Save Me Save Me

Xiu Xiu

though this is all you'll ever get it would be a strange delight no eyes no nose no mind the grey light of Porto stay with you oh how can you love a tiny bug impressed by the night when you cut yourself? save me save me your body rotten as the last melon on the vine pull your shirt down save me save me press my thumb onto your tongue hand a knife up to me no mouth no neck no rest the white poem of self hate stays with you even though you know a chance to cut is still a chance to cure pull your legs apart save me save me your body doomed as the last apple on the tree so let me hurt you.

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