Birth Skin / Death Leather

The Blood Brothers

mr. electric disappears and re-appears like a smiling/snarling phantom.
dawn: wooing the blue from the crawling eyes of babies
midday: vanished. grinning through the sweat pores of harlots and whores.
sundown: opening a cloak of tentacles...
preaching the gospel of cracked crystal beaks.
dusk: peeling back the birth skin like wrapping paper around a virgin.
vanish again.
twilight: march on electric children!
and you, with your self righteous army of crotches spewing paper children,
his death hole is deeper.
and stronger than love.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/