

State Of Mind

Sex Gang Children

Well it's a state of mind
Waiting indoors for the rabbit-pie day
And scream for your life in cockle-row
Crash and merino
And the dead-dears from Mesapotamia say
'Bible-jack you're slipping back'
And don't bore us with your elastic dreams
Preaching poison and the politics of death
Well it's a state of mind
When you're dripping in the dark
Like a summer-breathed slave
Cut your bone with my knife
Come up and see me boys, i'm dead all the time
Waiting to light up like a doggy in death-row
But you kindly refuse when they offer you the chair
Did you ever have faith in my human face
Before I sucked you and bled you dry
Now see you fall victim to my greedy desires
See me fall heavily knees to the floor
Well it's a state of mind
Before and after and 'how's your father'
Still waiting to light up like a doggy in death-row
Throwing your dinner up and licking up the pieces
Now he listens carefully to the white bone talking
And now he sits and quietly talks to himself all day