

# The Golden Age Of Bloodshed

Rowland S. Howard

The signs in the sky won't let up  
The clouds assume the shape  
Of Catholic girls with Uzis  
All of them on the make  
All of them out to make a million  
By the time they hit thirteen

And it's all in the colour of the old sun setting  
This brand new age of blood letting  
And it's all in the eyes of me

I'm suspicious of my wife  
I suspect she left long ago  
I recall my finger on the button of the ejector seat  
But I can't recall letting her go  
The electric Christ has canonised her  
She's surrounded by a chemical glow

It has to be said  
It's today's edition of the book of the dead  
It has to be said

In this worst of all possible worlds  
On this planet of perpetual sorrows  
I found the best of all possible girls  
She's as pure and white and bright  
As tomorrow

My life plays like Grand Guignol  
Blood and portents everywhere  
They say they can't remove these signs from my eyes  
But I suspect that they just don't care  
I've got a harsh new brand of aftershave  
That gives you that thousand yard stare

Why can't you get it through your head  
Now is the golden age of bloodshed  
It needs to be said

In this worst of all possible worlds  
On this planet of perpetual sorrows  
I found the best of all possible girls  
She's pure and white and bright  
As tomorrow