

Fair Sex

"What The Devil"

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That loathsome spiders' brood a terrifying loathsome
joy
Swarm up the love blow up extremes the loss amazed
the
Loss of dreams they terrify terrify terrify the crowd
What the hell does it mean that crawling thing on your
Cheek and in those rooms of dark blue light a hidden
Chamber a hidden fright trunks filled with spiders and
in
The ballroom amidst dancing crowds released insects
of

Terrible shapes and a common anxiety does dominate
the
Crowd what the devil now is crawling on your face
slicing
Your naked cheeks eating your teeth and in the
basements'
Vaults deep down underground touching your naked
skin
There are horny beasts what the devil now is
happening in
Here it is threatening the crowd

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