

Tear Garden, Empathy With The Devil

My flavour is the stuff of locusts
Hot chili firebrand
Spurting volcano teeth
Bleeding skies, sulphur mines
The foul breath of Satan's favourite gutter worm
You feel me when I'm close
An ice wind of steel stilettos
Hammered in your spine
Quicksilver nausea spinning
Spewing forth and everything's a mess
Every possession you ever had
Wrecked - lying at your feet
Telegrams that tell you God is dead
Piled high on the T.V.
The incessant T.V.
Bubbling
Distorted
A cheesecake nun advertising
20 brands of sea cow lemon shit
In 60 different languages
A gargoyle handjives
For the hard of hearing
Subliminals
Criminals
Phoney businessmen in thick-rimmed glasses
Bad comedians
Laughing bags aping the Hallelujah Chorus
The forgotten version
Out of key (slightly)
Just enough to annoy you
My flavour is cheap perfume
On rotting Man-Ray maggots!
Dead maggots!
My flavour's a wound re-opening by
surprise
Green fishes eyes flowing out
Wriggling things
Gelatinous
Still alive and screaming
Out of key (slightly)
Just enough to annoy you
My flavour's a plunging elevator
A mili-second before it hits the cellar
A cellar with mutated rats
Old - very old lost teeth
Abortions, garbage
So pungent it hums
Out of key (slightly)
Just enough to annoy you
My flavour's your flavour
Deep within you
Hidden
Waiting to get out