

Bill Nelson, Flesh

Parked on the edge of another cool moment
listening to the different frequencies shift shift

I place my head in your hands as an act of atonement
for the things I did to your perfect posture
Flesh

Body of a boy, mind of a monster
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Flesh

The will to resist her has turned to water
Rivers of lust are her systems of torture.