Medicine, I Hear

A butchers grin from ear to ear
No one outside who can hear
Don't you think your time has come
- I hear -
Powders melt inside the cup
Don't you think she's drunk too much
Touch the lips that blueish cold
She's not too old
Turn the gas on high speed
Shut the windows tightly
Wrap the babies safe and warm
- I hear -
Pull the wings off lightly
Break the bones politely
Don't you think the time has come
To raise the line
A sweethearts sharpened kiss
Twenty-four marks on her breast
A lover gasp rings through the might
- I hear -
Pull the wings off lightly
Break the bones politely
Don't you think the time has come
- I hear -
Powders melt inside the cups
Don't you think she's drunk too much
Touch the lips that blueish cold
She's not too old
Blueish eyes through the earth stare
Frozen face without a care
Another chance to raise the line
- I hear -