

Live at the Apocalypse Cabaret

The Blood Brothers

Scarecrow, you ruined me.
Now I've caught my hands in the death machine.
They fed my children to the lions;
they made me watch it on the television.
Scarecrow, with your blackbird wives,
I was promised you'd come and save my life.
They chased me down with the farmer's son,
bashed our brains out with an oil drum.
The cross-eyed
map of the afterlife is knitting tiny neck ties...

But scarecrow, I'm still alive.
Who sewed me back together to watch the whole world writhe?
Watch me stumble on the cobblestones.
Mothers, grab your children, here comes the town drunk.
Scarecrow, they took my wife.
They tied her to an oak in a field of rye.
They flood the field with kerosene;
as the moths ate the flames their faces beamed.
The bald-eyed map of the afterlife is knitting tiny neck ties..

And the Graveyard Ship flies over us.
The celebrity host walks the plank.
The verse of the day is, "Baby heads planted in the ground don't
make baby trees. Thank you, goodnight."

Scarecrow, did you hear about the priest
they found jerking off in the confession booth?
His collar spinning like a top
he looked so pathetic crying to the cops.
Scarecrow, did you hear about the man who locked his daughter
in the basement for 12 years?
They dragged her out of the house to the hungry audience.
The cross-eyed map of the afterlife is knitting tiny neck ties.
The bald-eyed map of the afterlife is knitting tiny noose ties.
The wild-eyed map of the afterlife is knitting tiny death lies.