

Falkenbach

"Impression Of J Temperance"

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Hate wide for dog breeder
In the town of purport
A never seen dog breeder
This is the tale of his
replica.
Name was j. temperance
Only two did not hate
him
Because peasants fear local indifference
Pet shop and the vet, cameron.
One night vet is called out
From his overpaid leisure
To temperance household,
delivered ran out
And phoned his wife in terror.
The next bit is hard to relate.
(there are no read-outs for this part
of the track.)
The new born thing hard to describe
Like a rat that's been trapped inside
A warehouse base, near
a city tide
Brown sockets, purple eyes
And fed with rubbish from disposal
barges brown and covered
No changeling,
As the birth was witnessed.
Only one person could do this:
Yes said cameron
And the thing was in the
Impression of j. temperance.
His hideous replica.
Scrutinise the little monster
Disappeared through the door
His hideous replica

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