

The Fatima Mansions

"Something Bad"

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I was raised to expect continuity. Instead I get this..

The monster has red hair
The monster has green eyes
She laughs and bites her quarry's nose

as she pulls herself astride
Her double-jointed hips now do their tricks
and you can hear his plaintive yells
from the plane-crash craters in the Scottish hill
to the burning oil wells

CHORUS:

Something bad is giving birth
to a thing which won't melt to your touch
Something bad is giving birth
to something worse and it's going to hurt

His Reebok shoes let in the rain
and he coughs into the dawn
at he searches for space on the synagogue wall
to draw swastikas on
Job descriptions change on the firing range
All generals are friends
So it's down to the dole with the molotovs
It's problem time again--CHORUS

You built the metal birds who [shrink] the skies
and bring [in weakness?] from the other side of a
world
All these birds bringing death
You find all of our good, there's only death left
Big black hawk swinging low
over the rat-run streets of the English ghetto
Clean spirit of the island, home at last
Come on, come on, come on--crash!

One man felt ashamed running guns and cocaine
for his short-term gain, so every one of us must pay
In his New World Order, you can have some nerve gas
with your air

Thanks to the CIA pussy in the President's chair!

Something bad is giving birth
See, in the sky its belly bursts!
Something bad is giving birth
and calls for wounds to slake its thirst
Something bad is giving birth
No more decay, no more dirt
Something bad is giving birth
In therefore's name it stalks the earth

Do you feel you can deal? Can you fuck!

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