

# The Fall, New Puritan

Hail the new puritan  
Maelstrom, cook one

And all hard-core fiends  
Will die by me  
And all decadent sins  
Will reap discipline

New puritan

This is the grim reefer  
The snap at the end of the straw  
With a high grim quota  
Your star karma gin

New puritan

In LA the window opener switch  
Is like a dinosaur cackle  
A pterodactyl cackle  
Jet plane circle  
Over imported trees  
All the film ghosts will rise up  
With the sexually abused and the new youth

In Britain the scream of electric pumps in a renovated pub  
Your stomach swells up before you get drunk  
Don't call me Peter I can't go  
Salem's just up the road  
I've got work to do

Hail the new puritan  
Out of hovel-cum-coven-cum-oven

(spoken) (right you go back to that riff)

Hail the new puritan  
Out of hovel, cum-coven, cum-oven

And all hard-core fiends  
Will die by me  
And all decadent sins  
Will reap discipline

New puritan

I curse your preoccupation  
With your record collection  
New puritan has no time  
It's only music, John

New puritan

Ungodly mass  
Thick ass