

Bloodlet

"Seven Hours of Angel Food"

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It's hard to see with your hands tied (down). Would you,
could you, help you learn to try. (no) Remember me
with my hands tied. Can he, will she, show me how to
fly... away (from). Combust and confuse, begin and
end. A rail to stand on and the day begins. Sins son
abound prodigy to this treason. Death's dust
compound mad man of this season. Supertouch trilogy
hypersex soliloquy. Remember me, 'cause the shadow
man is coming for my soul. What steeps inside
mentacidical minds is nothing. Compared to what the
darkness suggested. With movement weathers my
minds. Sinister fingers probe my mind. And it bleeds.
Tarets mouth gutter punk vile kid scheming. Roche
pimp three breaks bleeding. Simple minds are spitting
seven pennies. Riding on a breeze of steel pins

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