

Jude, Indian Lover

And if you wed another
I would have to kill you.
Both in bed my lover
I would rather see you dead and under covers then in front of the world.
And exposing for all others, skin in which I curled.

I would be your Indian lover.
I would be your Indian lover.
I would be your Indian lover boy.
Feel my joy.

And if you touch a man then you can fully expect I will abort my plan to woe you so circumspect.
I'll cross the gate of Hell and sell what is left then of my soul
And in exchange I'll lay away my dying role.

Chorus

Aesthetic discipline and caked in mud
I would go down in the river wading in, controlling the flow.
Not eating a stitch of meat, nowhere, no leather on my back
Until I knew which one was better, the love or the lacking.

If you go at last and leave me here
I will slowly run the gas into the invisible and fingering the match
I'll strike one mortal final blow for every fool dispatched I'll retire in my burning inferno.

Chorus

Chorus