

STORM COMING DOWN

There's a storm coming down
Like a storm coming down
Like another day, like a bird of prey
Like

White Lord Jesus!
The Great Lord Jesus!
The White Lord Jesus!

Solely for him my soul bleeds
With broken teeth & reeds

(Or for)

Succubus chauffeur (drives me insane)
She's always baking my pain

With too many slugs & remains
Too many obvious games
Too many ugly refrains

Like
Like a storm coming down

Like a train without rails
Like a cuntfull of snails
Like twenty graveyears with plenty to come

Like a storm coming down.

MARY'S ROOM

You can put your arm around the water in Mary's room
She's got a wheel chair she pushes too far
She's got a ghettoway, she's rolling hot tonight
See her roll! (Roll on)
Head off! (Head first)
My kingdom for a curse

AND:

I cut a lock of her hair, & I threw away the key
Now she measures her pain in a toilet bowl
With long and careful howls
Like so many times before x 2
Like so many rhymes before

AND:

She's walking the tight rope
Back on her back on the floor
Crying for more. Praying for less.
Her head is a black mess
Watch the candle drown
A call for arms (across the water)

THE NEXT ONE'S ON ME, GUYS
SLAUGHTER THE DAUGHTER
OPEN THE DOG & SEE YOUR FUTURE

SONG FOR A DARK GIRL

Deep Down south in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
The hung my black young lover
To a crossroads tree

Deep Down south in Dixie
(Bruised body high in air)
I asked the White Lord Jesus
What's the use of prayer

Deep Down south in Dixie
(Break the heart of me)
Love is a naked shadow
On a gnarled and naked tree.

BACK IN MARY'S ROOM

It's scorching cold in Mary's room
She scribes her name upon the tomb
Then leaves it for tomorrow to see

Leaves it for yesterday to becry
So many words just to say goodbye
The church bells call out 3 x 3

Back in Mary's room
Back in Mary's room
Back in Mary's room

The stained sheets many more
It's time to walk out thru that door
And draw the first breath of eternity

It was all in this room, and not room enough
Everything goes when the going gets tough
And loneliness loves company.

Beautiful Diseases

Playing a part in an American love-romance
Break the trances

Remember the flight of the Black Raven
You're broken

Icy yellow eyes creeping out of the Dark Soul
Break the trances

Shivering of that human pale skin
You're broken

Tears overcome her
In the nest of the Black Raven

- - - - -

Beautiful diseases come out of my suicide harp
And I can still speak the language of the dead
Tearing my spider-webs into a skin...
"What's the laughter of the deaf..."

... doing in a girl like you?"
"Now I'm waiting for the sickness to occur
Now I'm waiting for Christ to return
Slowly floating on the water's surface."

- *Tristan Christ/Manù Moan*

MYSTERY WALK

This Black Book scares the hell out of me
And spreads it all across the room
It leaves a trail of shells and shall-nots
Until I'm frozen to the boon

And I'm shaking like pieces of silver
As the bats turn off the light
The minister tell me my future's on stake
But I'm wearing my crosses badly tonight

All his phrases keep running backwards
All his demons are in my head

He pins me down with voodoo words
And there's a rush where I would fear to tread

My fire's no need for his holy water
Far above us the great bats flutter
Now I'm certain it's time to walk on
Over the rainbow and into the gutter.

Winter Song

There is nothing anymore
I rub my body back & forth
On this wooden floor

There is nothing anymore
This winter brought a tidal
Of bad luck against our shore

There is nothing anymore
I see the slow & icy death
Of the sentiments we bore

There is nothing anymore
I see the look of hurt in you
As you walk out that door

There is nothing anymore
Everything we used to share
As all become one chore

There is nothing anymore
Our love takes on a frozen form
It's never had before

There is nothing anymore
I cannot bring myself to faith
And cannot doubt no more

There is nothing anymore
I cannot find my peace of mind
And my dreams all go to war

There is nothing anymore
I cannot mend, I cannot heal
These openings we tore

There is nothing any more
I touch your perfect body
And I've never felt so poor

There is nothing anymore
I touch your precious body
And I've never felt so poor

There is nothing anymore
The words we've used have cut
Our anger to the core

And there is nothing anymore.

(ANY) TRISTAN (MUST DIE)

Killing me softly with my song...
ANY TRISTAN MUST DIE
But I don't know the words of your song

Knock, knock, knuckles on my door:

Two girls in one dress
Siamese sidetracks
Which no fright train may ride
Such as I
Any Tristan must die.

JIMMIE'S GOT A GOIL

Jimmie's got a goil
 goil
 goil,
 Jimmie

's got a goil and
she cointly can shimmie

When you see her shake,
 shake,
 shake,
 when

you see her shake a
shimmie how you wish that you was Jimmie

Talk about your Sal -
 Sal -
 Sal -,
 talk

About your Salo-
mes but gimmie Jimiie's gal.

SHOWTIME!

Raven paces the floor
He opens the door and flies away
His head's a piano no black man can play
The bars were all smashed in the fray

HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME

She hands him a dime to out in the slot
His fingers still wet from her rot
It could have been me, but it's not

My chances of success appear to be slim:
All raise their glass eyes to him!
"This party is swinging like niggers from trees"
The fires you've lighted are making me freeze
And now there's no reason to stay:

I think I'll call it a day
You can call it by every name that you know
Call it love.

THE FRIGHT TRAIN

The Fright Train is comin' down
I hear it just at hand
The Fright Train is comin' down
I hear it just at hand
I hear the car wheels rollin' black
All rockin' thru the land

I hear the bell & whistle
She's comin' round the curve
I hear the bell & whistle
She's comin' round the curve
She's playin' all her flutes & brakes
And strainin' ev'ry nerve

She's nearin' now the station
O baby hold me tight
She's nearin' now the station
O baby hold me tight
You know I'll die a dozen times
For leavin' you tonight

She's leavin' now the station
And now you're growin' small
She's leavin' now the station

And now you're growin' small
You know I'll cry a thousand tears
For lettin' myself fall.

MONSTERBODY

Just gimme your monsterbody now
Just some body now, just any body now
Just a body now, etc.

AUGUST WALLA I

WALLA!
Braven Lieben
Teufelkommunisten

Walla:

Sein Engelgeschenck
Im Halbhimmel
Der Halbteufel

Und Teufel Walla lobet Jesus

Halbhölle.

AUGUST WALLA II

Weltallende Tot
Ewigkeitende Tot
Als Siebenjähriger tot!

Mit Menschenfleisch als Mensch

Zzzhhö

Zess

Ewigkeitentod
Grösser als der Gott

Sein Stern als Stern in Allende!

AFTER MY DEATH

Another mourning without no warning
You yawn and stretch, then get up to fetch
The Good Bottle
Left behind by last night's saviour
What a bleak Roman soldier you made!
Well, just throttle that bottle alone, babe
Counting down the loves you betrayed

Last year we flirted with the suicide milkmen
Now you're the alcoholic oracle
Wearing your mother's eyes
Rising from bed to complexity
So many false notes to play while you wait
Sure I unthread that red thread alone, babe
Taking the short cut to the gate

You'll never make your exit in style
The razors they used to make you smile
Rusted into your flesh
'Til your were as ugly as life
The clock 'tween your legs tells it's too late
So just undress that red dress alone, babe
One can always call it fate.

Night Club

My heart is a black bat
My mind is in combat.