

## 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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