

## **The Horrors "Gloves"**

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Today I found a baby's glove  
Lying on the drainage board, so still  
Yesterday a leather glove  
From the slim tinkered hand of a woman

The next time I saw one it was lying half frozen  
And twisted on the curb, I couldn't take it

Now I have my own private collection  
All lined in rows when you open up the wardrobe doors  
Now I have no room for my obsession  
Lined up and labeled in neat little packets

The next time I saw one it stuck inside my head  
And became all that I could think about, oh

And through wax seals and padlocks  
A hand through my ribcage past the choking  
I saw palms and fingers grasping  
Shoulders collarbone crushing

I imagined myself hacking desperately at a sea of  
appendages  
Forward and right, freeing myself like a butcher  
Feeling the mash of bone and sinew  
Running slowly down the front of my body and I  
couldn't take it any more

I said, I've got to go, I've got to get out of here, I've got  
to go  
And I ran down the street, I've got to go  
I've got to get out of here, I've got to go, I've got to go

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