

In The Flat Field

Bauhaus

A gut pull drag on me
Into the calm gaping we
Mirrors multi reflecting this
Between spunk stained sheet and odorous whim
Calm eye-flick-shudder within
Assist me to walk away in sin
Where is the string that Theseus laid?
Find me out this labyrinth place
I do get bored, I get bored
In the flat field
I get bored, I do get bored
In the flat field
Yin and Yang lumber punch
Go taste a tart, then eat my lunch
And force my slender thin and lean
In this solemn place of fill wetting dreams
Of black matted lace of pregnant cows
As life maps out onto my brow
The card is lowered in index turn
Into my filing cabinet hemispheres spurn
I do get bored, I get bored
In the flat field
I get bored, I do get bored
In the flat field
Let me catch the slit of light
For a maiden's sake and maiden flight
In the flat field I do get bored
Replace with Piccadilly whores
In my yearn for some cerebral fix
Transfer me to that solid plain
Hammer me into blazon pain
Molding shapes no shame to waste
Molding shapes no shame to waste
And drag me there with deafening haste

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