

What Slayde Says

NoMeansNo

Slayde is my buddy, my pal, he is my brother
I am one, he is the other
When the sun shines, he is my shadow
And when the moon is high, it's at his feet I lie
But I'll never listen to what Slayde says
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Slayde's always talking, and it's rarely nice
He's always whispering his poisonous advice
He is secretive, ruthless and cold
He mentions just enough and leaves the rest untold
He said, "Don't ever risk an open attack, just smile
Into their faces and then stab them in the back"
But Slayde, I said, what about the weak,
The helpless and the small?
He just sneered and said, "Fuck 'em all, fuck 'em all"
He said I am a murderer, although I've killed no one
You talk in puzzles Slayde, I said, what have you really done?
"I've cut the twining cord, I've shot the turtle dove,
I've shut out that precious light that shines from above"
Slayde, you are a poet, I said
But what are you truly speaking of?
He smiled and whispered, "I murdered love"
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I guess I hate him, no, that's not really true
He's not completely bad, sometimes he'll crack a joke or two
I guess I've grown accustomed to his funny ways
It's not his fault that he was made that way
I hear him in my sleep, I see him in my dreams
I see him crouched before some terrible machine
And then I face a mirror and he steps in between
Can you tell me, what does this mean?
Can you tell me, what does this mean?
Now I lay me down to sleep
And pray to God my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake
You'll know I've made my escape
But there is one step I'll never take
I'll never listen to what a Slayde says...