The Fall, Second Dark Age

Fat conference women Clap return of glass house And the Arabs have it made Oil is women in veils, eyes glazed

Second Dark Age. Death of the USA. Return of the family. The scooter cabbages

And the commune crapheads sit and whine While the common near my birthplace is now a police college

It's a second dark age. No Psalm Sunday or any day. The city is dead. Bust. Ghost-dance rite. Tepid

I could join a pray-peace group Spy in Norway Cause groups can change the world and meet Ms. Fjord and Benny.* "Hi I am Benny. Go where the brave prance No Czechoslovak food queues are a party, fool

A mediocre anti-Jew And single people are screwed in the Second Dark Age

I am Roman Totale, 17, the bastard offspring of Charles I and the Great God Pan.