

Altar Boy

Eels

A monk with a hard-on
And a lavender robe
That scratches his thighs
Through the hat that he strode
As he follows a path
Filled with every desire
And mimics his footsteps
And sets his prayers on fire Well, I too have chosen
That which left no choice
To sing without loving
A solitary voice
To observe with passion
Each careful denial
The protrusions which give my
Life meaning for a while Sometimes I see you
In berries and weeds
You're brushing your teeth
With liquorice seeds
Standing too close
Pulling your clothes
Smiling at God
And the meaning of life grows No and I'll never tell
And I'll never know
What candles you light
After the show
And I'll never tell
And I'll never ask
The meaning of life after mass

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