

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://damnyrics.com/>