

## Pack Of Lies

### The Fatima Mansions

They first met at the hospital, she was checking out for good  
Her body patched but past repair, and there her angel stood  
She was feeling quite confused now that her death was close at  
hand

She had to face eternity, so why not this mumbling man?  
Who bought himself a wedding suit at a local war on want sale  
It belonged to some old Turkish man who'd owed and gone to jail  
He would coax her mind with talk of love to make her body kind  
Because people hate the truth, you know; they need their pack o  
f lies

Growing tired of being foreign, being spat on and shortchanged  
He demanded that she leave with him for the land from whence he  
came

They were herded on like cattle to a ferry at high tide  
This unkempt, aging orphan and his helpless, dying bride  
But he left her at the other shore crying on the deck  
She was slumped against the rail as he had struck to free his n  
eck

And the customs she'd was empty as he made his way inside  
There were no chimpanzees in uniform to hear his pack of lies

Now she's ascending into heaven with contentment on her face  
And Holy God is there to greet and batter her into her place

But meanwhile back on Earth, we see the prodigal's returned  
And they're making him the chieftain and they've come to him to  
learn

How the neighbours in he rich land better steal and kill and li  
e

And when they ask who calls the weaklings there he just shrugs  
and says, "Not I!"

Though surrounded by diseases, I stood tall and kept my health  
I could have been important if I'd been somebody else  
The moral of this story is: This land's a victim-farm  
Don't you ever feed a beggar here, he'll eat your fucking arm  
And don't blaspheme the strong ones if you want to stay alive  
Now smile and give them thanks when they say, "Here's a pack of  
lies!"