Gatsbys American Dream, The Badlands

They call this the badlands baby
But it used to be bayou
The shore of an inland sea
But I can hear you coming
And theres a hole in the world
And the light is leaking out
Spilling like water
And I can hear you coming
What foul heast stalks this way

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

What new delivery 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 light is left

Rocks and stones, skulls and bones

Whispered stories, tales of glory and a tragic fall from grace

And were still falling just like the dinosaurs