

Blackmouth

"The Black Pulse Grain"

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So here's a little fable for all you kids out there! ready for your conversion? don't fall don't fall I fall I fall a boy who paints your pain his paint it drips like rain a boy who paints your pain in your veins the black pulse grain takes a picture with radiation blue ink flows through nerve endings inside the brain you have been converted don't fall don't fall I fall I fall a girl who paints her pain her paint it drips in vain the girl who paints her pain her paint it aches it blames takes a picture with radiation dissected enlarged upon the screen magnified blue ink flows through nerve endings inside the brain blue ink flows through you have been converted seal the capsule shut you have been converted a boy who paints your pain his paint it drips like rain a boy who paints your pain in your veins the black pulse pain the girl who paints her pain her paint it drips in vain the girl who paints her pain her paint it aches it blames a poet who paints your pain the paint it drips like rain a poet who paints the pain in your veins the black pulse grain.

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