

# Incurably Innocent

## At the Drive-In

Pray that your family never forgets  
The arousal from a corpse that fuels your taste  
Blonde to the shoulders, blind to the pill  
He found solace in the act of infection

A blank tape that couldn't remember  
But you can never erase the hurt  
Out in the dial toned distance someone heard

He keeps a hiding your photograph  
Of the moment that you needed to emasculate his  
Photograph  
But you locked up in the trance of a memo-memory  
Photograph  
Of the moment that you needed to emasculate his  
Photograph  
But you locked up in the trance of a memo-memory  
Marching to the coffins on Franklin Avenue

Preyed on the anguish, you better run  
Always dragging a finger across his throat  
Mannix the fixer to sage the ghosts  
And the faith that awarded his every move

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Just float the needles when the rum fits a tremor at hand  
And he can't seem to find his direction home  
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And he can't seem to find his direction home

In a closet she hid in eternities sleep  
With the fear of God at the end of his whip

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