

The Provenance "For Whom I Bleed"

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Naked skin, inside the women gallery
Icebound minds, frozen drama of their life
Wanting out, to break away, leave it all behind
This hoary fever killing all of their kind
Imprisoned flesh, sold open on the streets
Pavement romance screams at me
Open up, spread'em wide,
Swallow stiffened pride
Don't ever let them see you blind

All laid bare, on broken glass
The cutting of flesh, the favourable ground,
Cold and wet, calling them, calling me
For all eternity...

Sleeping poetry among the thousand
Obscure chambers and their beauty at night
Viscous scenes after dark reflecting fantasies
Projected by delusion as a child

That's for whom I bleed, and that's for whom I weep
It's for all of those who need be saned
From childhood pain
Are you willing to see, all the blackness in me?
Pointed like a spear of rage against
Their pavement game

Pass it on; let them taste the fears
Do unto them as they have done to you
Sweet revenge on those bitter faces
You'd best enjoy it while it lasts

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