

Abby Travis, Hunger

Let me be the pinprick
The Devil's smoke perfume
The pipe's 'round which you wrap your lips
I'll be these things for you

That thirst inside your clenched fist
I'll fix it with my dew
Let just one drip caress your lips
Now I'm consuming you

Hunger hunger hunger hunger
Insatiable thrust of the driest lust's gale
Hunger hunger hunger hunger
The rasp of an asp that consumes its own tail