

# Marmalade

Anders Osborne

Stretching, Filing against her skin  
Blessed are those who are not kin  
In sin we breathe, in sex we tie  
Duct tape her legs to the red sky  
Fool some flesh allowances  
The pansies raided the pantry of  
Gabardine dreams, promiscuous  
Delight, deny not the flavor  
Custard dreams  
Abusing, musing  
Marmalade flesh  
Naked spread am I, am I  
Actors of the tragic phantoms  
Extend your legs for great Saturn  
Brown table tops scream for cover  
At the sight of your new lover  
If today I die  
And can't deny  
The poison chosen  
For tonight, tonight  
Whoa  
Borrowed dreams, hollowed reveries  
Metal pillows, pewter yellows  
Furry roadkill, house on the hill  
Pouring gravy on her thighs still  
If today I die  
And can't deny  
The poison chosen  
For tonight, tonight

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