

# Sylvestre Matuschka

## Lard

Sylvestre Matuschka  
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One more  
Buried nugget  
Of the dark history  
Of the darkest side of man  
Austria, 1931  
Hungarian, hero - World War I  
Businessman  
Family man  
"Idealist? Or just plain mad?"  
To him, life must be a smash  
He blew up trestles and railroad tracks  
So he could masturbate  
While watching trains wreck  
It's a message from God  
It's a message from God  
It's a message from God  
It is my duty  
Dynamite  
End of the line  
Screeching metal  
Injured cries  
Bombs explode  
Up through my spine  
I squeeze  
I pump  
I... spray!  
Six years, Vienna jail  
Shipped to Hungary, then in World War II  
Released, cos the army needs  
Experts for demolition teams  
Some say that's how he died  
Was he in Korea? No one knows  
Have any trains wiped out  
Near a nursing home in your town?  
It is a message from God  
Those with eyes shall see  
Those with ears shall hear

A prophecy  
To the enemy  
The world shall belong  
To the children  
I've done my duty  
So all you sexually totalitarian born-again  
And blue-nosey horney toads  
Remember this:  
No matter how many books you ban  
No matter how many records you burn  
The seeds of fertile fetishes  
Are planted at an early age  
And some where out there  
Some one amongst you  
May at this very moment LUST  
For derailing trains

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