

Our Queens (One Is Many, Many Are One)

Daughters

Silence! Order! The queen is here
Arms and legs like kindling
One asleep down the road, another in here
About as safe as a skeleton at the wheel

Silence! Order! Our queen is here
A dame
A crown
A death grip
So far away can't see her face
But we can hear her cum over the airwaves

I want it
I want my cock in a hand on a train
I want the coolness and the numbness at my fingertips

Lips at the wrist like razor blades
That throne of bone grows comforting
She closes her eyes, but not to get away
This could be my only chance to usurp the name

They go
They get off