

## **Residents**

### **"Fine Fat Flies"**

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Soon I woke when I was sleeping with a restless  
reaching feeling but did  
not know what I was reaching for. I got up and started  
walking, but soon  
found I was stalking prey that I could utilize for more  
than just an easy  
conversation, or an evening's inspiration. Now the time  
was right for  
something more. As I walked I thought of flies that  
stuck to sticky pecan  
pies that people put upon the window sill, and how  
those fine fat flies  
would feed until they satisfied their greed then buzzed  
about in panic  
till they died. Knowing where my feet would take me if I  
kept on moving,  
made me see myself exactly like those flies. Drawn into  
a situation that  
with some consideration never would fulfill its smiling  
smell. But there  
was no hesitation in my step or in my making sure the  
door was quiet when  
it closed. And as I walked into the darkness, I could  
sense a wakened  
sharpness penetrating deep within the room. Then I  
touched her arm and  
throat, and found beneath my hand a coat of moisture  
though the night was  
not too warm. The other one was breathing deeply, so I  
thought he must be  
sleeping, but then again I wasn't really sure. "Hold me  
tight and be my  
master," someone whispered and I fastened fingers of  
my own around her  
wrists which strangely were secure behind her as I  
began to mount and bind  
her to myself with force I could not hold. Then I seemed  
to hear a snicker  
but I was so busy with her that I did not notice him until I  
felt him but  
his hands around my throat and squeeze as if the  
sounds I made should not

escape into the air causing me to moan too loudly as I  
jerked on out the  
fire that I no longer could control. I was first to see the  
flashing  
blinding light of liquid lasing out arms, but my  
convulsions spread to my  
writhing young companions who were lost in  
unabandoned cream that soon  
would crack and fade away. Afterwards, when it was  
quiet and the bonds had  
been denied, I told them that we should do this again.  
BUT I said it would  
be wrong to play these games of weak and strong  
together without me around  
to help them understand the dangers in it, for there  
were so many and they  
simply were too young to understand.

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