

## Propaganda

### Sex Gang Children

In the Fatherland! In Disneyland! Or all England?  
They say religion, the wounded pigeon, is back in  
fashion  
I said you're joking, you must be smoking 'some kind of  
thing'  
Take Las Vegas in a cab take a stab all or nothing  
With ice cold hands your solitude stays with me  
Give me concrete and steel, wake up and make believe  
Mickey Mouse on the bed, all in my head  
Give me Jesus in the arena going down nice and dirty  
Where Man is mortal, God is always clean. I fell from  
the sky  
I was born in a bed, is it right to ask why, all in my  
head?  
Honesty and poverty are strangers to me  
Humanity is what I used to be  
The mediocre have taken over  
Propaganda!  
I am a cow, I am a horse, where truth is a stranger  
Where neighbours on the payroll shoot me down nice and  
dirty  
Infra red on the wall which one of us will fall?  
So free me from the Preachies, save me from myself  
Eat a Fuck-Mac stew my brain, Soy lent Green once again!  
Mea culpa! Mea ultima culpa!  
Psycho siege urban whine, at the end of the line  
Do you hate or do you feel?  
Feed your head. Strangelove in Jakarta, or is it the  
Metric Martyr?  
Praise the women who kill, feed your head  
I kiss the Saints that are dead,  
I kiss the Witches in their bed  
Taste the blood if it's real, feed your head  
Bless the bed I lay upon, bless the Angels around my  
head  
Shudder me if I'm wrong, but hear my breath