

Swans, The Center Of Your Heart

At last it's coming up, the sun
The bodysnatcher's day be gone
With blackened teeth and ruddy skin
And swigging long upon his gin
He's weak with his breaking back
The corpse he carries in his sack.
The bulging burlap caked with clay
Is foul yet musky from where it lay
Beside his shovel, oh precious rubble
Inside her cold and lonely grave
The mournful wind sings songs of praise:
 How lovely she in her blue dress
 Behold the tempting virgin flesh
 Her sunken eyes filled with blind grace
 Her shrunken lips with secret tastes ..
For raven hair in tangles coiled
Upon white satin, he hath toiled.
He'd held her dainty feet and sighed...
 The downy smooth upon her thighs
And wrapped within his fraying scarf
One little heart floats in a jar...
Swaying quiet now lifts his head
This robber stops to toast the dead
And pray will he in town lust waits
For paid he'll be by pounds just weighed...
This night he'll roam the streets of mud
He's slushing down these roads of blood
Tonight he'll own the meat and mud
This night he'll roam the streets of mud
HE'S SLUSHING DOWN THESE ROADS OF BLOOD
Tonight he'll own the meat and mud
HE'LL DRINK THESE STREETS
HE'LL EAT THIS BLOOD
How lovely she in her blue dress
Behold the tempting virgin flesh
Ravished only by one called
Death