

# The Church, Shadow Cabinet

Now chased by the shapes of your vows  
Look at the things she allows  
Junction fever must have closed down the rail  
The gluttonous wind keeps on nibbling the sails  
Queueing in the ruins in the wake of the gale it's  
Harmony I say

Hear the difference between close and near  
The way oaths and oafs interfere  
Bliss comes first as a jangling flood  
Pillow from the old country arrives with a thud  
That night she drinks ceremony and mud it's  
Happening I say

Must be thirsty, drink, drink, sink, forget  
Must be empty inside the shadow cabinet

She offered her chaos to me  
Proffered herself languidly  
The eldritch bitch must have muddled her spells  
Tinges of Persia, I hope that it sells  
Chemical nuptials and ringing the bells  
It's heavenly I say  
Then one winter morning you walk through the trees  
But they cut them all down for the factories  
Made this pretty cabinet and gave you the keys  
It's hardly used I think