

The Golden Age Of Bloodshed

Rowland S. Howard

The signs in the sky won't let up
The clouds assume the shape
Of Catholic girls with Uzis
All of them on the make
All of them out to make a million
By the time they hit thirteen

And it's all in the colour of the old sun setting
This brand new age of blood letting
And it's all in the eyes of me

I'm suspicious of my wife
I suspect she left long ago
I recall my finger on the button of the ejector seat
But I can't recall letting her go
The electric Christ has canonised her
She's surrounded by a chemical glow

It has to be said
It's today's edition of the book of the dead
It has to be said

In this worst of all possible worlds
On this planet of perpetual sorrows
I found the best of all possible girls
She's as pure and white and bright
As tomorrow

My life plays like Grand Guignol
Blood and portents everywhere
They say they can't remove these signs from my eyes
But I suspect that they just don't care
I've got a harsh new brand of aftershave
That gives you that thousand yard stare

Why can't you get it through your head
Now is the golden age of bloodshed
It needs to be said

In this worst of all possible worlds
On this planet of perpetual sorrows
I found the best of all possible girls
She's pure and white and bright
As tomorrow