

The Rust That I Feed

Acid Drinkers

Like Apollinaire - with soft words,
I though, what I overcarres you...
But I've wrapped around my hand
Barbed wire - bloody, long...
And even so I took my boots off
I was smeling of my thoughts
Thoughts crooked like a any dick
Thoughts like rainy, heavy clouds...

And Benedict's strong fist
Hanging over sleepy head
I was looking in his eyes
Can he hear your swan-song???
Let the night carry your singing
Up your ears!!! It is worth!!!
Let Amadeus turns in his grave
Let him curse - it's not his note...

The rust that I feed, that I grow
Resistant for any words
The rust that I feed, that I grow
Resistant for any words

The man who carried the Christ
He's got a knife in his hand
When he will mature - he'll strike
You know, I know - I deserve
The night carry your song
Up your ears - it is worth!!!
Julius turns in his grave
Let him curse - that's not his words...

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