

Bauhaus

"The Three Shadows Parti and I"

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oh classic gentlemen
say your prayers
to the wind of prostitution
to your faces, and rex complexes
riddle my breast
full of the oppressed puss.
o gentlemen, with your fish
that you surround, all around
and you man, will always point
your fishes at me.
but i will always exist
because i always exist
damn good too
the rat race begins
the fat face stings
i hold the fresh pink baby
with a smile.
i slice off those rosy cheeks
because i feel so thirsty
and oedipus rex complexes
... riddle my closed bloated breast

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