

Rotten Yellow

Pig Destroyer

Stench of solvent
Covers stench of rot
I didn't even recognize her
Like a painting
A masterpiece torn to pieces
And set to flame
Her own cells
Turned on her
Her skin
Is yellow
Like the wildflowers
In July
She asks me how she looks
And I tell her
That she's as lovely as the vultures
As pretty as the larvae of the fly
Pretty as the larvae of the fly