

A butchers grin from ear to ear  
No one outside who can hear  
Don't you think your time has come  
I hear

Powders melt inside the cup  
Don't you think she's drunk too much  
Touch the lips that blueish cold  
She's not too old

Turn the gas on high speed  
Shut the windows tightly  
Wrap the babies safe and warm  
I hear

Pull the wings off lightly  
Break the bones politely  
Don't you think the time has come  
To raise the line

A sweethearts sharpened kiss  
Twenty-four marks on her breast  
A lover gasp rings through the night  
I hear

Pull the wings off lightly  
Break the bones politely  
Don't you think the time has come  
I hear

Powders melt inside the cups  
Don't you think she's drunk too much  
Touch the lips that blueish cold  
She's not too old

Blueish eyes through the earth stare  
Frozen face without a care  
Another chance to raise the line  
I hear