

## Towering Flesh

Pig Destroyer

She frolics through the rain  
whispering love insane  
her kisses exit through  
heart-shaped exit wounds

Her skin like flesh of angels  
her blood my catholic wine  
it moves slowly through me  
disintegrates my spine

She's got heroin embraces  
that I still need to be in  
I force myself to loathe her  
so I can fall for her again  
so I can fall for her again

Her lips are wet with venom  
her posture's serpentine  
she'll touch my arm and  
flowers grow their  
poisonous and obscene  
(2x)

All her shrugged little movements  
and their despotic majesty  
in the midst of such perfection  
I can't help but feel diseased