

A.R. Kane, Scab

inside my belly, there's scars made of jelly
they (dance) on a teddy, on aging faces friendly
her sweet smile's getting dusty
just trust for love
don't eat for taste
vile juice, swallow spit reason
angry scab crack split
let them all stay out me
came (moan-a-moan) from a dubway
(let them all stay out of me)
don't turn 'em on, it's not (?)
our glass fur's riding today
just trust for love
don't eat for taste, don't go away
fresh still limbed blue love toy
painting slimmed away
don't dance, dust dance, dancing
don't fuck that slow one
save yourself for me
just trust for love, save yourself for me
don't eat for taste, save yourself for me