

Bauhaus

"Antonin Artaud"

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The young man held a gun to the head of God
Stick this holy cow
Put the audience in action
Let the slaughtered take a bow

The old man's words, white hot knives
Slicing through warm butter
The butter is the heart
The rancid peeling soul

Scratch pictures on asylum walls
Broken nails and matchsticks
Hypodermic, hypodermic, hypodermic

Red fix

One man's poison is another mans meat
One man's agony, another mans treat
Artaud living with his neck
Placed firmly in the noose

Eyes black with pain
Limbs in cramps, contorted
The theater and its double
The void and the aborted

Those Indians wank on his bones
Those Indians wank on his bones
Those Indians wank on his bones

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