New York Slave

The Blood Brothers

her smiles flashed SOS in that dress of sea anemone skin.
he pinned his heart to his tuxedo it throbbed
and hissed like a rabid jewel.
from the back of the chapel cracked
and crystal our gaze locked in temptation.
a priest with a glass eye sang songs of christian desperation.
the flower girls were all sown up,
they're hanging from the rafters.
showering your matrimony like a guillotine's laughter.
"dearly beloved we are gathered here to witness,
the sacred union of vibrancy and sickness...
do you take this man with the diamond skin tie?
and when you are fucking him will you scream dollar signs?
let me introduce you to a new phrase...
new york noose for a new york slave."
stained glass eyes wink through mother maty's navelscope...
who's pupils are watching?
the priest's tongue slips out like a jackal.
every eye in the audience spinning like a drill.
the groom plucks a key from the rapture tree
and opens her ribcage like a squealing armoire.
her lungs and liver screaming mercy mercy mercy,
while they re arrange the wires in her heart.
i now pronounce you smiling like a grave,
i now pronounce you a new york slave.
now every dripping chest wound is getting little guilt feelings,
what about your new life do you crave?
he's your ticket to fame but your his new york slave.

Songwriters
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