

# eels, Altar Boy

A monk with a hard-on  
And a lavender robe  
That scratches his thighs  
Through the hat that he strode  
As he follows a path  
Filled with every desire  
And mimics his footsteps  
And sets his prayers on fire.

Well I too have chosen  
That which left no choice  
To sing without loving,  
A solitary voice,  
To observe with passion  
Each careful denial:  
The protrusions which give my life meaning  
For a while.

Sometimes I see you in berries and weeds  
You're brushing your teeth with liquorice seeds  
Standing too close,  
Pulling your clothes,  
Smiling at God  
And the meaning of life grows.

No and I'll never tell  
And I'll never know  
What candles you light  
After the show  
And I'll never tell,  
And I'll never ask  
The meaning of life after mass.