

Fury In The Slaughterhouse "Afternoon In The Cemetery"

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A dog with a lame leg drags itself around the tombs
Mrs. Watson talks with someone who's been dead for
years
A sickly smell of urine rising from her tights
Two old ladies on a park bench sitting silent already
dead

What a wonderful place to have a cup of tea
What a wonderful place to read a book 'bout love
What a wonderful place to sit around with me under a
tree
On an afternoon in the cemetery

Millions of flies spiral around a cross before they land

In a fresh grave someone dug last night
The little chappel looks so sad even the flowers seem
to cry
And all those people seem to wait for the moment they
will die

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