

The Fall, I Am Damo Suzuki

Generous, valeric, Jehovah's Witness
Stands in Cologne Marktplatz
Drums come in
When the drums come in fast
Drums to shock, into brass evil

What have you got in that paper bag?
Is it a dose of Vitamin C?
Ain't got no time for Western medicine
I am Damo Suzuki

The fuck-up like red acid rain
Give it to me Daki every day
Who is Mr. Karlheinz Stockhausen?
Introduce me
I'm Damo Suzuki

Soundtracks, Soundtracks
Melched together, the lights
The lights above you

Listener was in cahoots with Fritz Lieber
And read him every day
Recipe for fear gas, amount of salt ash
I put by (cup of) meine fire, okay
I have no time for Western medicine
I am Damo Suzuki

May we go back to days pre-Virgin
Cannot get on clear vinyl
The handle that was brass, is now brass evil
The rock that was an egg, is in wrong cradle
The hand that cradles the rock, makes egg gooey
I am Damo Suzuki

Is this west latent pattern?
Run it, says Damo's spirit
Is this lesser European?
Speak it, says Damo's spirit
I am Damo Suzuki