

# Poison in a Pretty Pill

## Crass

Your tactile eyes running over glossy paper  
Printed on with tactile lies of glaze and gauze  
They say "forget yourself, adorn with this disguise"  
This womanhood of smooth and tampered whores  
Let me warn you of their cold sensitivity  
They'll have you gathered in a trap of glass  
Is your reflection all the you will recognise?  
That cruel lie will stare you in the face  
Wrapped up in a haze and flow of bridal gown  
They tell your lover he must hold a gun  
You're the pornographic reassurance he's a man  
They deal with flesh, incarcerate with rags  
Red lips, shimmer-silk and body-bags  
Hairless legs against the blistered napalm burn  
I want to rape the substance of your downy hair  
In that mist a gutted child fights for air  
Against the fragile, mashed and sweaty wound  
Your facile beauty has an outrageous sound  
Like a glamour billboard on a battlefield  
At least the blood red poppy was of natures will  
That flower perfecting by the barbed wire fence  
Must be insulted by your scented poor pretence  
Just as I, who finds it hard to touch you now  
You traumatise my love with needle doubts  
I want so gently to remove your mask  
It's hard enough to find water here  
In this barrenness of dishonesty and fear  
Without you accepting poison in a pretty pill  
Your bondages of silk robes and lace  
Are the bandages on a bullet punctured corpse  
The layers of precious imitation worn  
Are the layers of history that suffocates the unborn

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>