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 patchwork in your new
suit. See the stone moths that sweep up And your suitcase ful of 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. There'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.

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