

Cure, The "Pornography"

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A hand in my mouth
A life spills into the flowers
We all look so perfect
As we all fall down
And an electric glare
The old man cracks with age
She found his last picture
In the ashes of the fire

An image of the Queen
Echoes round the sweating bed
Sour yellow sound inside my head
In books and films
And in life and in heaven
The sounds of slaughter
As your body turns

But it's too late
It's too late
But it's too late

One more day like today and I'll kill you
The desire for flesh and real blood
And I'll watch you drown in the shower
Pushing my life through your open eyes

I must fight this sickness
Find a cure

I must fight this sickness

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