

Andrew Belle

"Heretics"

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Bored holes through our tongues
To sing a song about it
Held our breath for too long
'til we're half sick about it

Tell us what we did wrong
And you can blame us for it
Turn a clamp on our thumbs
We'll sew a doll about it
And tell us all about it

How 'bout some credit now
Where credit is due
For the damage that we've done
Wrought upon ourselves and others
With a slow and vicious gun
And although pratfalls can be fun
Encores can be fatal
And then I hear you say

Thank god it's fatal
Not shy
Not shy of fatal
Thank god
Wait just a second now
It's not all that bad
Are we not having fun?

You're making mountains of handkerchiefs
Where the mascara always runs

So be careful when you're done
You're bound to get post-natal

What did I just hear you say?

Thank god it's fatal
We don't want to hear the sound of a door
And we don't want to read the signs that you bore

You know the kind of sign you hang on a door

Saying we'll be back what a crack
Don't you think we might have heard that before?

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