

# 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.