## Gatsbys American Dream, Badlands

They call this the badlands baby But it used to be bayou The shore of an inland sea And I can hear you coming

What foul beast stalks this way

The night is dim
But I catch the scent of your arrogance

As you rear your head I can see your eyes gleaming Catching light from the moon Like a pair of knives to cut me down

Hole in the world And the light is leaking out Spilling like water And I can hear you coming

What new devilry is this I saw you rise And creep across the sky And all night as I fled You came behind

Eating all the stars Dig to find Why the life left Rocks and stones Skulls and bone Whispered stories Tales of glory

And a tragic fall from grace And a tragic fall from grace And a tragic fall from grace

Still were still falling Just like the dinosaurs And a tragic fall from grace