

Hymn for an Average Man

Algiers

Somewhere down along the line I lost the plot

You think nothing has changed?

Horrified to find that what you made has risen up

And now your hate has a name

So let a sigh ring out Denial. Deny it. Deny it

Draw a cold hand across your mouth

A muffled sound

While you lie there and wait

Listen to them calling out and come for you in silence

For the mess that you have made

So let a sigh ring out Denial. Deny it. Deny it

So let a sigh ring out Denial. Deny it. Deny it

(Ignore their screaming. You got away with it.)

Nothing is opened up

No sound in the room x2