

# Polyester

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Touching flowers with your scream  
Meeting sweets  
She smiles like cream  
When your hair hides melting grace  
Worn out minds won't touch your face

I am leaning far, too far above the ice  
So I'll feed my hands with cheeks of other names

I am lying under tons of porcine snow  
Polyester absorbs me

Fawn at last my parents cried  
About my green and my last white  
Now my darling goes to him  
She will dare her cross's skin

I am leaning far, too far above the ice  
So I'll feed my hands with cheeks of other names

I am lying under tons of porcine snow  
Polyester absorbs me

I'm using gloves