

Loose Fur, Wanted

When i say she's a rapist that really isn't what i mean
it was all in my imagination
to be claimed so easily

she's not so well-rounded
she has horns you don't see she does whatever she wants
& i swear she wanted me

loving force of will
by deceiving me with skill
somehow religion enters in
& god cracks through her moist skin
twittles from her baton
her hair suggests roller skating
whispers through her perfume
just above her parents room

she's not so well-rounded
she has horns you don't see she does whatever she wants
oh i swear she wanted me

she knows what she wants
she wants what she knows
she wants this to mean nothing
& that sounds fair to me

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she has horns you don't see she does whatever she wants
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