

Peter Green

"Tapeworm"

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When I was a child they made me read
word-daggers of quiver and squirm
now in the stumbling dark I see I am
a worm silently fruiting your garden
my sister my child night casts ominous
meanings on the purity of my soul
I feel devilish leanings I'm beginning
to lose control and the vortex sucks
me in steeped in sin I die but am
reborn.

I want to see the cosmos slip planets
and moons collide feel gravity lose
its grip it's all inside all the dead
husks are shattered my life-blood my
world ripped apart in the laughter of
space it's all chaff blown out and lost
now I am making the pace although I
don't know what tape I'll cross maybe
catastrophe when I cross the line I
know that I will find myself or maybe
you

lamaman from the country of destruction
lamaman a woman and a god
lammyown weapon of kamikaze
and will one day cut through the
hiddenknot

Feed me honey and watch me rise to the
bait lying on the knife if you let me I
can hypnotise your life it's all really
so simple my lover my twin hand in hand
sprinting down the highway running over
the edge on and on into our doomsday
there is no saving ledge nor outgrown
shrub is this the way out in a blaze of
glory some day I'll find the answer
some day I'll end the
story
