

## Listen

Jarboe

Death-like in her pallor  
Silver spiders in the parlor glisten  
Come into me, listen  
We'll open our wounds  
Kill the devil moon  
Come into me, listen  
Am I what you see  
Is this what is me  
Come into me, listen  
A diamond in the rough  
A heart torn off the cuff  
You wore it on your sleeve  
Now come into me  
Her heart was all she owned  
Her body worn down to the bone  
For she gave herself away  
On every money day  
Yes she took her "payn" in style  
For she was saturns child  
Come into me, listen  
So look at my face  
Draw a mask  
White circles on the sun  
Look at my face  
Draw a mask  
White circles: its begun  
Hollow your mind  
Watch yourself die  
Come into me, listen  
Come into me, listen  
Come into me, listening