

## **Horrors, The "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  
For the slaughterhouse

Force from the butcher, machine-like  
One mighty hand at shoulder height  
Feet tread heavy on the black floor,  
Look at the breadth of those fingers  
One more for the Chopping board  
For the Chopping board

Cast me in this violent light,  
Pull my hands from my eyes

Hours go by in thunderous form,  
I can't go on I can't go on

I'll do myself in (x4)

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