

Army Of Lovers, Also Sprach Alexander

Beneath the tower of death
A flock of vultures gather
For the holy feast
The last vision of my life
A stormy cloud of feathers
What fire wouldn't touch
Are the remnants of my body
To vultures under a steaming sun

A funeral in perfect weather
A curried soul survive the feast
The ox has been my teacher
Moustachoid a sexual beast
The heredit friedrich nietzsche
May God leave someone else to be
The final zoroastrian