

The Origamists

Lemuria

You put your flower, You put your flower, on the lips of my head

I thrust myself, I thrust myself between the breasts of your chest

Swallowed by a whale in the sea

And vomited up dry on the beach

Today we never put on our clothes

We tried to set a record, we came close

All in front of a mirror above a desk

We created origami with our flesh

Eyeball

It may sound dirty, but it's cleaning, it's cleaning

Today we never put on our clothes

We tried to set a record, we came close

All in front of a mirror above a desk

We created origami with our flesh

Eyeball

It may sound dirty, but it's cleaning, it's cleaning

This sex is ugly

Kissing every cavity

Every god damn thing you can list

Shakespeare can't be abridged