

Smart Flesh

The Low Anthem

See the high wire man, there before the sun
He goes home at night, where he beats on his son
The play right in the attic, in his skylight of sun
As the cigarette on his lips

And his son beats down, on the smart smart flesh
It comes down from high, in its heavenly stand
Suggesting redemption, will be easily possessed
For less than any pound of Flesh

It's terribly important, to every man of his state
To settle the score, write the record straight
So he may free his slaves, where on the death bed he lays
Such sweet and knowing flesh

Knowing in the end, you'll be alone
For lonely death does creep
So hire yourself, a chimney maid
And smoke yourself to sleep

Among the manikin men, all dressed up and in dart
My manic depressive true love, she leaves me for lone
The rooster crawls, and daybreak is upon
As the cigarette on his lips

Saying pretty girls, go and take your time
For god only knows how you have taken mine
And seize them clear, to the ends of time
To hold the smart smart flesh

Knowing in the end, you'll be alone
For lonely death does creep
So hire yourself, a chimney maid
And smoke yourself to sleep

Now the hateful play right, it's time that he dies
Must visit the judge in a new disguise
Saying judge in your robes, oh judge so wise
There's something on your lip

In a man of his state, right before he dies
Must clear the black pages to tarnish the mind
In a bible in a bath, for mind to hide
He soak the smart smart flesh

Saying in the end, you'll be alone
For lonely death does creep
So hire yourself, a chimney maid
And smoke yourself to sleep

The unknowing tumor, is fixing his home
In a damp bed of the catacomb
As a raging war, on the high wire unfolds
She buries her teeth in the flesh

Now the world's a machine, do you know that it's true?
For the sole lover's eye laid just outside the room

He loves itself widely but what can it do
The cigarette on his lip