

Say Hi To Your Mom, Sweet Sweet Heartkiller

In her youth she made tons of pence
ghost-penning songs for big hair aristocrats.
Now she lies in a plush, velvet bed,
shaped like a coffin and filled with bats.
And she is pale and I am smitten
and in the moonlight we both still like
the smell of anything night blooming,
and she bites through the necks like Ginsu:
my sweet sweet heartkiller,
my sweet sweet heartkiller,
my sweet sweet heartkiller,
my sweet sweet heartkiller.

Next to walls that jut from the earth
like frozen trajectories of superheroes,
we nibble and jest about things that drain and the taste of lust.
And she is over here
and I am over there
and the unlucky dark cloud is in the middle.
We like to time ourselves,
we like to watch ourselves,
and her winks cut through me like a Ginsu:
my sweet sweet heartkiller,
my sweet sweet heartkiller,
my sweet sweet heartkiller,
my sweet sweet heartkiller.

And everything's good
and everything's fine
and everything's bitter like sweet things should be,
when I'm sinking my teeth into her:
my sweet heartkiller,
my so sweet heartkiller,
my so sweet heartkiller,
my so sweet heartkiller,
my sweet sweet heartkiller.