

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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