

Pulp, The Never-Ending Story

When all should be done and gone, / he comes round again to see,
he can't keep himself away.
He touches her hand and it starts again.
His work is an ugly mess.
He prods and it cries in pain.
He kicks and it starts to scream.
He hurries away when she cannot see.
When all should be done and gone,
he comes round again to see,
he can't keep himself away.
he touches her hand and it / starts again.
Moving so slowly, / droplets of kindness / that poison and choke
when this thing should have died long ago.
The entrails are soft and warm, / this time it must be the end.
One touch and it lives again.
He keeps it alive to be part of its pain / (and that's mercy.
And that's compassion. / And that's being good friends in a crisis.
What's one corpse between friends?)
Oh / oh-oh-oh...
Leave it, boy. / Just leave it alone.
Stop scratching, or it'll never heal. / Just let it lie in peace.
Get out of the way, / get out of the way, / the brakes cannot last for long.
He knows he must let it go, / he knows but he keeps a hold.
He touches her hand and it / starts again.
Ah! / Ah! / Ah!
Moving so slowly, / he drops it so gently, / urging its life
to a peak to torment it again!