

Forgive Durden, Il Tango Della Signora Francesco

I feel your heart beat
Your pasty hands shake
I'll be every breath
Your trembling lips taste
Metal teeth try to save you
Button flies want to keep you pure
Nothing can stop me now
I will have you

I was born to do this dance
So follow my every step
I'll lead your careening hips
And slaughter your innocence

Her pearls and trap mutter something soft
I whisper back, "You're messin' with the
Big leagues now, hun";
I bite her neck
She begs, "What's in your heart?";
She urges I spill my thoughts
I volunteer nothing but liquid

I was born to do this dance
So follow my every step
I'll lead your careening hips
And slaughter your innocence

I have got centuries
Of teachers before me
I can do anything
But I can't really do anything

You've been our guest tonight
But I dine alone
This could never be a home