

# Autumn Song

## Dark Side Cowboys

Oh drizzle, oh thunder, a feather stitch  
So pale and painted, occult you look my dear  
So shady, unveiling, so worthy my son  
So splendid, mysterious, your way f turning (what?) black  
So call your God of darkness  
Yes, call your God of darkness  
And see if he can help you now!  
A theatre performance, a sharp tooth clown  
Needles and filthy signs  
Play your death march, take me dancing, you practical jokes  
Snake skin bitch, propose to me...  
So call your damn God of darkness  
Yes, call your God of darkness  
And see if he can help you now!  
Children gather round here, to hear this tale end  
Of you I thought so much more, better  
All here nets and hollow eyes  
Whigs, sticks and a devil's workshop

Lyrics provided by

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