

## Lightships

### "Let The Bitches Die"

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His new-found friends  
Got him sweating all night  
He'll lick and kiss their necks  
Until they come down his throat

Day by day  
He wipes the crust from his eyes  
Takes the bottle in his hand  
Oh, now, he's in demand

A thousand messages  
But not a soul in his bed

Just shout and shout  
He places them on a shelf  
By two, he's getting off  
Reaches for them again

Nakes limbs  
A sweating chest  
It takes more than?  
To keep this heart running  
I give in!  
It is nothing sure

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