Middle Mass

The evil is not in extremes It's in the aftermath The middle mass After the fact Vulturous in the aftermath

Summer close season A quiet dope and cider man But during the season Hard drug and cider mates

The boy is like a tape loop The boy is like a uh-uh

Not much contact Drinking, the men wait They are set at nought Because cripple states a holy state Because cripple states a holy state The Werhmacht never got in here Thought it took us six years The werhmacht never got in here And living here you whisper, bub

This boy is like a tape loop And he has soft mitts But he's the last domain Of a very black, back room brain He learned a word today The word's misanthropy And he's running to and from The cats from tin pan alley And he's running with and from The cats from tin pan alley And going down the alley Take the cats from the alley Up to them The alley's full of cats from tin pan

Come into the back room Brian And meet The middle mass The middle mass Vulturous in the aftermath Middle mass