

Slope

Comecon

answer me
the world looks black
fabricate
a world of facts
victim duebled for me
entertainment
weaponry nothing seen
less we know
the freaks themselves
run the show the reaper laughs with a million faces
he speaks in tongues in every paper
slow panic understatement
soon to be but still awaiting invertebrate demons
ignorant and loud
in the back of my head
when i'am in a crowd
a crime's been committed
I have to be punished
petrified reasons
silent but famished I need some rest
lie down for a while
in the tower of sleep
by the river of bromide the reaper laughs with a million faces
he speaks in tongues in every paper
slow panic understatement
soon to be but still awaiting ants seek
sanctuary
in my anus
and my nose
answer me
your world of facts
is coming much too
close slow panic understatement
speaks in tongues in every thought
the reaper laughs with a million faces
and soon he will tell you the joke

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