

BLACK FIRE

He sits behind his desk, fiery bird of prey. He sails unscathed into the crisis zone.
He line-items out whole departments at once. He picks my colleagues off one by one.

He comes from a whole different world than I do. His solves his problems by making them mine.
He owns the magical mustard seed from the house that has never known pain.

Chorus: Two hundred knockouts, never tied or lost, this is death with a good head of steam.
This is the black fire carried out to its extreme.

He's always looking out for a forward pass. He's got a chaos theory borrowed from hell.
He thinks himself exception to natural law. He makes collect calls to the devil himself.

He says, "And what does God know about running the world? Where did Jesus get his MBA?
I've got the ultimate merger: refusing to die. I'll live until I own the Milky Way."

He sits behind his ornate desk like a god. He declares himself the lord of hosts.
He says, "I kicked that Heavenly King off his throne. We've leveraged-bought out all those holy ghosts."

"You will bow down to me and my stockholder choir. You're going to work forever, 'til death do retire.
Live a thousand years you won't escape my black fire."

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