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.

Burbling

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