

Grinding Process

Melvins

I think you trying to tear
But I stick with her spit
Keep thinking comic lines
Of those less fortunate
I must exterminate
The lucky haunted few
With my lottery.
My fingers need it back
It curls around her neck
She chokes her dying breath
And blows it in my face
Her sticky ploppy sticks
To my more waiting flesh
And blood runs from her mouth

For my last kiss to taste
For my last kiss to taste

I know that it's wrong
But I'm waiting to see
How very long I can keep up the pace.