

Pig Destroyer, Towering Flesh

She frolics through the rain
whispering love insane
her kisses exit through
heart-shaped exit wounds

Her skin like flesh of angels
her blood my catholic wine
it moves slowly through me
disintegrates my spine

She's got heroin embraces
that I still need to be in
I force myself to loathe her
so I can fall for her again

Her lips are wet with venom
her posture's serpentine
she'll touch my arm and
flowers grow there
poisonous and obscene

All her shrugged little movements
and their despotic majesty
in the midst of such perfection
I can't help but feel diseased