

Lydia Lunch, 1000 lies

WE HANG OUR HEADS IN THE HEAVY HOUSE
WITH HALLS THAT SCREAM A LONG SLOW NO
DIRTY THOUGHTS FALL FROM MY SOUL,
HEAPED LIKE CLOTHES UPON THE FLOOR
THIS NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND LIES
THAT BURN HOLES IN MY PETTY HEAD,
FLESH CREEPS UP ALL THE WRONG WALLS,
IT'S MY MISFORTUNE THAT YOU'RE SUSPICIOUS,
I COULD SWEAR A THOUSAND PRAYERS AND CAST STONE BIBLES INTO THE SEA,
BUT MY LIFELINE'S FULL OF SOLITAIRE, YOURS IS HAPPY FULL OF NOTHING.