

## Falkenbach

### "Dog Is Life/jerusalem"

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You don't see rabbits being walked down the street  
And you don't see many cats on leads  
Dogs pet dogs dogs rapacious wet dogs  
Owner of dogs slow-witted dog owner  
Owner of rabid dog saving fare for tunnel  
Euro-dream of civil, civil liberation for dogs  
Society secret society inevitable nightmare  
Of drift dog pet dogs street bullshit  
Dog shit baby bit ass-lick dog mirror  
Dead tiger shot and checked out by dog  
Big tea-chest-fucker dog  
Black collar sends east german refugee back switch  
and crap pathetic  
Of earth-like lousy dog role model for infidel doghouse  
continent  
Most citadel dog-eye mirror hypnotic school slaver and  
learn  
Rot from dog on grass and over nervous delicate dog  
Detracts light from indiscrepant non-dog-lover  
Dog pet dog come home to ya  
Come home well talk shit to ya  
Dog the pet-owner-owner blistered hanging there  
death dog  
Plato of the human example and copier dogmaster pet  
mourner  
Dog is life

And did those feet in ancient times,  
Walk upon mountains green?  
And was the holy lamb of god,  
On englands pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine,  
Shine forth on clouded hills?  
And was jerusalem  
Ain the dark satanic mills? \*

Jerusalem

It was the fault of the government  
I was walking down the street

When I tripped up on a discarded banana skin  
And on my way down I caught the side of my head  
On a protruding brick chip  
It was the governments fault  
It was the fault of the government  
I was very let down  
From the budget I was expecting a one million quid  
handout  
I was very disappointed  
It was the governments fault  
It was the fault of the government

I became semi-automatic type person  
And I didn't have a pen  
And I didn't have a condom  
It was the fault of the government  
I think I'll emigrate to sweden or poland  
And get looked after properly by government

Jerusalem

Bring bow of burning gold:  
Bring arrows of desire:  
Bring me spear: o clouds unfold!

And though I rest from mental fight,  
And though sword sleeps in hand  
I will not rest til jerusalem is built

In englands green and pleasant land.

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