

The Art of the 20th Century

Yattering

I relase your blood
I let flow - more
And more - I smash
Pieces of you on the wall
Your body no longer resists -
You are to surrender -
- You are to die.
Murder instinct - madness
I entertain the world
Society turns
Reality to nightmare
I kill - therefore I am
Be quiet boy,
Why do you fear?
I'll highlight your life...
...on TV they'll show you -
-With a razor
I rip your crotch
Don't blame me for this...
Be quiet boy.
Expression -
-With an axe I create
The art. of the 20TH century.
A scream...
Why do you scream girl question
We'll entertain the people
Be polite,
You're so important to me
A piece of flash... I need you
You are to surrender -
-You are to die
Bloody dream - therefore I am!