

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 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