

Vast

"Visual Audio Sensory Theatre"

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I saw the gravestones
I saw 9 year old boys
Somehow I knew they hated me
You can live as long as you want to live

Lately all I want
Is to be in your hole

Sleep without a dream
As cold as it seems
It's my destiny

How many men have been
In your sacred hole?

(How many dead men, God?)

As I spread her thighs
My life flashes before my eyes
Soothing, disturbing
I'm intoxicated with fear

How many men have died
In your dirty hole?

How many men lay dead
From this killing hole?

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