Kiss Kiss

Vices I Admire

Process me, produce the proper symmetry to put me in charge of reinventing the mute. Put me in party to the scheduled lie and give me your right hand but live by your left, make me murder every mountain and remove every paradise.
There are evil voices in my head
(They tell me the improbable arithmetic of closing my eyes and counting the cards [keep 'em busy by counting the cards])
See how this wears me out? How close am I (now) to another dull mystery: are we the graveyard or the ghost? I have a motive. My motivations are a matter of fault--all your fault.
There are evil voices in my head
They say, "You're wrong" again. Every bit as wrong as you were before, when you first divined your word for love, now you wear it on your tongue, saturate your lips and kiss someone. You're beautiful.
Poison, be my guide. Prepare me for my proudest work: prostitute for my bride. Nothing'll heal me but the severed limb, nothing will cure me like the cancer borne. Fail me, fail, fail me fail me not, I suffer every eager infection.
There are evil voices in my head
They say, "You're wrong" again. Every bit as wrong as you were before, when you first divined your word for love, now you wear it on your tongue, saturate your lips and kiss someone. You're beautiful.

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