Elfin

Pig Destroyer

I am content in the wooden half of ventriloquism
With fingers up the back of my shirt
Sifting through the well-camouflaged
Maggots flakes of your urine tasteLike fairy dust when I allow
My tongue to betray me
I consider myself lucky
To be destroyed by such elegance

Songwriters
Brian Keith Harvey; Jr Hayes; Jason Scott HullPublished by
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