

The Fatima Mansions

"Pack of lies"

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They first met at the hospital, she was checking out for good
Her body patched but past repair, and there her angel stood
She was feeling quite confused now that her death was close at hand
She had to face eternity, so why not this mumbling man?

Who bought himself a wedding suit at a local warrant sale
It belonged to some old Turkish man who'd owed and gone to jail
He would coax her mind with talk of love to make her body kind
Because people hate the truth, you know; they need their pack of lies

Growing tired of being foreign, being spat on and shortchanged
He demanded that she leave with him for the land from whence he came
They were herded on like cattle to a ferry at high tide
This unkempt, aging orphan and his helpless, dying bride
But he left her at the other shore crying on the deck
She was slumped against the rail as he had struck to free his neck
and the customs shed was empty as he made his way inside
There were no chimpanzees in uniform to hear his pack of lies

Now she's ascending into heaven with contentment on her face
and Holy God is there to greet and batter her into her place

But meanwhile back on Earth, we see the prodigal's returned
and they're making him the chieftain and they've come

to him to learn
How the neighbours in he rich land better steal and kill
and lie
and when they ask who calls the weaklings there he
just shrugs and says, "Not I!"
Though surrounded by diseases, I stood tall and kept
my health
I could have been important if I'd been somebody else
The moral of this story is: This land's a victim-farm
Don't you ever feed a beggar here, he'll eat your
fucking arm
and don't blaspheme the strong ones if you want to
stay alive
Now smile and give them thanks when they say,
"Here's a pack of lies!"

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