Rope (Keith LeBlanc Mix)

Pig

Don't you know what you could do for me with one thin rope?
Don't you know what you could do for me with one more stroke?
Don't you know what your heaving breath for this burnt swelling flesh?
Don't you know how I feel with your fingers around my neck?Pass me the rope the burn is intense
I'm starting to choke the yearning relents
Like a pig on a poke
I've hurt and I've hoped
Well I lie for the life of me
The bile's at the back of my throatThere's a bloated germ in my belly
That yearns for one small slit
Therein this writhing sperm
This blow off in the gritPass me the rope the burn is intense
I'm starting to choke the yearning relents
Like a pig on a poke
I've hurt and I've hoped
Well I lie for the life of me
The bile's at the back of my throatI don't need no one to tell me nothing
I can take myself in my own good time
I met my maker when I met my mother
Not the seven bribes of christ
Don't trespass on my patience baby
Your eyes are bigger than your belly
Like the letter of the law
Like the ulcerating sore
I'm sucking on the stick that stinksPass me the rope the burn is intense
I'm starting to choke the yearning relents
Like a pig on a poke
I've hurt and I've hoped
Well I lie for the life of me
The bile's at the back of my throat

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