Dahl Parts

The Theater Fire

one day i walked into a butcher shop
they shackled me and i was out
upside down on the production line
floatin' along until its my time.

my pockets jingle empty to the sky
with cloven footed passers by
at last he sees me in his blood stained coat
i'm rescued now but he goes for my throat.

now the blood is comin' down
all i think of is the sound
of the grinding machine
like a waterfall of red
i could've never understood
oh, st. peters way.

Lyrics submitted by kay.

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