

Creeping like frost  
As slow as grave moss  
Like drowning in dry  
oceans of bone dust  
I taste the wreckage of crumbling faces  
I know the pale thing in the darkest of places  
As everything is eaten by another  
I remember blood from the thighs of the mother  
How much more must we bleed her  
I cut their throats while they slept  
I peel back my skull for you  
I wept  
Slow desolation like a funeral procession  
The lovely one screams like she's caught between stations  
Yes I do  
I eat the razor, a mouthful of God's flesh  
Sweating this blackness,  
I remember blood from the thighs of the mother  
I am shitting this cold death  
As everything is eaten by another  
How much more must we bleed her  
I cut their throats while they slept  
I peel back my skull for you  
I wept  
DEAD VENUS BLUE  
Yes I do  
Crumbling in God's sunshine  
I am dying all the time  
Love is rotting on the vine  
Point me at the sky... sky  
How much more must we bleed her  
I cut their throats while they slept  
I wept  
I peel back my skull for you  
DEAD VENUS BLUE  
Yes I do  
How much more must we bleed her  
I cut their throats while they slept  
I wept  
I peel back my skull for you  
Yes I do  
DEAD VENUS BLUE  
I taste the wreckage of crumbling faces  
I know the pale thing in the darkest of places