

## Weekend Warriors of the Apocalypse

Ah, so whatta ya been upta?  
Oh, not much, cruisin' round  
gettin' stuff done, waitin'  
for the great unveilin'  
of the saints at the end of time  
that kinda thing . . .

Yeah, sounds good, I been  
down at Bunnings: snags  
were burnt, but I don't mind.

Yep, been there, got snagged  
lookin' for wood to build  
a bobsled billy cart to hoon  
the dunes when the great sands  
come sweepin' through the city...

Ah, yeah, give me the apocalypse  
before Harvey Norman.

Nah, Go Get It While it's Hot!  
Go!

Get the lawns done?  
Yeah, I got em done, mowed  
the bollards down and the tombstones  
too: won't be needin' them for bodily  
resurrection and that . . .

What about the barbecue?  
Cleaned it, ashes, cremations?

They're a bit harder, yeah, might need  
a licensed contractor, fair bitta  
repair the cells and stitch up  
the DNA on those ones . . .

Anyway, I'll see ya down The Corner Hotel  
or the Book of Revelation Station?

Yeah, mate, gotta potta gold  
a golden ticket and trailer load  
of leatherbound Bibles to give ya.  
Slap em round like a New Idea  
like a Who the Flamin Hell's  
in Hell This Week Weekly.

All day Sunday and on til Christmas  
Jesus, the decorations in the shops already?  
And the winter's turnin' to somethin' or other  
can't get me tomatoes to grow and the moon's  
turned blood red, and I can't get those  
scales from the dead fish outta me eyes!

Yeah, I hear ya: my body's a Jerusalem of injuries

Wife been good?  
She's well, not ordained, but organised.

Yeah, gotcha, mine's the same. Loves a good  
garden of eden at the drop of a fig leaf.

Can't argue with that.  
Nah, ya can't.  
Well, ya could.  
But it'd do ya no good.

Right you are and a bucket of worms  
for your turn to plant the seed of the gospel.

Gunna do a workin' bee?  
Yeah, wouldn't miss it for all the honey  
and locust in your stink bomb beard, Johnny.  
Onya.

Onya too, Pete.

Nah, look it's been  
good to preach ya pants down  
and sweet to see ya still got a head  
on ya shoulders, old fella.

Catch ya by the river  
with the fishermen, yeah.  
Be a Christ load of us there, mate,  
we've been catchin' 'em all night  
and no sign of it stoppin' anytime soon.