Mosquito

Psychotic Waltz

crawling into my head, mosquito, mosquito red
pieces, diseases, floating in the greases, but they smile insteadsting of the suckerfly
in the dead of the night
ride on the wings of a dragonfly
sleep by the candlelight
sucking the gutter dry
taking flight
now they dance on the open eye
pushing the needle to the tiny bitewatching the circling sun, mosquito, mosquito run
vision of a killing gun
they sing with the voices of the angels sonriver is flowing
the bloddy wind is blowing
the reaper they are sowing
and i don't believe that they are going

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