

Three Kings

Lydia Lunch

The moon's at night like you and maybe stars are
When I lie in bed, when I lie, I lie
I wear a mongolian hat, it's a real mean steal with a real mean
point

That stars the pillow dead, that stabs it
I lie in dream blood, stabs soak the bed
We come from death, lust down the ages
We keep our company starved in cages

No sins, just blood and beer in your stoned-
blind hole in haloed soul
No sins, no, and not much else

Burn my sheets and you'll burn
Watch it I wear dangerous things to scare night out of here
And fat men fat as moons, to scare the night out of here

Blood keeps my soul untied and black in not as night is rotted
dreams

I'd like to leave them for dead, I'd like to
So I got a point when I lie in bed, I lie, I lie
You better play dead after dead, you better play

The moons at night are red, Christ, you and maybe stars are
Dying to be followed, dying to be
When the star bleed this message down, it said, once there
Were three kings sucked in by a star, scarred white and spitefu
l
It led them off, far to any old shed
God, to god to hell, you've got it wrong
You've got it wrong, you've got the wrong god, you got it wrong

text a hudba: Genevieve McGuckin