

The Fall, New Puritan

Hail the new puritan
Maelstrom, cook one

And all hard-core fiends
Will die by me
And all decadent sins
Will reap discipline

New puritan

This is the grim reefer
The snap at the end of the straw
With a high grim quota
Your star karma gin

New puritan

In LA the window opener switch
Is like a dinosaur cackle
A pterodactyl cackle
Jet plane circle
Over imported trees
All the film ghosts will rise up
With the sexually abused and the new youth

In Britain the scream of electric pumps in a renovated pub
Your stomach swells up before you get drunk
Don't call me Peter I can't go
Salem's just up the road
I've got work to do

Hail the new puritan
Out of hovel-cum-coven-cum-oven

(spoken) (right you go back to that riff)

Hail the new puritan
Out of hovel, cum-coven, cum-oven

And all hard-core fiends
Will die by me
And all decadent sins
Will reap discipline

New puritan

I curse your preoccupation
With your record collection
New puritan has no time
It's only music, John

New puritan

Ungodly mass
Thick ass