

Cinema Strange, Greensward Grey

There is blood on the hooves of the fawns on the Greensward Grey for they tread through the gristle
Don't they see the roseate faces of my wives as they lay, disemboweled, on the Greensward Grey?

<[Chorus One] >

This park is rank and slippery!

Skip and watch the kite tails, don't trip on the entrails!

White, and ligamental blossoms jutting from the earth... when have toadstools ever grown toenails?

<[Chorus Two] >

These brains are old and tired but they have not forgotten my harem from decades past, sundry scores

<[Bridge] >

Springtime is mythical, blood can be pastoral brushed-on and painted after they've fainted!

Pan-goats are criminal!

Hairy backs and abysmal breath like a brown bog, swamp-soaked and wet dog!

There is one woman walking on the Greensward Grey, but I feel she'll be followed by a friend or three

Don't they see the pink-spittle coating on my teeth that will seal every kiss from my lips today!

<[Chorus Three] >

I could classify dead, hooved animals! I could catalog female corpses!

But catarrh ruins my breath when grasses reach and start my ending!

I could classify! I could catalog!

I am sitting like a cyst on the Greensward Grey and my god!

There are satyrs who are damp and fey! Iron-shod and so hysterical!

They lose themselves like dripping red fauna!