

# Pornograthraphy

## Every Time I Die

Tonight the cinema's the treatment clinic where the perverts seek the cure.  
Show me the rape scene one more time for the cause. And I promise we'll  
behave like perfect christians. We'll sing the glory of the gospel for some  
whiskey and a skin flick. Hallelujah. All rise. Hallow be my name. In this  
kingdom we came without calling. Hallelujah. The violence and the choir, the  
virgin and the fire. Up to her neck in tongues. Lovely, so lovely is Ludwig  
Van. Electronic sonata pumped through the mud of one a night stand. The saints  
in regalia whistling while they rape. Lid clamps in vitamins. Lift up her  
skirt and I'll be cured, like a junkie with a methadone addiction thinks  
he's clean. I'll be cured. I'll be cured. Sit down and watch closely. All these whores have  
conceded the war. She said, "you might be sick, but you feel alright to me."  
That's enough. Turn it off. I promise I'm better now. It's too much. Healed at the horror show.

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