

Well it's a state of mind  
Waiting indoors for the rabbit-pie day  
And scream for your life in cockle-row  
Crash and merino  
And the dead-dears from Mesapotamia say  
'Bible-jack you're slipping back'  
And don't bore us with your elastic dreams  
Preaching poison and the politics of death  
Well it's a state of mind  
When you're dripping in the dark  
Like a summer-breathed slave  
Cut your bone with my knife  
Come up and see me boys, i'm dead all the time  
Waiting to light up like a doggy in death-row  
But you kindly refuse when they offer you the chair  
Did you ever have faith in my human face  
Before I sucked you and bled you dry  
Now see you fall victim to my greedy desires  
See me fall heavily knees to the floor  
Well it's a state of mind  
Before and after and 'how's your father'  
Still waiting to light up like a doggy in death-row  
Throwing your dinner up and licking up the pieces  
Now he listens carefully to the white bone talking  
And now he sits and quietly talks to himself all day