

## Rope

PIG

Don't you know what you could do for me  
With one thin rope?  
Don't you know what you could do for me  
With one more stroke?  
Don't you know what your heaving breath  
Does for this burnt swelling flesh?  
Don't you know how I feel with your  
Fingers around my neck?  
Pass me the rope  
The burn is intense  
I'm starting to choke  
The yearning relents  
Like a pig in a poke  
I've hurt and I've hoped  
Well I lie for the life of me  
The biles at the back of my throat  
There's a bloated germ in my belly  
That yearns for one small slit  
Therein this writhing sperm  
This blow off in the grit  
Pass me the rope  
The burn is intense  
I'm starting to choke  
The yearning relents  
Like a pig in a poke  
I've hurt and I've hoped  
Well I lie for the life of me  
The biles at the back of my throat  
I don't need no one to tell me nothing  
I can take myself in my own good time  
I met my maker when I met my mother  
Not the seven bribes of Christ  
Don't trespass on my patience  
Your eyes are bigger than your belly  
Like the letter of the law  
Like the ulcerating sore  
I'm sucking on the stick that stinks  
Pass me the rope  
The burn is intense  
I'm starting to choke  
The yearning relents  
Like a pig in a poke  
I've hurt and I've hoped  
Well I lie for the life of me  
The biles at the back of my throat