

A Massacre For The Papers

Her Bright Skies

He leads you in without a sound.
But it's the silence that scares you.
And now he's all wrapped around you.
His pulse pressed to the back of your head.

The heartbeat.
The pale skin.
The air is thin.
The panic aching in your bones.
The lights are dim.
This is the fuck of the century.
And you will just smile so happily.

So rent that hotel room.
Rip off that dirty blouse.
Let him inside you.
And when you pull his strings he will pull his gun.
Right to your fucking head.

And with your blood he writes down
All his sins on the walls closing in.
I smell murder on these sheets.

You see people in dark costumes.
And you beg for god to bring good fortune.
Because this world has buried our souls.

This is the fuck of the century.
And you will just smile so happily.

Alarms from parked cars on your street.
I smell murder.
Your workforce.
Your good life.

I smell murder this very day.
This is the fuck of the century.