

# Let the Truth Sting

David Gray

The hour is out of joint  
Black sun has risen  
And the river of words  
Is flowing on through  
The cages of tradition  
They're handing out emptiness  
We'll take it, cos it's given  
Free with this plastic innocence  
And these standards of living

Questions, lighted questions  
Burnin' holes into my head  
Hanging like shadows o'er the sun  
Staring out like the eyes of the dead  
And sometimes my soul flickers  
As the wind of change blows cold  
Over the mire of repetition  
Down the corridors of rigmarole

What I say, what I think  
What I put down in ink  
I'm only tryin' to find a way to understand  
And I mean no harm  
I'm just searching for calm  
In the storm of mankind

Do you find it there  
In the sea of faces  
That drowns you every day  
Or in the silence and rubble and empty spaces  
Where children and rottweilers play  
Is it buried in the praise  
Given so cheap  
With a meaningless movement of the jaws  
In the looking glass  
That flatters you  
Or in the rattle of hollow applause

Blind circle, moon and sun  
Body willing, mind undone  
One pain ending while another begins  
Lies, ruin, disease  
Into wounds like these  
Let the truth sting

From the hub to the limit  
Through the urban hollows  
Out into the poles of the extreme  
To echo through the numbness  
Of these godless minutes  
In the shadow of delusion's regime

But here watching the night  
As it opens like a flower  
And the day starts to rust  
Feeling time pound  
Like a silent hammer

On this empire of dust  
And I'm thinking about the bullet  
And the TV screen, the dollar, and the clenched fist  
And if we're searching for peace  
How come we still believe  
In hatred as the catalyst

Through the borderline  
In front and behind  
Down the road of thorns  
Between the barbwire and the soul  
Bitters and chains  
Is all that remains  
Where the wheel has rolled

I feel it from the pit of my stomach  
Into the ditch of my mind  
Inside the chambers of my heart  
As I stare half blind  
At these walls of cardboard  
At this space that I've rented  
At your beauty that is crumbling  
Though you try so hard to prevent it

On and on  
Body willing, mind undone  
One pain ending while another begins  
Lies, ruin, disease  
Into wounds like these  
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