

The Fall, Jawbone And The Air-Rifle

The rabbit killer left his home for the club
And said goodbye to his infertile spouse
Carried air rifle and firm stock of wood
Carried night-site telescope light
A cemetery overlooked clough valley of mud
And the grave-keeper was out on his rounds
Yellow-white shirt buried in duffle coat hood
Keeping edges out with mosaic color stones
Jawbone and the air rifle
Who would think they would bring harm?
Jawbone and the air rifle
One is cursed and one is borne
The air rifle lets out a mis-placed shot
It smashed a chip off a valued tomb
Grave-keeper tending wreath-roots said
"Explain, move into the light of the moon"
"I thought you were rabbit prey, or a loose sex criminal"
Rifleman he say "Y'see I get no kicks anymore
From wife or children four
There's been no war for forty years
And getting drunk fills me with guilt
So after eight, I prowl the hills
Eleven o'clock, I'm too tired to f**k
Y'see I've been laid off work"
The grave-keeper said
"You're out of luck
And here is a jawbone caked in muck
Carries the germ of a curse
Of the Broken Brothers Pentacle Church
Formed on a Scotch island
To make you a bit of a man"
Jawbone and the air rifle
Who would think they would bring harm?
Jawbone and the air rifle
One is cursed and one is warm
The rabbit killer did not eat for a week
And no way he can look at meat
No bottle has he anymore
It could be his mangled teeth
He sees jawbones on the street
Advertisements become carnivores
And roadworkers turn into jawbones
And he has visions of islands, heavily covered in slime
The villagers dance round pre-fabs
And laugh through twisted mouths
Don't eat
It's disallowed
Suck on marrowbones and energy from the mainland
Jawbone and the air rifle
Who would think they would bring harm?
Jawbone and the air rifle
One is cursed and one is gone