

Blond Prostitute

Pig Destroyer

The vomit on your lips
Tastes like the sex of a twin sister
I can hear your stomach knot
As another threshold is reached
And crossed imagination is the key
So destroy with the nails
Repair with the tongue and repeat
It only hurts if you look
I am a velvet corpse kneeling before you
And for a split second
Your eyes were lambs
As my fingers slipped around your neck
On the way to heaven