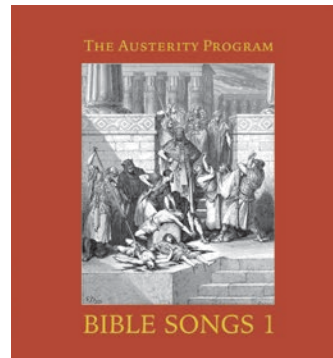


THE AUSTERITY PROGRAM

BIBLE SONGS 1

Lyrics

Isaiah 63:2-6



Basket. Bread. Hammer. Gloves. Shoes that buckle. Hammer. Water. Hammer. Hammer. Directions through the forest. Now let me set the stage like a Greek chorus. It's clear to me what's been going around for too long, for too long, for too long. Silly people leading sillier lives and we all know that is very wrong.

I take a trip to my Grandma's. Go through the woods to my Grandma's. It's time to go to my Grandmas' house.

And if we meet out on the walk, you can get a smile; I'm happy to talk. See, I'm the Redeemer on the forest path, and I'm always alone because -

You, motherfuckers, your blood will soak the ground. When I come walking, swinging my hammer like a [ILLEGIBLE], I'm the only one to uphold. My red cape is soaking because I'm not joking around. And what's going around is- Some of what I see has been going around is- You need a picture of what's going around? You get a girl with a hammer so you'll understand.

Well bless my soul! A wolf in clothes! And what big teeth you've got for me! But they don't swing like a hammer does. It's like I'm just skipping through the park.

Ezekiel 39:17-20

This is an invitation made out to beast and fowl. If you've been licking chops for fat cuts from fatlings then you pick your ass on up to come to the party. It's time to get on down and pack that belly full.

This is an invitation and I would not advise that you come wearing something less than what you'd marry in. And if you're really stupid I can make it crystal clear, what's on the menu for tonight: Their princes. All their rams. What pretty faces, from all the land. (What could have made him take them all?) Hey Son of Man.

We'll taste it. Intestine coil. Meat in casing. Fats in oil. We're going to taste it. Laid in soil. Because this is an invitation.

And we'll dance 'til we're broken, 'til the morning returns. And we'll dance 'til we fall in the fields, wasted, howling, flies in our teeth, drunk on our meal, wasted and howling and dripping and falling and

2 Kings 25:1-7

Old King Cole was a merry old soul but King Zedekiah, he suffered nothing but grief. Sits on a busted throne, head pounds in pain. Like you could never understand.

O Jerusalem! You're such a rotten town! I could try to tell you but you'd never understand. You could never. You could never.

Some times kings must do what's hard. Ol' Zed knew it. Put himself to it. Chucked away his crown and you could never, you could never understand.

Chaldean guard goes to the king. Down from his horse, out to the court, lines up his sons and rips those fuckers down.

And now he's alone. Kingdom, children - gone. When out of the field comes Nebuchadnezzar the Foe. And he's just ... gleaming.

I can tell you one thing, man: just because they call you the king, it isn't real. I can tell you one thing, man: they will build you up for a fall. I can tell you one thing I know.

Back in the saddle, back on the road. Tears fall from holes where his eyes once were. Sometimes kings get wiped out, pissed on, ripped up, cut down. Sometimes kings get gone.

Numbers 31:13-18

Precious. Precious are the children. Skin as white as snow. So precious. Just like pearls of milk. They are pure. They have not been touched. Those precious boys - firm and unspoiled.

Beneath those cheeks, so precious - though it pains me, though I will shake with sorrow - you will find throats, so precious. You will find what must be done.

As for their mothers, weeping like a sow, know you that they will beg. Know you that they will promise. Know that you must refuse.

For as the fathers, so the mothers, so the sons. We'll keep the girls as treasure, and we will take what's precious, and we will feed it to the land.

So God comes back to Midean, takes one look around and She goes "Shit. Moses! What the fuck have you done?"

Ezekiel 23:31–35

Her name is Roxanne. She's good to hang out. She's down with the boys.

Her name is Roxanne. She'll be in the park or down by the shore, drinking, laughing. And though she's young, she's old enough to know what's right and what cannot stand. This cannot stand. This cannot stand.

Her name was Roxanne. She drank from the cup passed down from her sister. This sloppy cunt who never learned what comes from fucking. From pleasure. From dancing.

Don't go into the house. Don't get out of the car. Don't you answer the phone. Don't go into the woods. Don't go out on the lake. Don't you open the door. Don't go into the dark. Don't go down in the basement. When (it's) lights out you will be done.

No. No fun. No joy. No spark. No wonder you'll suffer in turn. And there's a lesson for you: you don't sit still, you're gonna get learned. And I can't wait 'til you get what's coming down. Just like your father said: "Burn, how you will burn."

2 Samuel 6:16–23

When I put on my codpiece, mascara and assless chaps, baby you gotta know it's pretty.

Oooh I'm wet like a saddle, and you can go tell all your girlfriends "Davey's coming in hot."

If it's something that upsets you, offends you and you can't take it, honey. Just remember I'm the fucking man. Got my ticket punched by the Lord. Make you call me daddy while you weep.

Girl, you know. Women, you know. Daughter, you know I'm coming, I'm coming, coming for you.

And so it's done, as I say: you'll die alone and barren. For I am king, anointed. 22And when you're king you get to make the rules no matter what.

So it's done.