

Pornography

The Cure

A hand in my mouth, a life spills into the flowers
We all look so perfect as we all fall down
In an electric glare, the old man cracks with age
She found his last picture in the ashes of the fire
An image of the queen echoes 'round the sweating bed
Sour like yellow sounds inside my head
Books and films and in life and in heaven
Sounds of slaughter as your body turns
But it's too late, but it's too late
One more day like today and I'll kill you
A desire for flesh and real blood
I'm gonna watch you drown in the shower
Push my life through your open eyes
I wanna fight this sickness, find a cure
I must fight this sickness

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