

Spectre

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Where the street becomes a wall
The spectre fell against it
Without a cry or a wail
Here in the darkness
His black and green will ram
There's no more lack of conscience
That isn't due a plan
Oh, the spectre

The spectre had no food
The spectre was in guilt
He had no light, he had no light
His shadow overspilled
And 'cross the rugged ranges
Of kerbs and broken minds
The spectre wasn't finished
The spectre was denied
Oh, the spectre

Behold the shining silver
Of a coin held in your hand
The spectre isn't greedy
He recalls he is a man
While all through the midnight
Oppression only cries
See, oh see the spectre
Caught for the compromise
Oh, the spectre
Oh, the spectre
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The spectre fell against it
Without a cry or a wail