

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