

The Blow

"The Love That I Crave"

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The love that I crave is a polar bear to gore me.

Then, I'd know the force with which she adored me.

The love of my dreams is the stuff of my nightmares-

When I wake up in screams that's how I know that I
really care.

I must await the swing of the scorpion's tail,

Because my impatient advances always end up so
pathetic.

Little pinches and pokes don't mean a thing

Compared to a true arrival and the shock that it brings.

Pick it up, try it, get tired of it, rewind.

I'm so tired of being wasted just chasing the same old
thing.

I want to get hit by a big thing, come take me, change
me.

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