

# 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