The Three Shadows Part Iii

Bauhaus

Oh classic gentlemen
Say your prayers
To the wind, of prostitution
To your faces, and Rex complexes
Riddle my breast
Full of the oppressed pussOh gentlemen, with your fish
The you surround, all around
And you man, will always point
Your fishes, at meBut I will always exist
Because I always exist
Damn good tooThe rat race begins
The fat face stings
I hold the fresh pink baby
With a smile
I slice off those rosy cheeks
Because I feel so thirsty

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