

Death In Vegas "Soul Auctioneer"

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The lynch mob (?) from
the infinite hole
as judged (?)
(?)
to crucify venus in cinemascope
the narcotic preachers are happy

high priest the mesmorous
the soul auctioneer
sells scorpion tightropes
while suffer on fear
his necropolis uses
the scourge of the queer
he is married to the truth-incinerator

there are hands in my pockets
pulling at my spine
eggs bearing insects
hatching in my mind
the stones in my shoes
get sharper all the time
in the soft sick underbelly
in the carcass of these times

i fly in my head leaving terminal narcosis
a poisoned mind will make you blind
beware of trojan horses
a dead head,
a blunt needle
you've broken your wings
you've lost your demon

drop the bomb,
spread the virus
marxist priests teach defiance
change through violence

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pulling at my spine
eggs bearing insects
hatching in my mind
the stones in my shoes

get sharper all the time
in the soft sick underbelly
in the carcass of these times

you've broken your wings
you've lost your demon
you've broken your wings you've lost your demon
you've broken your wings you've lost your demon
demon
demon
demon
demon

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