

# Steve Hackett, Wolfwork

Clapperboards sandwich hordes scavengers in paradise  
Training their eyes under grey porridge skies  
Magistrates Ivory gates opiates potentates  
Kings of carrion badness in the blood

Its all wolfwork

Faxes from a wall of corpses  
Gorging on each day in mourning  
Father time squeezing the sun  
For light relief they bare their teeth  
And turn on their own  
Rolling around on a fresh bed of nails

Come and see the show  
Join in the ring  
With your mouth open wide