

All Hell

The Cat Empire

All hell's crashing down inside
The windows to the other side
Shimmering in rooms to quiet sighs of

'Oh well if it's happening there
It isn't here', and god appears to deal
A different hand to different tiers

But this play is not over yet
Hear the music of those marionettes
Beating drums down the quiet streets
Of ignorance and vain regrets

And all these fears swiftly come to pass
Presently she feels we're past
Cups of tea and optimistic prayers

Cos out there's our unholy mess
Gathering its long white dress
And marching down aisle to marry this

Matrimonial future bliss
Kiss the tide and hope it doesn't lift up your
Carpet woven from apathy and token frets
All Hell!

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