

Pack Of Lies

The Fatima Mansions

They first met at the hospital, she was checking out for good
Her body patched but past repair, and there her angel stood
She was feeling quite confused now that her death was close at hand

She had to face eternity, so why not this mumbling man?
Who bought himself a wedding suit at a local war on want sale
It belonged to some old Turkish man who'd owed and gone to jail
He would coax her mind with talk of love to make her body kind
Because people hate the truth, you know; they need their pack of lies

Growing tired of being foreign, being spat on and shortchanged
He demanded that she leave with him for the land from whence he came

They were herded on like cattle to a ferry at high tide
This unkempt, aging orphan and his helpless, dying bride
But he left her at the other shore crying on the deck
She was slumped against the rail as he had struck to free his neck

And the customs she'd was empty as he made his way inside
There were no chimpanzees in uniform to hear his pack of lies

Now she's ascending into heaven with contentment on her face
And Holy God is there to greet and batter her into her place

But meanwhile back on Earth, we see the prodigal's returned
And they're making him the chieftain and they've come to him to learn

How the neighbours in the rich land better steal and kill and lie

And when they ask who calls the weaklings there he just shrugs
and says, "Not I!"

Though surrounded by diseases, I stood tall and kept my health
I could have been important if I'd been somebody else

The moral of this story is: This land's a victim-farm

Don't you ever feed a beggar here, he'll eat your fucking arm

And don't blaspheme the strong ones if you want to stay alive

Now smile and give them thanks when they say, "Here's a pack of lies!"