

## Horrors

### "Thunderclaps"

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Watch them speak in thunderclaps  
No one more or much as Jack  
It's a knock 'em dead show: Pipes and joints, greased  
hinge and bone  
One more for the slaughterhouse  
CHANT  
Force from the butcher, machine-like  
One mighty hand at shoulder height  
Feet tread heavy on black floor, Look at the breadth of  
those fingers  
One more for the Chopping board  
CHANT  
Cast me in this violent light, Pull my hands from my  
eyes  
CHANT  
Thunderclaps fly through low-light  
Jack sits amongst them in the sky  
There's no place here for me tonight but Jack needs no  
invite  
Lunging for the meat and prize Lunging with his roving  
eyes  
CHANT  
Hours go by In thunderous form, I can't go on I can't go  
on  
RANT  
I'll do myself in, I'll pick up this thing  
Sits heavy in my hand  
I'll do myself in

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