

Host

Coroner

Again and again
It winds "slick/lix-like to have a fire site"
Perilous thorn in my brain

Parasite nimble with "convulsed streams of ~ " plasma
Nestles, sure of entry, in my brain

It breeds
It sweats
It burns
It lives

Piece by piece, it knows me, and I know it
Just when it comes and when it goes,
It stays "by me", in secret, all alone

Whenever I do what it drives me to
It takes a little piece of me and burns it
As a tribute to its god

It breeds
It sweats
It burns
It lives

As its temple and its victim,
My blood runs on marble floors
Just like some insane circulation
Back into my corroded heart

By then I realize
There's just one door
One door, unlocked
I open the door, and...

It breeds
It sweats
It burns
It lives