

Pig Destroyer, Junkyard God

My knuckles are bleeding on your front door
and these flowers are wilting in the rain
They were for you and now they are for no one
They are irrelevant as mercenaries in times of peace
They are smoke twisting off the lips of a movie star
Here is a boy with paper skin who longs to touch the girl of broken glass
She loves it when he wears his skin like that
It tatters