

One Thing Left To Do

Guardian

We're welcomed
With indifference
To the dark rooms of your mind
The meter's running
Time to see the world
Through your troubled eyes
Another tortured genius screams
So you've tried everything?
You don't include the leap of faith
That might take you off your throne

You've got one thing left to do
You've got one thing left to do
Don dark glasses
Fire the masses
Could this be Messiah envy?
No rules
Big plan
Curse God
Curse man
Fed like junkies
Poisoned I.V.s

Cold sweat like warm blood
Flowing down your anger mask
That double-cross you hear
Weighs you toward the fall
Charmed to meet you
Why the crowd?
Misfit angst
Is well-endowed these days
With a touch of show-biz
And sacrilege on call

You've got one thing left to do
You've got one thing left to do
Know-alls
No show
Some crawl
I know
God's still calling
You're still stalling
Dead from dry rot
Soul sleep
Blood clot
Face it
You've got
One thing left to do
Appointed in this life
A single choice for everyman
It's time to choose