

## **Broken Hope**

### **"Skin Is In"**

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Such suffering and sickness  
From a moment of ecstasy  
As your skeletal and noxious body ceases to live  
With this ever growing infection  
Death claims you

Diseased, you didn't know your lover was diseased  
So hot to get laid, indulge in unprotected sex  
The one you have intercourse with hosts a virus  
Infections blood tainted with HIV  
Passing the contagion on to you  
You are now a member of the modern epidemic  
Intact health was only a condom away  
But you let your guard down for a fatal fuck  
This terminal illness wears your body down  
A virus destroying all of your antibodies  
You are now so susceptible  
A blood test of positive now revealed  
Covered with skin eating fusions  
AIDS hungrily grows at your immune system  
Your T-cell lymphocytes destroyed  
Fatal condition kills slowly  
Too weak to move, breathe, or ever get aroused  
Running ulcers and abscesses wrap your body  
Quarantined to your death bed, you stick to your sheets  
The disease has developed to a most severe state  
Ashes to ashes, genitals to jelly  
Your personal gender soon to fall oil

An erotic flower decayed at the roots  
Latex could have kept your sex life intact  
Now never again to be hard to wet  
Discharge and drip genitourinary leakage  
Reproductive organs butchered and raw  
The risk for gratification is your epitaph  
Ignorance is bliss and eventually death  
You never gave much thought about tomorrow

But now as you struggle to try and breathe  
Yesterday is always on your mind now  
And what ever happened to you lethal lay?  
Death through sexual transmission

You make love to the grim reaper  
This day and age sex kills  
Unknowingly lusting after your demise  
Desire plummeting into the venereal depths  
A coital union with cankerous effects  
Toxic passions, the rapture kills slowly

Skin is in  
Ashes to ashes, genitals to jelly  
Melting in syphagonnaherpeids  
The black plague of the 20th century  
Careless promiscuity  
Skin is in  
Diseased disguised behind a beautiful face  
Your terminal venture too late  
Syphagonnaherpeids

Your body cannot summon enough protection  
Against this ever growing infection  
Ravaged by AIDS abominable symptoms and effects  
Death claims you through virtual sex

An incurable doom from lethal lovemaking  
Such suffering and sickness from a moment of ecstasy  
As your skeletal and noxious body finally ceases to live  
Your lamed mate is begging another victim  
Death through sexual transmission  
You make love to the grim reaper  
Turned on, so anxious to get your rocks off

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