

Pig

"Towering Flesh"

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She frolics through the rain whispering love insane her
kisses exit through heart-shaped exit wounds her skin
like flesh of angels her blood my catholic wine it moves
slowly through me disintegrates my spine she's got
heroin embraces that i still need to be in i force myself
to loathe her so i can fall for her again her lips are wet
with venom her posture's serpentine she'll touch my
arm and flowers grow there poisonous and obscene all
her shrugged little movements and their despotic
majesty in the midst of such perfection i can't help but
feel diseased

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