

Lunar

The Church

All that it was was a fine-toothed comb
Only in on the night
All that it was was just one pound of flesh
And you didn't get it right

All that it was was a cannibal buzz
Leading you on, day on day
All that it means was in old Paris scenes
An old, sour Beaujolais

All that it wore was a little brittle slip
Drooping right over my head
All that it says is there's nothing left to bless
All that it said is it's dead