

## 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 bow

The old man's words, white hot knives  
Slicing through warm butter  
The butter is the heart  
The rancid peeling soul

Scratch pictures on asylum walls  
Broken nails and matchsticks  
Hypodermic, hypodermic, hypodermic  
Red fix

One man's poison is another mans meat  
One man's agony, another mans treat  
Artaud living with his neck  
Placed firmly in the noose

Eyes black with pain  
Limbs in cramps, contorted  
The theater and its double  
The void and the aborted

Those Indians wank on his bones  
Those Indians wank on his bones  
Those Indians wank on his bones  
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