

# Stabbing Art To Death

Showbread

Shall we use needles or knives to realign your spine?  
the tissue degenerates so rapidly  
perhaps it proves it is the time to cover your face  
and smile at me to see if I am out of sight,  
denying ventricle flow revel in your plight tonight,  
you're such a wonderful person to know  
and my name will rest in utter disdain  
my resentment receives its wings for flight  
you deceitfully stroll on just the same into your holy light

With music destroyed, we'll only create noise  
sweet dissonance is all that you'll have left  
we'll dance across its grave  
the art of singing empty praise with knives of hope and peace stab art to death

I've watched it on its drugs  
and I've seen the doctors shrug cerebellums withered up,  
the heart is black

No scalpel, pill or stitch, no religious sales pitch  
will ever bring the art that's dying back  
and so we are the heirs, of this glowing lack of care our hearts in one discord  
we all cry out for blood and spit we clap, the amps are feeding back  
my heart is filled with the one to whom I shout

And glowing you speak in the friendliest tongue in sentiments of gold  
and oh the sweetest songs are sung and the sweetest lies are told  
so spread this virus and seek yourself you pursue it quite relentlessly when  
Sunday comes  
you'll raise hands to sing what a glorious sight to see

Yet I see true art, I see her, and I see you  
and Father you inspire me to sing to you  
you inspire me to sing to you

Burn all the flags and the money, sacrifice and laugh

The light in your eyes reflects and I see myself  
and all I want to be for you I'll give everything,  
just to linger on your lips and feel your fingertips, you are an angel

Art is not the world, art is in our heart

And so I am the prince of sounds that make ears ring  
my princess kiss me with your sweet lips and lo,  
my heart will sing if art is in yourself,  
or in a class at school if art is ego and selfishness,  
and at the mercy of primitive tools we sing sweet good-  
byes in screams and screeches  
and bury these knives in your heart  
no paintings or poems to let you live on  
we've seen the last of art as servants and lovers  
we wash your feet and cry out into the dark the noise, the beauty,  
the love you bring me stabs these knives right into art art is not the world  
,

art is in our hearts

Stab art to death...