

## Perdition Blues

The cold wind haunts the ghostly city night.  
Old Stranger walks and watches with young eyes,  
There is no warmth in glaring neon light.

"Poor Bobby the pet," weeps a hungry child;  
Daddy feeds her meat on a spoon of lies.  
The cold wind haunts the ghostly city night.

Poison-sweet whispers nourish youngsters' spite,  
But whose womb grew the fist that now defies?  
There is no warmth in glaring neon light.

Young girl, black leather 'round her vein, so tight;  
For fleeting moments she is free – she flies.  
The cold wind haunts the ghostly city night.

A woman screeches in her futile flight,  
She can't outrun her ghouls – Old Stranger smiles.  
There is no warmth in glaring neon light.

Old Stranger gloats and ends the woman's plight;  
With grins of glee he picks her from the skies.  
The cold wind haunts the ghostly city night.  
There is no warmth in glaring neon light.