

# Patrick the Pan, The Ballad of an Elephant

It's my last night in this cage,  
from my sleep I will not wake.  
This cage was open for you love,  
the taste of nightcap down your throat...  
Their eyes are hungry, hearts asleep,  
The human joy is made of steel  
...and blood.  
I've gone to war I knew I'll loose.  
The inside voice has told me to.  
(or what was left from it)

Master came...  
(Have You lost your mind,  
I am loosing my mind)

My body gets so cold and stiff.  
You think my soul it doesn't exist.  
These bones have done too much to entertain.  
The poison in my veins.  
The sirens in my mind.  
I'm smiling for the first time in my life.

It's my last night in this cage.  
Home is where I want to wake.