

## Falkenbach

### "Middle Mass"

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The evil is not in extremesIt?s in the aftermathThe  
middle massAfter the factVulturous in the  
aftermathSummer close seasonA quiet dope and cider  
manBut during the seasonHard drug and cider  
matesThe boy is like a tape loopThe boy is like a uh-  
uhNot much contactDrinking, the men waitThey are set  
at noughtBecause cripple states a holy stateBecause  
cripple states a holy stateThe werhmacht never got in  
hereThe werhmacht never got in hereThe werhmacht  
never got in hereThe werhmacht never got in  
hereThought it took us six yearsThe werhmacht never  
got in hereAnd living here you whisper, bubAnd living  
here you whisper, bub!This boy is like a tape loopAnd  
he has soft mittsBut he?s the last domainOf a very  
black, back room brainHe learned a word todayThe  
word?s misanthropyAnd he?s running to and fromThe  
cats from tin pan alleyAnd he?s running with and  
fromThe cats from tin pan alleyAnd going down the  
alleyTake the cats from the alleyUp to themThe alley?s  
full of cats from tin panCome into the back room  
brianAnd meetThe middl massThe middl  
massVulturous in the aftermathMiddl mass

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