

Tandjent, Gasoline Finger

Touch me with fingers of innocence
Unknown peril amid the dark stream
Careless digits betrayed clinging passion
To burn the senses of flesh

Helpless hate inside of me
Impotence of action chemical cleansing
Then strike the match
And forget the past

Never again
Unclean
Under the skin
Burning
Fuel of purification
Gasoline

Filthy memory whore
With me forever wilted flower
No trust part of me has died
Desire the price paid

Action without thought
Taunting me in my dreams rotting flesh
Then I strike the match
And forget the past

Never again
Unclean
Under the skin
Burning
Fuel of purification
Gasoline

Can't you see this hell you've put me through?
The grafted skin. I've seen what's not meant to see
I'd rather burn my filthy hand than let the putrid fetor stand
I put it in the tub of gasoline and lit it on fire.. lit it on fire
It hurt so fucking bad, but now I can't change it

Well you, you could have warned...
that something's lurking in the darkness of the valley
The smells of a dying land
The wreaking wounds of a million slaughtered beasts
Rotten asparagus.. Rotten asparagus
You watched as I sank in deeper
and thought that I wouldn't care