## 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 heredict friedrich nietzsche May God leave someone else to be The final zoroastrian