Time for Tenderness

The Blood Brothers

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

When I awoke I lay tied to a foreign bed.
Inside a house sown out of human flesh.
A palace of skin graft architecture.
Oh desolation! I can't stand to fuck these walls.
Desolation! I can't stand to suck these halls.
But how do I sleep when the skin I stroke
underneath the sheets is mannequin plastique?
And I wonder where the girl who slept beside me has gone.
When the faces in the photos stare with glass eyed mystique
Tick, tick, tick, tock I watch the clock for tenderness.

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