

# The Crime of the Century

## Rudimentary Peni

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yuppiecide disposing of the bodies difficulty -the evidence impossible ripe for a coffin The dolled up figurine  
Impossible to hide the secret from the world dirty blood Death's blood on head nationless annihilation and the  
Christman's religion? Suffer now for the paradise that is to come Chosen Aryan myth birthed and perished in  
Poland Polish pope Popeish Anti-Semite ripe for a coffin Venice stinks cos Venice invented the ghetto Africa  
150,000 years ago modern-looking man Homo erectus Peking man Java man Archaic Homo sapiens  
Neanderthal unchanged Strong brow-ridge cave man cranium prognathism Variations of modern People in  
classical morphological interbreeding Bad blood Neanderthals unchanged Mummified mitochondrial DNA  
Organelles, cytoplasm egg conceptus sequencing Vietnam man skullhole Origins unknown out of Africa skin  
change psychesame fresh prejudice Collapsing cosmoses dreaming of adrenalin deathrush cosmology Early  
earth atmosphere ancient death atmosphere happenstance Beyond the magma smegma skywomb microfossils  
stromatolites on rocky Coasts antrotrophs heterotrophs consuming the products and degradation of the higher  
levels Slime on rocks Probing the microbes Little Lord Fauntleroy and Lord Foppington were in the bath Press  
darkly there's pitch and toss. Heavy swell thro' the eyes of a storm secret motions and agitations of the oceans  
we loll. How does your conscience smell five miles downwind of a slaver The mist rolls back a stick of bombs  
fall a seismograph depicts the siren's call as we cover our ears flaying of satyrs by firelight Soon, not late many  
moons well I know struck the horses Head the aristocratic state of the Eighteenth century had reached an  
advanced form decomposition enfeebled and effete inarticulateness Pilasters niches multicoloured tiles lord  
whore farted Discolouring the fillings in your teeth that the archeologists unearthed bleak corrective furnishing  
self with solemn grandeur Statuary marvelous intoxicating to the fancy sick and sad Send her to Bedlam  
obnoxious to strangers a loud din of voices among the multitudes the strongest emotions I have ever known It is  
a great vexation for me to stop me vitals playing the giddy Goat out of season perquisite lichen the age of tombs  
foolishfashion Yonder issue to the top 'tis a pity the design was not conducted by a better judgement

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