ambrosia, The Brunt

(Pack - Puerta - North - Drummond)

Leaping quick on leopard's back  
I face the brunt of his attack  
In the land of nod I'm king  
Until the alarm clock rings

Stepping out from safety's door  
I hear the rushing traffic roar  
Smiling to myself I say,  
"...Hooray its a brand new day"

Slashing my way through vine  
I'll kill if I have to  
I'll be there on time  
Clawed through the freeway jam  
I curse at the guy who passed me  
Last time 'round

In my office settled back  
Drink a cup of coffee (black)  
Stretch my mind and try'n erase  
The thought of the day to face

Life is like the leopard's den  
And once you find you've fallen in  
A safari of the heart  
Surely comes to an end

Madness is our damnation  
Strange is the situation we're all in  
To one man it matters nothing  
Others it shatters something; no one wins

I could not see it myself (Though I'd read about it)  
I could not hear it myself (Though I'd heard about it)  
I could not feel it myself (Though I knew that it was real)

I could not hear it myself (Don't you lie about it)  
I could not feel it myself (But don't you cry about it)

For there's an animal in us all  
The brunt of which you'll see