

## 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