

**Bauhaus****"Bela Lugosi Is Dead"**

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A gut pull drag on me  
Into the casm gaping we  
Mirrors multy reflecting this  
Between spunk stained sheet  
And odourous whim  
Camera eye-flick-shudder within  
Assist me to walk away in sin  
Where is the string that Theseus laid  
Find me out this labyrinth place.

I do get bored, I get bored  
In the flat field.  
I get bored, I do get bored  
In the flat field

Yin and yang lumber punch  
Go taste a tart, then eat my lunch  
And force my slender thin and lean  
In this solemn place of fill wetting dreams  
Of black matted lace of pregnant cows  
As life maps out onto my brow  
The card is lowered in index turn  
Into my filing cabinet hemispheres spurn.

I do get bored, I get bored  
In the flat field.  
I get bored, I do get bored  
In the flat field

Let me catch the slit of light  
For a maidens sake  
On a maiden flight  
In the flat field I do get bored  
Replace with Piccadilly whores  
In my yearn for some cerebral fix  
Transfer me to that solid plain  
Hammer me into blazen pain  
Moulding shapes no shame to waste  
Moulding shapes no shame to waste  
And drag me there with deafening haste.

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