

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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