

# Fury In The Slaughterhouse, Afternoon In The Cemetery

A dog with a lame leg drags itself around the tombs  
Mrs. Watson talks with someone who's been dead for years  
A sickly smell of urine rising from her tights  
Two old ladies on a park bench sitting silent already dead

What a wonderful place to have a cup of tea  
What a wonderful place to read a book 'bout love  
What a wonderful place to sit around with me under a tree  
On an afternoon in the cemetery

Millions of flies spiral around a cross before they land  
In a fresh grave someone dug last night  
The little chapel looks so sad even the flowers seem to cry  
And all those people seem to wait for the moment they will die

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