

Blood Brothers

"Birth Skin / Death Leather"

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Mr. electric disappears and re-appears like a smiling/snarling phantom.

Dawn: wooing the blue from the crawling eyes of babies

Midday: vanished. grinning through the sweat pores of harlots and whores.

Sundown: opening a cloak of tentacles...

Preaching the gospel of cracked crystal beaks.

Dusk: peeling back the birth skin like wrapping paper around a virgin.

Vanish again.

Twilight: march on electric children!

And you, with your self righteous army of crotches spewing paper children,

His death hole is deeper.

And stronger than love.

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