

# Rez Band, Death Of The Dying

Maniacs dangle on the lunatic fringe,  
Oh, on the edge of a razor and like a door without a hinge,  
&quot;The devil&quot;, they cackle, &quot;could be ours in a cinch,&quot;  
Quicksand, lies, sound warning,  
But they won't budge an inch.

Like Pilate they fear the death of the saint, yet they fancy the diamond, the palace, the paint,  
The coward within them clings only to that of lace and white satin,  
&quot;No blood on my hand.&quot;

And in the finale, clutched tightly by pain, their glass house is shattered,  
Weeds bent in the rain,  
With a &quot;Why?&quot; in the mind and a curse on the tongue,  
Death bellowing hungrily, shadows on sun.

They pass into all that they have ever sown,  
Forsaking the answer, abdicating the throne,  
If only they'd followed when Christ called and walked on,  
Oh, if only they'd followed when Christ called and walked on,  
They'd have silenced the madness in the narrow road home,  
They'd have silenced the madness in the narrow road home.