

# Glove, Orgy

A disease is under my fingernails  
It stains me like a tattoo

Back on the rack  
Aching with time  
Your face is familiar  
From another crime

And we could swim  
We could swim  
My little fishes and me

Overgrown senses prickle and spark  
The flesh is in the palm of my hand

Back on the rack  
Love under will  
Your face is familiar  
From another kill

A tongue explodes into my mouth  
A taste of coma and tears

Back on the rack  
My shape of rage  
Your face is familiar  
From another cage

And we could swim  
We could swim  
My little fishes and me