

Voodoocult

"When You Live As A Boy"

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The minister of health and youth sends his son to sell
crack he gets the profit,
the son gets the crap
Here, where the mothers are pimps blackmail
daughters to sell smack
to the judge and to the priest.
You play a game like a cricket in the garden of blood
"And when you live as a boy you better shut your mouth
Or when you live as a boy you give them a scent of
blood or they break your neck"
Literature is dead because you know everything about
death anyway.
Hearts are fireguttled hooks tar benzoel and murder-
oxide.

Fire's our blood
The minister of law and order is dancing on our grave.
And rave!
Decade of rotting nicely and self-enjoyable.
The mothers of courage try to play their role in
perfection but their seats are cheap
and the lodge is empty anyway.
Masonic lies hang like cobwebs from a ceiling of
baroque stucco
sometimes angry young men climb up and hang on
ceiling peeing on the lodge's chairs
buy they are empty anyway.

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