

Prepilogue

The woman with the flowing mane
Speaking through a windowpane
Wants to know all that's germane
Street address and maiden name
As her time to punch the clock was nearing

The detective with the lazy eye
Made my former girlfriend cry
Looking over all the whys
He's told too many trashy lies
To believe the story he was hearing

Sitting on a wooden chair
Remembering who was where
Anger made it hardly fair
The tale was told as laying bare
As only those who ever saw could tell it

He came in through a windowpane
I heard her shouting out his name
God was called but never came
Smashing glass and broken pain
The splatter was so deep that you could smell it

Pushed through came an inner peace
In the midst of all that heat
Pushed down to the busy street
Pushed but found my sandaled feet
A splinter of my time had just been passing

I turned to run and found my haste
Hatred runs an ugly race
At the car where I was chased
For the first time saw his face
Lucifer had never stopped his laughing

'Life' became an action word
'Run' regained its potent verb
Rammed into a screeching curb
I tried to steel my fragile nerves
And make it to the metro police station

A lesbian with badge and gun
Saw the blood, thought I was done
Began a chase but finding none
Evil then was on the run
No longer fitting my imagination

Gashed upon my arm and head
Made me think I may be dead
Doctors say what doctors said
I laid in unfamiliar beds
He'll soon be back, there is no time for healing

In that summer's midday heat
I made it to my dirty feet
Lost, my former girl and me
Drove under els with no AC
Made me think of what I might be stealing

Once I had a good night's sleep
The call then came from the police
Surrendered gentle as a sheep
Disguised in clothing of the meek
There was no reason for the cops to bust him

Law is wicked many ways
The judge saw fit to make him pay
But sentenced only 90 days
The lawyers end up getting paid
And everybody seems content to trust him

Last Thursday in the afternoon
Released from prison far too soon
A season's worth of bad cartoons
Is all he gets for wreaking doom
The system of the down will never fill him

So sleepless is the victim's fate
A gunner's heart, a gunner's hate
Words are meant as evil-bait
The trap is set to end this wait
A glance is all I'll ever need to kill him