

Smith Patti

"Babelogue"

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I haven't fucked much with the past, but I've fucked
plenty with the
future. Over the skin of silk are scars from the splinters
of stations and
walls I've caressed. A stage is like each bolt of wood,
like a log of
Helen, is my pleasure. I would measure the success of
a night by the way
by the way by the amount of piss and seed I could
exude over the columns
that nestled the P.A. Some nights I'd surprise
everybody by skipping off
with a skirt of green net sewed over with flat metallic
circles which
dazzled and flashed. The lights were violet and white. I
had an ornamental
veil, but I couldn't bear to use it. When my hair was
cropped, I craved
covering, but now my hair itself is a veil, and the scalp
inside is a
scalp of a crazy and sleepy Comanche lies beneath this
netting of the
skin. I wake up. I am lying peacefully I am lying
peacefully and my knees
are open to the sun. I desire him, and he is absolutely
ready to seize me.
In heart I am a Moslem; in heart I am an American; in
heart I am Moslem,
in heart I'm an American artist, and I have no guilt. I
seek pleasure. I
seek the nerves under your skin. The narrow archway;
the layers; the
scroll of ancient lettuce. We worship the flaw, the belly,
the belly, the
mole on the belly of an exquisite whore. He spared the
child and spoiled
the rod. I have not sold myself to God.

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