

## Middle

Jesse Welles

Simple men within the temple  
Singing soft "Oh Gracious Light"  
While Savages beneath the stars  
Charted souls, projected flights  
With their axes and their swords put away for the night  
Cometh dance  
Cometh song  
Cometh lute  
Cometh pipe

The road warrior Nazareth patriot was sighing Zion in excess  
While the Lord and God of faces donned a youthful chain and dress  
You have heard it said "Make it great again"  
Make your own self great  
That's a good place to begin  
Begin

When the devil plays his fiddle  
I'm going to meet ya in the middle  
Friend

With my silver droid companion beeping at my side  
As we gazed into the moonset wondering where in space we'd hide  
All the green skinned princes in systems far away  
Saying proverbs I can't mean in a language I can't say  
Say

And if these alkaloids elicited the origins of my mind  
Then why is the jackalope approaching winking both it's beady eyes  
Oh ye wizards of ineptitude you've conspired for my end  
As the flames of hell come rolling on the Santa Ana wind  
Wind

When the devil plays his fiddle  
I'm going to meet ya in the middle  
Friend

I rode a steamboat through the jungle  
With a fever and a rod  
Cursing all that dared to live  
Cursing me and thee and God  
And the arrows of the natives leapt forth and skewered me  
Don't we come here in a wonder  
Don't we leave in mystery  
Mystery

When we sailed into that salt lake  
It was dead as hope itself  
And we beached the damned craft  
Seeking death to no avail  
There will be no hell to pay  
No, hell has came and went  
There is no one left to kill there is sand and that is it  
It

When the devil plays his fiddle  
I'm gonna see ya in the middle

Friend