

Lemuria "The Origamists"

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You put your flower on the lips of my head
I thrust myself between the breasts of your chest
Swallowed by a whale in the sea
And vomited up dry on the beach
Today we never put on our clothes
We tried to set a record, we came close
All in front of a mirror above a desk
We created origami with our flech
Eyeball
It may sound dirty, but it's cleaning curiosity
This sex is ugly
Kissing every cavity
Every god damn thing you can list
Shakespeare can't be abridged

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