

Acid Bath, Venus Blue

Creeping like frost
As slow as grave moss
Like drowning in dry oceans of bone dust
I taste the wreckage of crumbling faces
I know the pale thing in the darkest of places
I remember blood from the thighs of the mother
As everything is eaten by another
How much more must we bleed her
I cut their throats while they slept
I wept
I peel back my skull for you
Yes I do
Slow desolation like a funeral procession
The lovely one screams like she's caught between stations
I eat the razor, a mouthful of God's flesh
Sweating this blackness,
I am shitting this cold death
I remember blood from the thighs of the mother
As everything is eaten by another
How much more must we bleed her
I cut their throats while they slept
I wept
I peel back my skull for you
Yes I do
DEAD VENUS BLUE
Love is rotting on the vine
Crumbling in God's sunshine
I am dying all the time
Point me at the sky... sky
How much more must we bleed her
I cut their throats while they slept
I wept
I peel back my skull for you
Yes I do
DEAD VENUS BLUE
How much more must we bleed her
I cut their throats while they slept
I wept
I peel back my skull for you
Yes I do
DEAD VENUS BLUE
I taste the wreckage of crumbling faces
I know the pale thing in the darkest of places