

The Fall, Impression Of J. Temperance

Hate wide for dog breeder
in the [town of her thoughts]
Never seen dog breeder
This is the tale of his replica.
Name was J. Temperance
Only two did not hate him
Because peasants fear local indifference
Pet shop and the vet, Cameron.
One night vet is called out
from his overpaid leisure
To Temperance household, their limit ran out
and phoned his wife in terror.
The next bit is hard to relate.
(There are no read-outs to this part of the track.)
The new born thing hard to describe
Like a rat that's been trapped inside
A warehouse face, near a city tide
Brown sockets, purple eyes
A bed with rubbish from disposal barges
Brown uncovered no changeling,
as the birth was witnessed.
Only one person could do this:
Yes, it's Cameron
And the thing was in the
Impression of J. Temperance.
This hideous replica.