

**Antonin Artaud
Bauhaus**

#-----PLEASE NOTE-----#
#This file is the author s own work and represents their interpretation of the #
#song. You may only use this file for private study, scholarship, or research. #
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Antonin Artaud -Bauhaus

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The basic Chords for this song are

**F#(I)** 1-3-3-2-1-1    **C(VII)** 7-9-9-8-7-7    **F#(XIII)** 13-15-15-14-13-13

I play the main riff something like this(I haven t the LP here)..

|   |                                     |                              |
|---|-------------------------------------|------------------------------|
| e | ---13--13-----13\--7--7-----7/--    |                              |
| B | ---13-----13-----13\--7----7---7/-- |                              |
| G | ---14-----14--14\--8-----8-8/--     | repeat adlib...              |
| D | ---15-----15\--9-----9/--           | / = slide up, \ = slide down |
| A | -----                               |                              |
| E | -----                               |                              |

You play this for the intro, and the verses, but where you see the chords  
Strum the chords something like down-up-down for each chord!

The young man held a gun to the head of God,  
Stick this holy cow,  
Put the audience in action,  
Let the slaughtered take a bow

**F#(XIII)/// C(VII)/// F#(I)/// C(VII)///**  
{Repeat until lyrics start up again}

The old mans words, white hot knives  
Slicing through worm butter  
The butter is the heart  
The rancid peeling soul

Chords:

For the next verse just Strum F(I) twice, pause and repeat.Listen to the album.

Scratch pictures on asylum walls  
Broken nails and match sticks  
Hypodermic, hypodermic, hypodermic, red fix

Back to Riff...

One mans poison is another mans meat

one mans agony another mans treat  
Artaud lived with his neck placed properly in the noose  
Eyes black with pain, limbs in clamps(vamps) contorted  
The theatre and its double, the void and the aborted

For this outro, I think you alternately strum the B chord and strum deadend strings, whilst the tempo increases...

Those indians wank on his bones... (Repeat until end)

Lyrics from Italian Lyric Book.

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