

Luxuria, Flesh

By the Egyptian Gate
I wait in my penance vest
I've never been so lost before
so I can't help myself possessed
I want to be torn through
the material of your flesh

Your husband lies unconscious
on Samuda's precipice
I drink in the dead night air
and your astringent kiss

She's slovenly lovely
he's a moth over opium
so long time stone cold sober
now marked down for delirium
her perfume draws his blood out
and back to this asylum slum

One man, one woman
walk around Newington Green
the worst case of resemblance
in N16

I hate having to desire you
hate feeling this again
I hate having to desire you
in common with other men

My fellow-creature-gods look out
to be mutually blessed
this therapeutic age leaves them cold
so fashionably distressed
but I just want to be torn through
the material of your flesh

"Cheer up, it'll never happen" they said
"not every candle burns
lighting up these lonely nights
in this century of germs
so ... many ... happy ... returns"

"Cheer up it'll never happen" they said
"we're here on your behalf"
"It already has" I said
they evaporate and laugh

I hate having to desire you
hate feeling this again
I hate having to desire you
in common with other men

The best in life
it's nothing special
remember who said it
our lives are running
oh my little death
this is forever
the final edit