

Omar A. Rodriguez-Lopez**"Rapid Fire Tollbooth"**

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You might not remember how we sleep in the past
I'll soon remind you when
I cut off the hand that was promised to me
and then we'll shake on it
those stains you can't hide or the smell of his sweat
are they so permanent?
did you scratch your left eye?
did it blink three times?
or once just to reel you in?

on your blackened breath
did he smell of us
to taste a poison sweet
i've got to rid the world of your intentions
wrapped to cut like a stuck pig

And give me that flesh please
the one that talks like me
I really want it now
Baby, put it on slowly
I want ya to show me

Does it make you feel alright?

When i peeked inside your room
through that rusty bitten lock
you sank a nail inside of me
left me twenty years too long
the black stockings you kept, smell of wet cigarette
and the sweat that just would not seize
i have been for far too long
just to keep you here on this leash

for the rest of your debt
'cause i knew you'd forget
i throw ashes at the bones of your feet
now that you slay with a pack of strays
i do believe you're not the mongrel for me

And give me that flesh please
the one that talks like me

I really want it now
Baby, put it on slowly
I want ya to show me

Does it make you feel alright?

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