

Rush, Anagram (For Mongo)

There's a snake coming out of the darkness
Parade from paradise
End the need for Eden
Chase the dreams of merchandise

There is tic and toc in atomic
Leaders make a deal
The cosmic is largely comic
A con they couldn't conceal

There is no safe seat at the feast
Take your best stab at the beast
The night is turning thin
The saint is turning to sin

Raise the art to resistance
Danger dare to be grand
Pride reduced to humble pie
Diamonds down to sand

Take heart from earth and weather
The brightness of new birth
Take heart from the harvest
Shave the harvest from the earth

Reasoning is partly insane
Image just an eyeless game
The night is turning thin
The saint is turning to sin

Miracles will have their claimers
More will bow to Rome
He and she are in the house
But there's only me at home

Rose is a rose of splendor
Posed to respond in the end
Lonely things like nights,
I find, end finer with a friend

I hear in the rate of her heart
A tear in the heat of the art

The night turns thin
The saint turns to sin