

Brides Of Destruction

"Town Hall Gathering"

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Let's all hang our heads in light of the recent events,
With temperatures set. And we can try
To ignore this great white elephant,
A fine representative of excess.

We all continue to say the same things,
Just not at the same time.
Strap our pride to the towline,
Five miles behind.

Pack a lunch for us,
Stale bread and loneliness.
Ring out your hands all night, to make capricious
decisions,
A complete waste of time.

Hours of fervid worry
For an implacable stubborn mind.

How many little things can go wrong before we start
worrying?
How many little things can go wrong before we start
sweating?
Another preemptive pat on the brow,
Another crisis compacted with sound.

Bury our voices in the swirling air
Of a sleight of hand trick.
Ring out your hands all night
In unconscious inflection.
If these walls keep me any sort of company,
Would all alone feel so lonely?

All I can't say, it never drifts away.

How many little things can go wrong before we start
worrying?
How many little things can go wrong before we start
sweating?
Another preemptive pat on the brow,
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