Marmalade

Sound Quelle

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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