

# Sylvestre Matuschka

Lard

Sylvestre Matuschka,  
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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.