

Skindive, Salt Peter

Cut my teeth again,
On the milk of friends,
Kindness always seems,
To let me down,

Raise the stakes again,
Closer to the end,
But I couldn't wait
To dive in deeper.

I'm in the way of pleasure, soon,
I could have everything, I'm sure
Stone cold and bleeding,
I'm rubbing the salt in,
Salt Peter comes.

Swallowed in easy pieces,
Stone cold, but still keeps beating,
Baptised in blood that's flowing,
Black scented seeds that I have sown.

Salt Peter comes
Raise the stakes again,
Closer to the end,

Swallowed in easy pieces