

Soul Auctioneer

Death in Vegas

The lynch mob (?) from
the infinite hole
as judged (?)
(?)
to crucify venus in cinemascope
the narcotic preachers are happyhigh 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-incineratorthere 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 timesi 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 demondrop the bomb,
spread the virus
marxist priests teach defiance
change through violencethere 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 timesyou'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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