

Il Tango Della Signora Francesco Di Bartolommeo Di Zanobi del Giocondo

Forgive Durden

I feel your heart beat.
Your pasty hands shake.
I'll be every breath
Your trembling lips taste.
Metal teeth try to save you.
Button flies want to keep you pure.
Nothing will stop me now.
I will have you.

I was born to do this dance.
So follow my every step.
I'll lead your careening hips
And slaughter your innocence.

Her pearls and trap mutter something soft.
I mutter back, "You're messin' with the
Big leagues now, hun."
I bite her neck.
She begs, "What's in your heart?"
She urges I spill my thoughts.
I volunteer nothing but liquid.

I was born to do this dance.
So follow my every step.
I'll lead your careening hips
And slaughter your innocence.

I have got centuries
Of teachers before me.
I can do anything.
But I can't really do anything.
You've been our guest tonight
But I dine alone.
This could never be a home.