The evil is not in extremes It's in the aftermath The middle mass After the fact Vulturous in the aftermath

Summer close season
A quiet dope and cider man
But during the season
Hard drug and cider mates

The boy is like a tape loop The boy is like a uh-uh

Not much contact
Drinking, the men wait
They are set at nought
Because cripple states a holy state
Because cripple states a holy state
The Werhmacht never got in here
Thought it took us six years
The werhmacht never got in here
And living here you whisper, bub!

This boy is like a tape loop
And he has soft mitts
But he's the last domain
Of a very black, back room brain
He learned a word today
The word's misanthropy
And he's running to and from
The cats from tin pan alley
And he's running with and from
The cats from tin pan alley
And going down the alley
Take the cats from the alley
Up to them
The alley's full of cats from tin pan

Come into the back room Brian And meet
The middle mass
The middle mass
Vulturous in the aftermath
Middle mass