

Bloodsport and Porn

Augie March

All grace, all our grace, in a dirty thimble
In palsy halls some paintings kept
In ricket basements a trinket or two
Maybe a leopard survives in a zoo

No renaissance, no emerald dawn
But porn and bloodsport, bloodsport and porn

And a song, and some play, a shiny violin
In a vault in a f*ckwit's mansion
Excavated yesterday -
Curse this elevated state

No amount of wealth can sate

Now soul's a store bought empty yawn
You've porn and bloodsport, bloodsport and porn

They play with their balls, they kill the animals
This night contains ten thousand years
Of screaming echoes in my ears
Enter auditorium
Exit vomitorium

A very tatty veil torn
Porn and bloodsport, bloodsport and porn