

New Puritan

The Fall

Hail the new puritan
Maelstrom, cook one
And all hard-core fiends
Will die by me

And all decadent sins
Will reap discipline
New puritan
This is the grim reefer

The snap at the end of the straw
With a high grim quota
Your star karma gin
New puritan

In LA the window opener switch
Is like a dinosaur cackle
A pterodactyl cackle
Jet plane circle

Over imported trees
All the film ghosts will rise up
With the sexually abused and the new youth
In Britain the scream of electric pumps in a renovated pub

Your stomach swells up before you get drunk
Don't call me Peter I can't go
Salem's just up the road
I've got work to do

Hail the new puritan
Out of hovel-cum-coven-cum-oven

(right you go back to that riff)
Hail the new puritan
Out of hovel, cum-coven, cum-oven
And all hard-core fiends

Will die by me
And all decadent sins
Will reap discipline
New puritan

I curse your preoccupation
With your record collection
New puritan has no time
It's only music, John

New puritan
Ungodly mass
Thick ass