Orgy

Patton Oswalt

A disease is under my fingernails
It stains me like a tattoo

Back on the rack
Aching with time
Your face is familiar
From another crime

And we could swim, we could swim
My little fishes and me

Overgrown senses prickle and spark
The flesh is in the palm of my hand

Back on the rack
Love under will
Your face is familiar
From another kill

A tongue explodes into mouth
A taste of coma and tears

Back on the rack
My shape of rage
Your face is familiar
From another cage

And we could swim...

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