

Hand Grenades and Olympic Flames

Death in June

Hand grenades and olympic flames
We lead our lives free of blame
With heavy heart we hunt through life
With heavy heart sharp as a knife

Foul in our hearts
We go to ground
Foul in our hearts
We'll toss them down

To and from the altar
Principles and power
Then on to the slaughter
Of their funeral mound
With this flowered pencil

In this white flower pen
This should be bliss
Bliss without sin

My lover's blood
Lies on the soiled seat
My lover's blood
Lies caked, replete

Foul in our hearts
We go to ground
Foul in our hearts
We push them down

To and from the altar
Principles and power
Then on to the slaughter
Of their funeral mound