

Memento, Blister

river inside me
like mud it flows
eyes burning brightly
the creaking of the door
was it the bastard cousin of Jesus?
does he sit at your right hand?
was it the jealous touch of the devil?
Or was he God inside a man

every mother is a whore
every father is a war
hallelujah
you take any port in the storm
any road that gets you home
hallelujah

holding on tightly
howling at the moon
i know she heard you drying
as he put a blister in your womb

did it hurt more letting him in
or giving birth to a sin?