Stabbing Art to Death

Showbread

Shall we use needles or knives to realign your spine?
The tissue degenerates so rapidly
Perhaps it proves it is the time to cover up your face
And smile at me to see if I am out of sightDenying ventricle flow revel in your plight tonight
You're such a wonderful person to know
And my name will rest in utter disdain
My resentment receives its wings for flight
You deceitfully stroll on just the same into your holy lightWith music destroyed, we'll only create noise
Sweet dissonance is all that you'll have left
We'll dance across its grave
The art of singing empty praise with knives of hope
And peace stab art to deathI've watched it on its drugs
And I've seen the doctors shrug
Cerebellums withered up
The heart is blackNo scalpel, pill or stitch, no religious sales pitch
Will ever bring the art that's dying back
And so we are the heirs of this glowing lack of care
Our hearts in one discord
We all cry out for blood and spit we clap
The amps are feeding back
My heart is filled with the one to whom I shoutAnd glowing you speak in the friendliest tongue
In sentiments of gold
And oh, the sweetest songs are sung
And the sweetest lies are told
So spread this virus and seek yourself
You pursue it quite relentlessly when Sunday comes
You'll raise hands to sing what a glorious sight to seeYet I see true art
I see her and I see you
And father you inspire me to sing to you
You inspire me to sing to you
Burn all the flags and the money
Sacrifice and laughThe light in your eyes reflects and I see myself
And all I want to be for you I'll give everything
Just to linger on your lips and feel your fingertips
You are an angelArt is not the world
Art is in our heartAnd so I am the prince of sounds that make ears ring
My princess kiss me with your sweet lips and lo
My heart will sing if art is in yourself
Or in a class at school if art is ego and selfishness

And at the mercy of primitive toolsWe sing sweet goodbyes in screams and screeches
And bury these knives in your heart
No paintings or poems to let you live on
We've seen the last of art as servants and lovers
We wash your feet and cry out into the dark the noise, the beauty
The love you bring me stabs these knives right into artArt is not the world
Art is in our heartsStab art to death

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