Melt!

Flying Lotus

You are the melting men, you are your situation
There is no time to breathe and yet one single breath
Leads to an insatiable desire of suicide in sexSo many blazing orchids burning in your throat
They're making you choke, making you sigh
Sigh in tiny deathsSo melt!
My lover, melt!
She said, "Melt!"
My lover, melt!You are the melting men and as you melt
You are beheaded, handcuffed in lace, blood and sperm
Swimming in poison, gasping in the fragrance
Sweat carves a screenplay of discipline and devotionSo melt!
My lover, melt!
She said, "Melt!"
My lover, melt!Can you see, see into the back of a long black car
Pulling away from the funeral of flowers
With my hand between your legsYou're melting
She said, "Melt!"
My lover, melt!
She said, "Melt!"
My lover, melt!So melt!
My lover, melt!
She said, "Melt!"
My lover, melt!

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