

# A Formidable Marinade

Amanda Palmer

I have seen you in a Turkish bath  
I didn't know if I should cry or laugh  
Nakedness has a sweet, sweet smell  
That sends me down to the pits of hell  
The steam, that rises from the water  
Tells me you are Satan's daughter  
If I am the devil's son  
Into the darkness we should run

Sodomy is not just for animals  
Human flesh, is not just for cannibals  
I'll feast on your body if you'll feast on mine  
Blood is thicker, and redder than wine  
Lay ourselves out, upon the table  
Ravish each other 'till we're no longer able  
When juices mix in the heat of the fray  
It will make a formidable marinade

If I put my hand in Pandora's box  
And I was smitten by a deathly pox  
If I were a leper or the warts on a toe  
Would you think well of me, when I go  
If I wrote my name with a razorblade  
In the palm of your hand, would it still fade?  
If I kissed your lips would you think it wrong  
Or would you come along with me

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I'll roast you on the spit like a fatted calf  
When you're done I'll split your body in half  
Climb into your reddened core  
Curl up tight, and close the door  
And in your body I'll dream of things  
Like geese, mustard, cabbages and kings  
Thermos full of chocolate sauce  
And men who live on only remorse

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