

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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Pulling at my spine
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Sharper all the time
In the soft sick underbelly
In the carcass of these times

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
Demoooooon-yeah