

Light Show

Robert Pollard

In his mirror a laughing king
His courtyard crawling, Howling clowns at his side
There are no blanks in this boy's rifle
Cocked and loaded, Fist and fingers white

Back and forth when now they bring his cape, crown, and mask
Blazing heavy angels all around him
Such a paradise would surely make him frown and fall

He glows
Exposed
Transformed
He Knows

Tries rockin' and spits up something foul
No stopping the kicking stillborn now
'Cus they're men first and they grow up fast on the side
In the light show, where there's no place left you can hide