

The Horrors, Thunderclaps

Watch them speak in thunderclaps
No one more or much as Jack
It's a knock 'em dead show:
Pipes and joints, greased hinge and bone
One more for the slaughterhouse
For the slaughterhouse

Force from the butcher, machine-like
One mighty hand at shoulder height
Feet tread heavy on the black floor,
Look at the breadth of those fingers
One more for the Chopping board
For the Chopping board

Cast me in this violent light,
Pull my hands from my eyes

Hours go by in thunderous form,
I can't go on I can't go on

I'll do myself in (x4)