

Sylvestre Matuschka

Lard

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One more
buried nugget
of the dark history
of the darkest side of man.

Austria, 1931
Hungarian, hero - World War I.
Businessman,
family man,
"Idealist? Or just plain mad?"

To him, life must be a smash,
he blew up trestles and railroad tracks
so he could masturbate
while watching trains wreck.

It's a message from God,
it's a message from God,
it's a message from God,
it is my duty.

Dynamite
end of the line
screeching metal
injured cries
bombs explode
up through my spine
I squeeze
I pump
I... spray!

Six years, Vienna jail
shipped to Hungary, then in World War II.
released, cos the army needs
experts for demolition teams.

Some say that's how he died,
was he in Korea? No one knows.
Have any trains wiped out
near a nursing home in your town?

It's a message from God.

Those with eyes shall see
those with ears shall hear
a prophecy
to the enemy
the world shall belong
to the children,
I've done my duty.

So all you sexually totalitarian born-again
and blue-nosey Horney toads.
Remember this:

No matter how many books you ban,
no matter how many records you burn,
the seeds of fertile fetishes
are planted at an early age.

And some where out there
some one amongst you
may at this very moment lust
for derailing trains.