

## **Six O'Clock Saints "One Eats The Other"**

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she's so retroussé  
I'll be your long lost cause love  
the one you can save  
you don't know no better  
beautiful little saint

Oh I'll be your sweet thing  
I'll be your liar  
I need a cleansing like a bullet needs a murder  
My sheets are stained by my shame and my lies  
but it's what brings you here  
could it be I'm worthless  
If so,  
what are you doing here  
No I can't imagine  
just why you stand here still

the sweat we'll make between  
our needy flesh we'll trade this evening  
bury our motives in a physical poem  
our secrets will rhyme  
into our skin as we grind  
into the rhythm we write in  
keep it in time

I get restless and I get bolder envision all the different  
ways  
that I can mold her  
my cheeks are  
lined by the course of my life  
but it's what brings you here  
Could it be I'm worthless  
if so,  
what are you doing here  
no I can't imagine  
just why you lie here still

she's so retroussé  
takes my breath away

she tastes so innocent  
she's confident

she walked right over  
she can sense my  
mind like psychic  
Zen sensation  
x-ray vision

I get wicked  
as i get older  
i need to own her like a father needs to hurt her  
my time (has) been  
plagued by the course of my mind  
and its what makes me weak  
Could it be I'm worthless  
if so,  
what are you doing here  
no i cant imagine  
just why you need this still

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