

Spiracle

Flower Face

I want the parts of you that you only show
To the corner of your bathroom mirror
I want the parts of your hand grenade heart
That beat slowly with anger and fear
I want the parts of you that you only show
To the birds outside your bedroom window
I want the teeth that you lost as a child
That you hide in a box under your pillow

I want your quiet, your screaming and thrashing
The salt on your lips and the hands that god gave you
And I want your violence, your silent sedation
Your moon eyes, your telescope, morbid fixation
And I want your pyro, your born-again virgin
Your hands on my insides, your fingertips crawling in
I want your Jesus, your suicide mission
Your lips on the microphone, soft disposition
And I want your parties, the shark in your water
The scrapes on your knees and the blood that spills over
And I want your zeroes, your polluted marrow
The sweat on your palms and your surveillance shadow
I want your secrets, your clementine fields
The ropes that you climb up, the parts that won't heal
I want your safe word, your passive resistance
The sickness you foster, your favourite addictions
I want your nightmares, the ghost in your doorway
Your paralyzed sleep and your
I want you, butterfly, I want you sailor
I am your lover and I am your jailor