

THE AUSTERITY PROGRAM

BIBLE SONGS 2

Lyrics

Lamentations 4:7–11

You could be a king's son, sweeter than pastry, moving like Travolta through a disco whipping your curls. That don't mean a to me, boy. Might as well be piss in the sea, boy, for all I know.

I work with my hands, rising with the dawn. Take what I need and I'm done. Home to the family, dinner on the farm. Thank you and please 'til I'm gone.

It's a living, all I've got, and I am grateful and I am glad. So how, how, how the fuck did things turn so bad?

You can take your children, cook 'em in oil. You could be a witch-girl with your cauldron out on the street. That don't mean a thing to me, girl, how you pluck your fruit from the tree, girl, when hunger comes around.

I mind my business going through the world. Eyes to my fees 'til I'm home. Shut in with the family, bolts on the door, windows blacked-out so I never see anything. Out on the streets there are things I won't talk about. Streetlights as gallows and crows that are feeding and how, how, how can the nights be so long?

Christ it hurts to remember what my life was before. Pigs in town don't take time to ask twice when it's face down, hands back, mouth shut, eyes silent. You can thank the floor if you're still alive to see the

An enormous, flaming ball.

Judges 19:22–29

In four, and three, and two, and one, and this song starts with a setting sun falling out of the westward sky. A pack of men come up from town – they're drunk and they're bleeding and baby they are ready to roll.

She can finish the chores and take dinner with the man of the house, but on this night she'll learn it doesn't matter at all.

Lungs breathing, her heart is beating, her pulse is repeating in the evening air. There's the step-step sound of her feet on the floor, but who's that knock-knock-knocking on the front door?

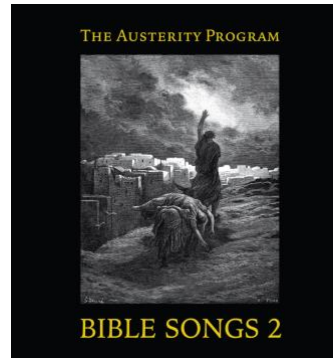
The flies and their buzzing won't leave her alone. The dust in the air won't leave her alone. The master's coming and he just won't leave her alone.

"Let's go, you sweet thing. Chin up an eyes on me. We're gonna get your ass outside; there's men to feed and you might be exactly what they need."

Sun rises from the blurry east. Light falls at the foot of the wet front door. And if you look at the ground, fun's over but guess who's still around? Good master acts surprised at the thing he has found. And he's sorry and he knows that he's sorry.

"Get up. Let's go. The past has flown and the morning marches on." But she's quiet and she's gonna stay quiet, so he starts cutting.

Now he's sitting with her blood to his knees. An idea takes him like a fucking disease. And he can feel the glory of a new day coming.



thing

"A curse upon this vermin who would stake me as your claim. Vile dogs, your wretched lives will end and I will meet you at the grave."

Joshua 7:6–26

First of all – and I will come clean – sweetest coat that you've ever seen, making me look gorgeous. Now I'm a man who can be sold on a fat wedge of gold, pairing well with a cabernet. Put it straight to the wife: "Baby, let's live our life. Because Daddy's home from those lonely nights away." <Talks about the coat.>

"Pick yourself up from the ground. Find the guy and fix the problem." So you've been told

Well I'm sorry now, but it's funny how things seem to change for a man in uniform. Three tours and you'd bet this blade got plenty wet. I made my name in the fields of Jericho. And these guys I ripped off? Maybe they should be tipped off. You'll find them down under the walls, beneath the walls.

You fools have lost your minds, you shake before a petty L_RD.

(Then Joshua comes running, says)

"Here's one thing I know: I've seen enough from Achen and what he's hid below. So round up his whole family because everybody's got to go.

"Down to the water. Pick up a stone. All of your troubles soon will be gone. Because when the dawn comes, we'll fix them all.

"So it's clear – everything's accounted for: His sons. His daughters. His oxen. His tent. His wife and his wine and his feathery bed. His precious fucking box with his shekles and his spoils of war.

"Down in the valley there's a pile of rocks. 'Cause you took some, and I took some, and everybody's ready for the whistle to blow."

Luke 3:4–9

Standing in the white mud of the riverbed bellowing at anyone who could ever hear. He is nearly unclothed, swinging like a pink eel. Reeking sour, dreaded beard: it's John. It's John. Glitching down by the Jordan with one thing to say: "Repent. Repent. Repent. Repent."

He can see the vipers passing off as men. Knows the sins of cotton calling from the bed. Oh the crooked path. The wrath that is to come. The axe at the wicked root. Prepare you my brothers, your heart, body, soul, thinking, and those you hold close to you.

"I hear the words speak from the forest, over the hills, or down from the Heavens. I'll use my voice to call the Salvation of Man.

"But I don't touch the pills, man. Doctors trying to fuck with my head."

Zephaniah 3:1–7

Woe to the city stock heeding nothing on the block. The trash collection comes for what's been thrown away. There's not a single one who walks without a stain or blemish. Passing through the days, profane and hardened all. And when the Call comes ringing through the air, who can hear the Angel's voice above the rabble?

Under the ground: trains about their goings. Floating forty stories height, lost among the pigeon's flight: tattered rags of words prophetic. And not a single one who is pure, who stands undefiled, meek before the Lord.

Woe to the city sum stinking of oppression, deaf to what they're told. And what is a god to do, with violence to the Law? Faithless herds that can't be bothered – they're going to learn.

Just one thing to do: learn to take correction. Just one thing to do and it's wash away the dirt. Just one thing to do: cut off what it rot and foul. Cast away the reprobates and there's just one thing to do. Just one thing to do: learn to take correction. Just one thing to do and it's wash away the dirt. Just one thing to do: cut off what it rot and foul. There is just one thing to do and it's time to do it.

Woe to the city's throng – hear the warning of my song. You feed upon corruption. Your broken children cough on clouds of soot and leaded paint. Who's laughing now you filth and who's going to learn to choke on shame?

Revelation 8:7–13

I can tell you how the whole thing ends when the horn starts playing and it falls apart; hail, fire, and blood. I can tell you how the story's going to go: a burning sun, a poisoned sea, a night without any day. Exactly what you'd picture if you had to script it.

Flood. Fire. Famine. Storm. XXX Sickness.

Hands, stomach.

Mind. Will. Thoughts. Memory. Hope.

What you already know, a book won't change the ending. And to address those with me in the room: may I call your attention to the time that's passed since this song started out? So let's get to the point of what this song is all about. Time pulling away with you, your vision grays and your fingers peel. Because what's coming is what's already known.

The light, the darkness – it's coming. The start, the ending – it's coming. The sound, the silence – it's coming, it's coming.

And then that moment has finally come.

