

Crass, Poison In A Pretty Pill

Your tactile eyes is running over glossy paper,
Printed on with tactile lies of glaze and gauze.
They say, "Forget yourself, adorn with this disguise";
This womanhood of smooth and tampered whores.
Let me warn you of their cold sensitivity,
They'll have you gathered in a trap of glass.
Is your reflection all that you will recognise?
That cruel lie will stare you in the face.
Wrapped up in haze and flow of bridal gown,
They tell your lover he must hold a gun.
You're the pornographic reassurance he's a man,
They deal with flesh, incarcerate with rags,
Red lips, shimmer-silk and body-bags,
Hairless legs against the blistered napalms burn.
I want to rape the substance of your downy hair,
In that mist a gutted child fights for air.

Against the fragile, mashed and sweaty wound
Your facile beauty has an outrageous sound,
Like a glamour billboard on a battlefield.
At least the blood-red poppy was of nature will,
That flower perfecting by the barbed wire fence
Must be insulted by your scented poor pretence
Just as I, who finds it hard to touch you now,
You traumatise my love with needle doubts,
I want so gently to remove your mask.
It's hard enough to find water here
In this barrenness of dishonesty and fear
Without you accepting poison in a pretty pill.
Your bondages of silky robes and lace
Are the bandages on a bullet punctured corpses,
The layers of precious imitation worn
Are the layers of history to suffocate the unborn.

Poison, poison, poison, poison
Poison, poison, poison, poison
Poison in a pretty pill.
Poison in a pretty pill.
Poison in a pretty pill, etc...