

Tiahuanaco

Killing Joke

I was a tourist in the Andes
On my way to Tiahuanaco
Where the balance of a weeping god
Faced east to the rising sun

But I looked out the window
And all I could see
Was the face of a girl
She was looking at me

She was begging for food
Then I knew I had found
The weeping god
In the face of a child

As she gestures with her fingers
Her little brother followed suit
And all I did was take my camera
So the image never fades away

I no longer saw the great gate of the sun
Nor the dawn of time when our race had begun
Just black eyes like starving dogs looking at me
A weeping god was all I'd ever see

And as I sat in contemplation beyond all charity
Losing the magic and meaning of living
(the earth and the stars these things are mine)
And when they've drained the earth of all resources
We'll face the music still
For you and I shall be striking memories
In the thoughts of our children's children

I had arrived at my destination
At the gate of the rising sun
We shall again regain in sunset that balance
That we left undone

I stared at the shacks and the shanty town mess
I couldn't help but to think of the West
The balance was lost and my reason went wild
As the weeping god came alive in the child

I began to weep
And I remember the violation
Determination came,
Determination, Yeah!