

Luxury Of Tears

Christian Death

In a phallic, stone tower
We rise and fly or stand knee deep in water
Skin is smooth and damp
Every time he crosses them
And there are bones in bed with that child,
A figure behind the glass,
Me in his mouthThe man has come and gone,
Aroused my photographic memory
Orphan sons and his raw hands
(Were slammed in his face)Like fire under whores
Insect, smiling eyes project rain
Blaze against his teethThe luxury of tears burned my fingers,
Spinning devils of snow
The luxury of tears burned my fingers,
Spinning devils of snow
Oh devils must know the luxury of tearsChanging his shape, he raised his eyes,
Eyes masked with green
Threw out his arms, pulled open the door
A moist, sour tongue down the silver screenUsher in the bleak years
Through his yawning neck
I undress in his throat
A passion for dust
(Was slammed in his face)
Pull them down by the wings
A rose from my ribs
Stole back up the stairs
(And laughed in his face)

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