

## Four Winds

The Killers

Your class, your caste, your country, sect, your name or your tribe  
There's people always dying trying to keep them alive  
There's bodies decomposing in containers tonight  
In an abandoned building where  
Squatters made a mural of a Mexican girl  
With fifteen cans of spray paint and a chemical swirl  
She's standing in the ashes at the end of the world  
Four winds blowing through her hair

But when great Satan's gone... the Whore of Babylon...  
She just can't sustain the pressure where it's placed  
She caves, She caves

The Bible's blind, the Torah's deaf, the Qur'an's mute  
If you burned them all together you'd get close to the truth still  
They're pouring over Sanskrit on the Ivy League moons  
While shadows lengthen in the sun  
Cast all the school and meditation built to soften the times  
And hold us at the center while the spiral unwinds  
It's knocking over fences crossing property lines  
Four Winds, cry until it comes

And it's the Sum of Man slouching towards Bethlehem  
A heart just can't contain all of that empty space  
It breaks. It breaks. It breaks.

Well I went back by rented Cadillac and company jet  
Like a newly orphaned refugee retracing my steps  
All the way to Cassadaga to commune with the dead  
They said, "You'd better look alive"  
And I was off to old Dakota where a genocide sleeps  
In the Black Hills, the Badlands, the calloused East  
I buried my ballast. I made my peace.

Heard Four Winds, leveling the pines

But when great Satan's gone... the Whore of Babylon...  
She just can't remain with all that outer space  
She breaks. She breaks. She caves. She caves.  
She breaks.

You better look alive