

Omen

Gil Scott-Heron

A giant eye zapped across the screen,
With tentacle type feeler type thin roots,
Reaching for someone maybe me,
With large black block letters,
Chiseled into the white around the pupils screaming,
R e v o l u t i o n,
Revolution,
And as the eye giant and green,
Sort of oozed with no obvious locomotion,
Closer and closer until it was like this on my screen,
It split and blood flowed down each side of the street,
Washing away things that we didn't need to see,
Just like beer cans peanut shells and copies of the daily news,
And then laying there, bleeding like a stuck pig,
Was a stuck pig,
Get the point?

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