

Pieta Brown

"Rope"

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(remix lyrics coming)

Don't you know what you could do for me
With one thin rope?

Don't you know what you could do for me
With one more stroke?

Don't you know what your heaving breath
Does for this burnt swelling flesh?

Don't you know how I feel with your
Fingers around my neck?

Pass me the rope

The burn is intense

I'm starting to choke

The yearning relents

Like a pig in a poke

I've hurt and I've hoped

Well I lie for the life of me

The biles at the back of my throat

There's a bloated germ in my belly

That yearns for one small slit

Therein this writhing sperm

This blow off in the grit

Pass me the rope

The burn is intense

I'm starting to choke

The yearning relents

Like a pig in a poke

I've hurt and I've hoped

Well I lie for the life of me

The biles at the back of my throat

I don't need no one to tell me nothing

I can take myself in my own good time

I met my maker when I met my mother

Not the seven bribes of Christ

Don't trespass on my patience

Your eyes are bigger than your belly

Like the letter of the law

Like the ulcerating sore

I'm sucking on the stick that stinks

Pass me the rope

The burn is intense

I'm starting to choke

The yearning relents
Like a pig in a poke
I've hurt and I've hoped
Well I lie for the life of me
The biles at the back of my throat

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