

LIKE MOTHS TO A CANDLE

5-10-14
(#46)

1. "Oh Daddy, my savior, come rescue me !"
— Little girl cried in fear at the mere age of three.
The world, in her eyes, nearly met its demise
in alarm, from the harm, of a honey bee.

As the children grew they were funneled into
a mill that would die-stamp them uniform;
Each one the same, a tragic crying shame
the only difference would be their number
and their name.

REFRAIN A: By virtue of what they did to you
you'll never be able to see what they've done,
as you soar to the core of the flames bid for you,
you think, to the brink, of a victory you've won . . .

2. In flock-prep, in lock step they grew up
Very few with their own thoughts or will,
not a lot different than pushed-along logs
rent and sent down river to the saw mill.

Never venture outside of the no-thinking box
Ever-censure self-sourcing basic building blocks
of their independent heart and individual soul
cookie-cutter molded and one-size-fits-all role,
from a preschool sandbox, pick your life's aimless goal.

REFRAIN B: Holding dear to this handle
they flock through this scandal
like moths to a candle . . .

3. Once their mothers had preened them and weaned them
only their Uncle Sam came and redeemed them,
prodded along like good flocks of good sheep
with glimpses of awakening, but all still asleep.

Some betraying their neighbor and kin
can still be heard saying, "it might be a sin . . ."
— ever even *to think* the prime crime, "disobey"
while elevating it to a great honor to betray —
especially those trying to show them the way.

(Continued)

LIKE MOTHS TO A CANDLE
(Continued)

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COMPLETE

REFRAIN: By virtue of what they did to you
you'll never be able to see what they've done
As you soar to the core of the flames bid for you,
you think, to the brink, of a victory you've won.
Holding on to this handle
they flock to this scandal
like moths to a candle.

(HOOK): Like moths to a candle, like moths to a candle.
Like moths to a candle, like moths to a candle.

[INSTRUMENTAL]

BRIDGE: Let their hand be your worshipful handle,
you can no longer find your own way;
Victims of a most treacherous vandal
of your most precious treasure for a lifetime they slay.
Follow only a pre-fabricated script
Walk solely in the footsteps pre-molded for your sandal,
Holding on to this handle
they flock to this scandal
like moths to a candle.

[REPEAT COMPLETE REFRAIN]

[VAMP ON HOOK, TO FADEOUT]

[END]

Written: c. 1970; and
May 7-10, 2014