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

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