

The Anthropophagists' Club

Abney Park

I know a cabaret, down a blackened street,
Where all the darkest naves and villains meet.
they'll drink the darkest booze, and smoking the foulest weeds,
and if you've any itch, some one there can meet your needs.

Chorus:

Whats this odd taste in my drink?
I'm start'in not to care what anybody thinks.
say what you will, I'm getting out of this place.

Well, I fell down there, I barley got back up again.
I saw the coal black hair, I saw porcelain skin.
If i told you she sang nice, I'd be a liar true
her band was cold ice, under the spot light blue.

She said, "Son take my hand, you've got a trustworthy face"
I said, "I dig your band, now lets get outta this place."
She lead me to a room, with a suspicious smell,
and soon I fell asleep, and I woke up in hell.

When I woke up again, I was tied to the wall,
My shirt was to my waist, felt like I'd been in a brawl,
There were all kinds of tubes, flowing steady from my veins,
bumping from arms and chest and legs and one hooked to my brain
s!

There were - tubes of glass, from my shoulders to my ass,
and they mixed in a bowel of the crap.
and the cauldron drained into the cabarets
veins and they ended at the bar tenders tap.
So when he filled a mug, pint, letter, or jug,
it was me that was in their tank.
before I turn bereft, as my conscious left, I thought who did I
just drank?

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