

Canaan, Sperm Like Honey

Last night I lost control
Last night I lost control
Dreamt of dying
Died a thousand times.

So many different deaths
Smiling at me Caressing me Promising delight

Last night I lost control
Thought my shells were strong enough.

So many different deaths
Making love to me,
Sucking me,
granting delight.

And my sperm becomes like honey
dripping from distance,
blessing the earth, sweet as a new womb.

Death is gone, life is gone, the shells reform::.