

## 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.