

## **Forgive Durden**

# **"Tango Della Signora Francesco Di Bartolommeo Di Zanobi Del Giocono"**

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I feel your heart beat.  
Your pasty hands shake.  
I'll be every breath  
Your trembling lips taste.  
Metal teeth try to save you.  
Button flies want to keep you pure.  
Nothing will stop me now.  
I will have you.

I was born to do this dance.  
So follow my every step.  
I'll lead your careening hips  
And slaughter your innocence.

Her pearls and trap mutter something soft.  
I mutter back, "You're messin' with the  
Big leagues now, hun."  
I bite her neck.  
She begs, "What's in your heart?"  
She urges I spill my thoughts.  
I volunteer nothing but liquid.

I was born to do this dance.  
So follow my every step.  
I'll lead your careening hips  
And slaughter your innocence.

I have got centuries  
Of teachers before me.  
I can do anything.  
But I can't really do anything.  
You've been our guest tonight  
But I dine alone.  
This could never be a home.

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