

King's X, Fishbowl Man

Into the fishbowl
I make my stand
Among the red fish
That shake my hand
The left of never
The right of me
The yellow water
Eternity
I'm in a fishbowl
I'm a fishbowl man
Up come the red fish
They speak to me
They tell me secrets
That shouldn't be
Mystical water
Bubble of birth
I pop the question
To Mother Earth
Jerry Spoken Word: (bridge)
external internal constant longings
inside out flacid dreams
silver wings
memory fading
the future snarls
she brings me a plate of black eyed sneers
waves crashing
forest burns
forced to impregnate itself to be freed
crack the whip
the horse has no conscience
whether to live or merely recede
pedastal landscapes manical reverence
naked she lies
clothed she pretends
my god I can't stand it
the systems the basics
humanity swearing because it's been born
non speaking monarch from fairy tale mishap
chartered a boat to visit my pain
we talked for hours then it all became clear
simply because I'm a Fishbowl man
I'm in a fishbowl I'm a fishbowl man