

Toy Matinee

"Turn it on Salvador"

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Turn it on Salvador
Drag the bound priest across the floor
Skin to shed, God is dead, what to do, so are you
Are you?
Wake them up, shake 'em up
Death and a Gala Premiere

Turn it on Salvador
Brutally offensive by never a bore
Ants in hands, no demands, eying out a point of view
Or two
Bang them out, hang them up
Nothing is what it appears

Didn't he say that he likes to make the holes?
Time melts away while he tries to make the holes
Turn it on Salvador

Turn it off Salvador
Holy rotting donkey carcass butterfly eeeee...
Even tied, eggs you fried, out of luck
What the (some 15th century German word)*
(Some 15th century German word)
Books are guns, biking nuns
Ants, sirs, they crawl from the wounds

Didn't he say that he likes to make the holes?
(Turn it on)
Time melts away while he tries to make the holes
(Turn it on)
Turn it on Salvador

Da da da da da da da...

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