

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