

Leatherface "Animal Day"

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There are thousands dance to the atrocity of the
wartime blues.
He thinks it's a shit dance but he likes the war and
romance.
Animal day, send me to war. Me and the boxer.
Animal day, send me to war, then make a charity.
He has a thing about pretty things and the machines of
history.
He lives in a little black box in the midst of obscurity.
All the censored things, the terminal disease,
The filth and obscenity, running the charities
And all the pretty things feeding our memory.

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