Old Skin

Young Widows

WE smoke the toenails and hair of the wiseman under a BLACKGOD's thumb we dance like painted puppets we eat the wiseman's eyes she bleeds orgasm in techni-color an ocean of alien mystery for sight that we might the lights fast enough see the darkness if we kill we burn the dry shell, a funeral chant that our eyes can open wide enough the pulse quickens and we dance we eat the brain and pray this celebration of old skin a scattering of dust to the winds as the blossoms fall screaming to consume you I feel every flower that is the earth and sky your cradle so is the way of forever the earth and sky entomb you beatings in cold rooms teeming with simple cruelties hands and head not found

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