

## Thunderclaps

## The Horrors

Watch them speak in thunderclaps  
No one more or much as Jack  
And it's a knock 'em dead show  
Pipes and joints, greased hinge and bone

One more for the slaughterhouse  
For the slaughterhouse

Force from the butcher, machine-like  
One mighty hand at shoulder height  
Feet tread heavy on a black floor  
Look at the breadth of those fingers

One more for the chopping board  
For the chopping board

Cast me in this violent light  
Pull my hands from my eyes

Hours go by in thunderous form  
No I can't go on, I can't go on  
But Jack needs no invite  
Jack needs no invite

I'll do myself in, I'll do myself in  
I'll do myself in, I'll do myself in