

Gatsbys American Dream, A Mind Of Metal And V

Far beyond
there lies the vaudeville where creatures are gathering.
The assembly
cackle and drool at a land slowly dying.
The monologue begins.
The man is abandoned.
And he cracks a lonely smile
like an oyster that's been shucked and dead.
The company the red
posies they sprang and they whispered.

Sweet tragedy.

"There's a bird who is broken down.
She hunts the soil so her young can feed.
But the morning never stays for long
and the flock will starve for needs."
This is the act you see,
our seeds were sown in fertile soil.
And the crowd all cheered as the men as beasts
destroyed the crop and field.

Sweet tragedy.

The ensemble's tune of wretched abandon.
Where desperate souls
They litter the pavement.
Where beasts roam the world
in arrogant fashion.
Trampling the harvest and spoiling the soil.