## Small Towns Burn A Little Slower "Lullaby For Sleeping Babies"

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Shed your appendages. Trade your skin for scales. Venomous speech. Your blood stained teeth. You won't stop until you've sucked us dry. You speak your love for me. I turn my back, and you curse my name. Excrement by any other title will still reek. Start out praying, and wind up masturbating. Self gratification in jesus name Is still the same thing. There you are. curled and poised to strike. Your fangs in my veins all because of your vanity. All the kings horses and all the kings men Will not put this together again.

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