

POISON IN a PRETTY PILL

Crass

Your tactile eyes running over glossy paper
Printed on with tactile lies of glaze and gauze
They say "forget yourself, adorn with this disguise"
This womanhood of smooth and tampered whores
Let me warn you of their cold sensitivity
They'll have you gathered in a trap of glass
Is your reflection all the you will recognise?
That cruel lie will stare you in the face
Wrapped up in a haze and flow of bridal gown
They tell your lover he must hold a gun
You're the pornographic reassurance he's a man
They deal with flesh, incarcerate with rags
Red lips, shimmer-silk and body-bags
Hairless legs against the blistered napalm burn
I want to rape the substance of your downy hair
In that mist a gutted child fights for air
Against the fragile, mashed and sweaty wound
Your facile beauty has an outrageous sound
Like a glamour billboard on a battlefield
At least the blood red poppy was of nature's will
That flower perfecting by the barbed wire fence
Must be insulted by your scented poor pretence
Just as I, who finds it hard to touch you now
You traumatise my love with needle doubts
I want so gently to remove your mask
It's hard enough to find water here
In this barrenness of dishonesty and fear
Without you accepting poison in a pretty pill
Your bondages of silk robes and lace
Are the bandages on a bullet punctured corpse
The layers of precious imitation worn
Are the layers of history that suffocates the unborn

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