

Black, Call Of The Narc

Out in the napalm scorching heat
Dry like a Kerouac dusty street
Crawling to a fate that lies in the dark
And musty shadows
The call of the Narc
Smeared like an insect on the glass
Each day like a drip dry New Orleans
That drains you of your strength
Your every word, your very soul
The call of the Narc
I'm sure there are bodies above
But I stay downstairs
Keep the light from behind
There is smoke in the air
And the light is pale and watery
Filtered in lines by the vertical blinds
It's like a sauna in here
Staked out going on three days
Wringing out the shirt stuck to my back
Wired, the place is wired
To go on one wrong throw
Here goes your soul
The call of the Narc
Here goes your soul
The call of the Narc
Here goes your soul