

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

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art is in our hearts

Stab art to death...