

# The Fall, Middle Mass

The evil is not in extremes  
It's in the aftermath  
The middle mass  
After the fact  
Vulturous in the aftermath

Summer close season  
A quiet dope and cider man  
But during the season  
Hard drug and cider mates

The boy is like a tape loop  
The boy is like a uh-uh

Not much contact  
Drinking, the men wait  
They are set at nought  
Because cripple states a holy state  
Because cripple states a holy state  
The Werhmacht never got in here  
The Werhmacht never got in here  
The Werhmacht never got in here  
The Werhmacht never got in here  
Thought it took us six years  
The werhmacht never got in here  
And living here you whisper, bub  
And living here you whisper, bub!

This boy is like a tape loop  
And he has soft mitts  
But he's the last domain  
Of a very black, back room brain  
He learned a word today  
The word's misanthropy  
And he's running to and from  
The cats from tin pan alley  
And he's running with and from  
The cats from tin pan alley  
And going down the alley  
Take the cats from the alley  
Up to them  
The alley's full of cats from tin pan

Come into the back room Brian  
And meet  
The middl mass  
The middl mass  
Vulturous in the aftermath  
Middl mass