

## The Three Shadows, Part III

Bauhaus

Oh gentlemen  
Swallow your prayers  
Because the wind makes a mockery of men  
Your soul becomes a fish  
You swim in idle waters  
And drink other fishes piss  
Your soul feeds on fish  
On piss, puss and men  
Who in turn, become as you have become  
A fish  
No, not even that, but a symbol of fish  
Hooked by the baby flesh of maggots  
A ripple of life in tin  
This tin could become your world too  
So choose between this and water  
Choose between tin and piss  
Do you still feel thirsty now  
Are you thirsty now  
Are you thirsty now  
Do you still feel  
Thirsty  
Thirsty now