

Antonin Artaud

Bauhaus

The young man held a gun to the head of God
Stick this holy cow
Put the audience in action
Let the slaughtered take a bowThe old man's words, white hot knives
Slicing through warm butter
The butter is the heart
The rancid peeling soulScratch pictures on asylum walls
Broken nails and matchsticks
Hypodermic, hypodermic, hypodermic
Red fixOne man's poison is another mans meat
One man's agony, another mans treat
Artaud living with his neck
Placed firmly in the nooseEyes black with pain
Limbs in cramps, contorted
The theater and its double
The void and the abortedThose Indians wank on his bones
Those Indians wank on his bones
Those Indians wank on his bones

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