

Factory Of Art

"Fireside Favorite"

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Come here, baby, in front of the fire
I'd like to look into your eyes
Loosen your clothes, get out of that seat
Come and feel my body heat
Because when I get back home
And see you sitting by the fire grate
I hold you in my arms
Switch on to that real-log fire effect
Saliva's sweetness, we perspire
All things are one in front of the fire
Melting flesh on the front room floor
That's what my fireside favourite's for
And now that I'm back home
Toasting crumpets by the fire grate
Oh you feel so warm
Turn on to that thrill of fire effect
Hey now, honey, open your eyes
There's a mushroom cloud up in the sky
Your hair is falling out and your teeth have gone
Your legs are still together but it won't be long
Your head was on my shoulder
Now I'm kissing the skull
My heart is melting slowly as my senses dull
Now we're just a scab on a piece of wire
All things are done in front of the fire
You're my fireside favourite
You're my fireside favourite
You're my fireside favourite
You're my fireside favourite

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