

Curare On Your Lips

After The Sirens

Welcome to the last time
That You can buy my answer
With less than a question
I would sell the hands off my wrists
If they weren't so preoccupied
With taking the bread from Your fingers And downing this cheap new years wine
That we call Your blood
And You can wait for midnight
But my lips are sealed
And You can wait for midnight
But my lips are sealed In this garden I'm waiting anxiously
For my children to come and murder me
In this crowded room, staring nervously
Lovers lick at their lips and wait for the kiss I've been sharpening
My teeth for this moment
And I'll stab with my lips
But You've already won

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