

These Mad Dogs Of Glory

Modern Life Is War

Sustained by madness. Sustained by Darkness.
Heroes and Fuck-ups bounding through time.
I sit alone. I raise a strong drink.
To your songs. Your words in thick black ink.
And lives lived. Not fairy tales but flesh and blood.
Rimbaud on the Red Sea. Strummer in the slum.
Plath at her daddy's grave. Hunter with his gun.
These Punks. These Cowards.
These Mad Dogs of Glory.
Bukowski on a binge in the streets of L.A.
Those who lived hard cause they could see no other way.
Push a little towards me.
These Mad Dogs of Glory.
What you were born to be. What you become.
And what is left of a man when his work is done.
It's hard to imagine. It's hard to conceive.
Your abuse. Your failures. Your boredom. Your years of uncertainty.
Too Human. All Too Human. This Breathing in and out.
Breathe in. Breathe Out.
Miller in the tropics. Lorca murdered in the street.
Richey at the Severn Bridge feeling incomplete.
From here to eternity.
These Mad Dogs of Glory.
An orphan who spoke the silent language of love.
A victim of an American witch hunt. A victim of his times.
These Mad Dogs of Glory.
Sustained by Madness. Sustained by Darkness.
Push a little bit of light towards me.
These Mad Dogs of Glory