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::.