

## Host

Coroner

Again and again  
It winds "slick/lix-like to have a fire site"  
Perilous thorn in my brain

Parasite nimble with "convulsed streams of ~ " plasma  
Nestles, sure of entry, in my brain

It breeds  
It sweats  
It burns  
It lives

Piece by piece, it knows me, and I know it  
Just when it comes and when it goes,  
It stays "by me", in secret, all alone

Whenever I do what it drives me to  
It takes a little piece of me and burns it  
As a tribute to its god

It breeds  
It sweats  
It burns  
It lives

As its temple and its victim,  
My blood runs on marble floors  
Just like some insane circulation  
Back into my corroded heart

By then I realize  
There's just one door  
One door, unlocked  
I open the door, and...

It breeds  
It sweats  
It burns  
It lives