

Christoph Girard

Lady Applicant: The Lazarus (Audio)

<p>The crowd will be smiling on me ladies my hands are full and I am only what I see to you stiff in poultice it's the image of god in linen scars unwrap my bone the paperweight of soap breath is an accident living in the grave my home it's there a hair in false teeth shut your air then something's missing there is nothing here to show not a place or the word headaches or a person cake with filling like gold we sew a bright enemy of bone</p>	<p>Marry me marry my hand your wedding its breasts brace in my miracle so flesh the ring can open as to fill the black they call to me my heart of gold is hearing my shout same crutch thirty stitches to hook the silver skin and face a walking eye but soon the blood they'll strip of you is dying in it like salt for this crunching foot there she'll be your hand a pure hand naked as a miracle stark but naked you underestimate my clothes you eat through roof a foot willing to vanish a second suit</p>	<p>Herr Professor the Japanese of proof is everywhere you ash I roll it with fire a set of eyes will empty your time that melts the rubber flesh so valuable and fit you rise to your decade wear it to die my lampshade will face the filaments and nine bombs will bury the start annihilate every enemy that feels shatterproof yes but soon everything is ash featureless and broad identical like teeth so waterproof you are crying to dissolve it the eye from sorrow our cave will empty</p>
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Herr gentlemen
may the Nazi
worms poke a hell
of gold you stir
a new year in
each day I number
them one ten
and fifty this first
day was exceptionally
red beware of a
comeback charge
the out back
bring me my
nose it is not to concern
the eye so tell me
an excuse I say
yes come manage
the large brute
all three
have big knees
that touch an opus of
glass how it
shoves out the cell
to give
real pearls it's
the same fine
art I am the same
sticky Jew a woman
to marry you
doktor it's a
boy can you believe
it oh no

Herr great baby
teacups so amused
and against
the peel do I terrify
or do I
marry a same will I have
here for what
is there is nothing
else a closet for your
head you may
guess and call it like
a ticket
or an easy thumb
and tease
me you bad cat I
can charge at first
notice now
beware there it
goes a guaranteed look
you could cook
how I burn the stock
the hair was off
last time
a shriek
for twenty
years you stop
again and charge a
piece of trash
eyeing the hole
in my paper
these times stay
rocked I am
off to marry a seashell
and pick at it

Herr theatrical sweetie
I do it like a right
call at the wrong
charge and I am not
five or ten million
men you have
my skin and I have
no crotch
come put it out
be it and do it well
a resort I have
do it enough to think
about as I sort
it and do a woman
that knocks you
out and what
I sort is really a shut
napkin there
it happened we talk
easy or can
I talk and talk away
a think or thing can
do a done
doll it feels the
rubber in
whatever I make
I had enough to turn
and it works
nevertheless the empty
pits deny ash Herr
Lucifer I meant
it's very sour
I do it I be it and do it
well I ate your last
bit of peanut
a a a a is is
it it it it it it