## 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