

Animal Day

Leatherface

There are thousands dance to the atrocity of the wartime blues.

He thinks it's a shit dance but he likes the war and romance.

Animal day, send me to war. Me and the boxer.

Animal day, send me to war, then make a charity.

He has a thing about pretty things and the machines of history.

He lives in a little black box in the midst of obscurity.

All the censored things, the terminal disease,

The filth and obscenity, running the charities

And all the pretty things feeding our memory.