

Wolfwork

Steve Hackett

Clapperboards sandwich hordes scavengers in paradise
Training their eyes under grey porridge skies
Magistrates Ivory gates opiates potentates
Kings of carrion badness in the blood

It's all wolfwork

Faxes from a wall of corpses
Gorging on each day in mourning
Father time squeezing the sun
For light relief they bare their teeth
And turn on their own
Rolling around on a fresh bed of nails

Come and see the show
Join in the ring
With your mouth open wide