

## Your Game

Swans

Put your knife in me  
Walk away  
Walk away  
Worthless  
I'm worthless

I feel nothing for you. I hold myself down. Keep to yourself. You shouldn't touch me. My skin peels off my bones. I'll give you a gift: take the skin from my stomach and stretch it across your face. Look in the mirror: I see myself through your eyes. My body's on the ground behind you. You use it to amuse yourself. When you kick it around the room, you feel the impact of your boot in your stomach. Cry for me. Blame me for the fact you no longer recognize yourself. Lying here, I want the air in this room to consume me, to pull my body in behind itself while you stare down at me uncertain if you've lost yourself in me.

You're running your hands along the leather surface of your skin. The sound this makes changes pitch according to the area of your body you touch. Your thighs and your groin generate a low hum - the sound of my corpse releasing dead air when you kick me. Your face generates a continuous high pitched squeal - the sound I make when you burn me. I take you over. You forget yourself in my body. When you chew a piece of skin from your finger, you remember my body in your mouth, my bones cracking between your teeth. I love you. When you lick your hand your sweat tastes like my blood. Conceal yourself. Close yourself off. Pull back into my skin. I'm inside you. The place on the floor where my body decayed left a stain on your memory. That's the signature of my love for you. You can't forget me without losing yourself. I'll never die.