

## Hang the Cyst

### The Last Shadow Puppets

Was he badly mistaken or guided  
As he'd wandered his valley built in silence  
He'd cover his face to speak as he chewed off his  
finger  
To the bone  
The haze of his coloured days  
That march of content as his dignity splits to unveil  
His bitter sweetness

The town would shudder and stare  
At his presence to a single glare  
As he makes his way through  
The local square  
And he says to them  
'You're a broken fence, in the yard of annoyance'  
'You're a broken fence, in the yard of annoyance'  
Annoyance

Hang the cyst  
Hang the cyst  
Hang the cyst

The first time in pace or in math  
Was at the sight of his wilting noose  
And the chance will soon reduce to an angry silence  
He escaped in the shock of the snap  
His wonderful vanishing act  
Was a spectacle but not what anyone expected  
The route was planned as much as the broachpin dagger  
The route was planned as much as the broachpin dagger

Catch the cyst  
Catch the cyst  
Catch the cyst  
Catch the cyst