MÃ¼tter

Missfits

The tears of a crowd of very old children
I string them on a white hair
I throw the wet chain into the air
And wish that I had a motherNo sun shines for me
There was no breast that cried milk
There is a tube that sticks in my throat
I have no navel on my stomach, motherI was not allowed to lick any nipples
And there was no fold to hide in
No one gave me a name
Fathered in haste and without spermFor the mother who never gave birth to me
I have sworn tonight
I will send her a sickness
And afterwards make her sink in the river, motherAn eel lives in her lungs
On my forehead, a birthmark
Remove it with the kiss of a knife
Even if it causes me to die, motherAn eel lives in her lungs
On my forehead, a birthmark
Remove it with the kiss of a knife
Even if it causes me to bleed to death, motherOh, give me strength

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