

Bristles And Whiskers

Lemuria

He doesn't price his paintings
Before the canvas dries
His life is living colors like the ones in the sky
On the fourth of July
You can keep the closet door cracked
Look outside, and dodge accusing eyes
And be yourself for the first time
Bristles and whiskers and a broad jawline are the prize
Enjoy it now, because at sunrise
Your friends and family think
You're a pervert contaminating their lives
He hides his dirty movies, he kisses his wife
She has a suspicion of his filthy desire
They don't make love they fuck
And he assumes it's enough
They both pretend to come with a common image
Of another man filling them with love
He lives his life shaving
The whiskers that prickle his wife
She's sitting in a pew praying to a father
He better purge that closet before the canvas dries