

# Pig Destroyer, Blond Prostitute

The vomit on your lips  
tastes like the sex of a twin sister  
I can hear your stomach knot  
As another threshold is reached  
And crossed imagination is the key  
So destroy with the nails  
Repair with the tongue and repeat  
It only hurts if you look  
I am a velvet corpse kneeling before you  
And for a split second  
Your eyes were lambs  
As my fingers slipped around your neck  
On the way to heaven