Wolf Party

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Those Wolf Mechanics.
Those Wolf Mechanics.Today you beat the fortune teller
to death with your bare hands.
Was it his smirk.. Laugh..
Or the ostrich feather taped to his purple hat?
He read the lines on your palm.
Chanting a creole song.
"It is soon you will die,
and angels don't take bribes."Don't linger on the sight...
you smashed until your hands stop...
Just run back to the alley.
Tell jokes to the bricks and rats.
Because one man's murder scene,
is another champagne party.
One man's butchered spine,
is a soldier's war decoration.Those wolf mechanics!
Flare up again.
As you make your way back to the financial district.
The subway is a numb field.
And every dazed boy and girl makes you lick your lips.
And the girl with the accordion, chewing grass like a lamb.
She hands you the juicy eye
and then she laughs at your pathetic tie.Don't linger. On the grin you gouged in her throat.
Just take the subway home.
But the wife and kids twinkle like stuffed dogs.
And you're like. The stormy ocean now,
collecting death like driftwood.Those wolf mechanics banging.
Those wolf mechanics crashing. [x2]But one man's suicide
Is a credit company's bride.
One man's poisoned mind
Is a pharmaceutical gold mine.You bring your kill
from the savannah. And bake it in the sun.

But the heat wraps it's flesh.
And you see the face of God in the tarry mess.
Those wolf mechanics banging.
Those wolf mechanics crashing.

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