

# Nasty Savage, Penetration Point

Music-Dave

Lyrics-Ron

Live in the night  
To wake up this morning  
Weapons of thought  
From the  
Clouds of unknowing  
Naked target on the  
Beam of life  
Your personality  
Comes with the sunlight

Dogday dreamscape  
Woven into conjunction  
Snake to strike  
Bitten to die  
Step back a few paces  
Oh no  
The flow of situations  
Dealer in fantasy  
With your  
Life style factories

It must be tight tonight  
Did you penetrate  
Act of power of entering  
Couldn't you make a way

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Clouds of unknowing  
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Is this the last stop  
Penetration point  
In this vast design of things  
A dead run all the way  
Tired now  
Running, waiting, wanting  
Maybe it's  
Wishful thinking  
In this tree line  
Little world