

Voodoo cult

"Cliffhunger On A Bloody Sunday"

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I just remember the day when I travelled to the smaller
island
They ferry so full of lunatics...in a disco, in a grotto.
I was riving in extremes and ecstasy
In the early morning hours, I stole a hunter's jeep
he was a birdshooter and I stole his gun, so I drove to
mushroomrock to shoot some birds
when I walked down to the sea I saw a cliffhanger
mistook him for a bird shot him four times
he was falling into the sea

I felt like a bloody film giggling and throwing the gun
into the sun
back on the ferry, I drank tons of water to clear my
head, flew back
and home north
End of story. I hope it wasn't true. I still sing "I don't like
Sundays!"
and in honour of memory I can't sleep,
still feeling like butcher's knife...bad feelings eat me
daily
Cliffhanger on a bloody sunday!

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