

# Cuthbert And The Nightwalkers, Catholic Guilt

Men are frequently  
All happy  
But can't act domestically

Instead they'll paint it red  
And make their bed  
Amongst the filth they can forget

And in the night  
When hours fly  
I try  
Not to think on damage done inside

And there's a body that's not received but built  
Has begun to shun his catholic guilt

I stroll to the door  
Over four friend's bodies  
Lying on the floor

The morning's clarity  
Shows a scene  
Of skin inconsistency

And I am allowed in  
To this peaceful morning  
It's so sobering  
Apparently they're travelling

So we'll make our way through five very very different days  
We'll meet up again when our rosters say

I walk the four blocks  
In the hot  
I'm prepared to lose the lot

'Cause my mind has been set  
For two years, yet  
It's been delayed by my wallet

My heart sank  
When the gentleman  
Told me that it had not been retrieved

"At the close of day  
When all the tellers go away  
That's the best chance"  
Is all he'd say