

Reptile

Bob Wayne

She spreads herself wide open to let the insects in
She leaves a trail of honey to show me where she's been
She has the blood of reptile just underneath her skin
Seeds from a thousand others drip down from within
Oh my beautiful liar
Oh my precious whore
My disease, my infection
I am so impure
Give in
Devils speak of the way in which she'll manifest
Angels bleed from the tainted touch of my caress
Need to contaminate, to alleviate this loneliness
I now know the depths I reach are limitless

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