

Feed A Cat To Your Cobra

The Icarus Line

Taking her back to your room, you start to wrestle, never pushing it over the line.

Snake in the grass feels every tender muscle. Assures you she's doing fine.

Safe in body, safe in mind. Struggle. Bite. Kiss.

Bite the tip of her tiny tongue. Now her little heart's about to explode.

You never know what hit you, smelling now on your lymph node.

Safe in body, safe in mind.

Let me know if you can breathe, I'll push the pillow down.

Like so many before you, you can't see why we keep you around.

Dwell in the heart of negativity but not so deep you drown.

Join a lonely line of angels that wear that famous frown.

Faceless fool.

You never want to be much closer to me.

Baby believe me, this is as close as you want to be.