

# PIG, Rope

Don't you know what you could do for me with one thin rope?  
Don't you know what you could do for me with one more stroke?  
Don't you know what your heaving breath for this burnt swelling flesh?  
Don't you know how I feel with your fingers around my neck?

Pass me the rope the burn is intense  
I'm starting to choke the yearning relents  
Like a pig on a poke  
I've hurt and I've hoped  
Well I lie for the life of me  
The bile's at the back of my throat

There's a bloated germ in my belly  
That yearns for one small slit  
Therein this writhing sperm  
This blow off in the grit

Pass me the rope the burn is intense  
I'm starting to choke the yearning relents  
Like a pig on a poke  
I've hurt and I've hoped  
Well I lie for the life of me  
The bile's at the back of my throat

I don't need no one to tell me nothing  
I can take myself in my own good time  
I met my maker when I met my mother  
Not the seven bribes of christ  
Don't trespass on my patience baby  
Your eyes are bigger than your belly  
Like the letter of the law  
Like the ulcerating sore  
I'm sucking on the stick that stinks

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I'm starting to choke the yearning relents  
Like a pig on a poke  
I've hurt and I've hoped  
Well I lie for the life of me  
The bile's at the back of my throat