

She Wears He-harem

Shudder To Think

Ooh you wear your he-
harem hat and a lace bib that zips up the back To
be an
'N' on a leash of men an endless spool of fools lick of patchwo
rk in
your new
suit. See the stone moths that sweep up And your suitcase ful o
f new
clothes
Made of manskins and the souls that pop out. Ooh you wear your
he-harem
coat
and a real dick boa wrapped around your throat To be an 'X' in
sexless
equation
bead on a spool of jewels cold backup for your crown, Queen. Th
ere's a
suitcase
ful of old robes And the seamster is a stone moth made of real
hearts
and the
souls you done stole. Ooh you wear your he-
harem dress and fake lashes
lap up
the mess that grows like breath within your wake coin-
toss a glance back
at the
road of men you paved, dear.