

# Soul Auctioneer

## Death in Vegas

The lynch mob they hide from the infinite hole  
As judge genocide's executioner goes  
To crucify venus in cinemascope  
The narcotic preachers are happy

High priest the mesmorous, the soul auctioneer  
Sells scorpion tight-ropes, while surfing on fear  
His necropolis users, The scourge of the queer  
He is married to the truth-incinerator

There are hands in my pockets  
Pulling at my spine  
Eggs bearing insects  
Hatching in my mind  
The stones in my shoes get  
Sharper all the time  
In the soft sick underbelly  
In the carcass of these times

I fly in my head, leave terminal narcosis  
A poisoned mind will make you blind  
Beware of trojan horses  
A dead head, a blunt needle  
You've broken your wings  
You've lost your demon  
Drop the bomb, spread the virus  
Marxist priests teach defiance  
Change through violence

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You've broken your wings, you've lost your demon  
You've broken your wings, you've lost your demon  
You've broken your wings, you've lost your demon  
Demon, demon, demon, demon  
Demooooon

You've broken your wings, you've lost your demon  
You've broken your wings, you've lost your demon  
You've broken your wings, you've lost your demon  
Demon, demon, demon, demon  
Demooooooooon-yeah