

Howie Dorough

"The Day Of Rest"

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When the harlots reappear
From the distance spilled the din
Dragging the withered bones
Of the clowns that rode them in

We'll glow
A deep red
We'll stay
In our own bed

Where once
We would never tread
Now on broken ground
We've become
The undead

When the skimmers and the sharks
Lose their teeth and miss their skin
When the thumpers claw from their caskets
And the hookers proudly grin
We'll glow
A deep red
We'll stay
In our own bed

Where once
We would never tread
Now on broken ground
We've become
The undead

May the queer shit on your throne
And at last decide the end
May all the filthy mothers
Never wash again

And may everything dirty win

