

The Boy (1 of 2)

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I've been walkin' with the boy
And the boy walks on ahead
And I follow right behind him
Though I know the boy is dead
And he leads me like a shepherd
To a field I've seen before
'Cause he knows that if I graze there
I'll be comin' back for more

The boy, he makes good company
He's fun to have around
He talks to me inside my head
And never makes a sound
His words are sweet as sugar
His voice is soft and deep
He sings a somber lullaby
And sings me off to sleep

When you walk with the boy
The boy walks beside you
And carries your soul in his hand

The boy is an orphan
But the boy has a name
Some say the boy is changin'
But the boy, he stays the same
His cloak is lined with shadows
And diamonds made of ice
His pockets full of treasures
That he'll sell you for a price

The Boy (2 of 2)

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He'll keep you occupied
And teach you how to fly
He'll give you wings and other things
And then he'll help you die
He'll show you how to make a box
A box for you to keep
He'll make you kiss the ground
And then he'll show you how to sleep

Indeed
Has God said you shall not eat of any tree of the garden?
You surely shall not die
For God knows that in the day you eat of it
Your eyes will be opened
And you will be like God
Knowing good and evil

I stood behind the boy
And the boy walked on ahead
And he turned and smiled and beckoned
Though he knew that I was dead
He called to me in whispers
And bargained for my life
One hand reached out to me
And the other held a knife