

Vogue

"To Live and Lie in a Colorless Jungle"

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So call me sick.
So call me rapid.
We're running,
We're running,
We're running.

We've been running our whole lives
To get out of this colorless jungle.
Where the orchid girls live inside viney wombs
To tempt their victims of their prey.

Carving aeroplanes from the backs of cherry bats,
To fly crooked around the world,
Delirious.

Carving aeroplanes from the backs of cherry bats,
To fly crooked around the world,
Delirious.

Where the babies fermenting from
Pregnant petals scream night and day,
In passionate horror like a bomb of bells,
Ringing in discord.

No no no no no!

But the girl caressing her skin so swarthy,
With 33 fingers come inside this sick bubble.
This disphanous.
But is the girl yours?

No no no no no!

The whore.
The lie.
The colorless jungle.

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To fly crooked around the world,
Delirious.

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To fly crooked around the world,
Delirious.

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