

Walking Disaster (pale Light Of The New Dark Age)

Bill Mallonee

There's a sad song for every heart broken
There's a name for every fool in the book
There's a sermon for every occasion
There's a love song for every soul shook

Chorus:

On the fault line of walking disasters
Well, that's the place fallen angels still fly
And the river of love...well, it still rolls on
Long time after the well...has run dry

If you stand and you make your confession
In a suit of old clothes that you stole
Offering some vain protestations
Wearing some cheap cologne

When the poor you'd hoped who keep silent
Show up on your front door stage
And the tent cities bath in the halogen glow
Of the pale light of the new dark age