

Empathy With The Devil

The Tear Garden

My flavor is the stuff of locusts. Hot chili firebrand spitting volcano teeth. Bleeding skies, sulphur mines... The foul breath of Satan's favorite gutter worm. You feel me when I'm close - an ice wind of steel stilettos hammered in your spine. Quicksilver nausea spinning, spewing forth and everything's a mess. every possession you ever had - wrecked - lying at your feet. Telegrams that tell you God is dead piled high on the TV. The incessant TV. Burbling. Distorted. A cheesecake nun advertising 20 brands of sea cow lemon shit in 60 different languages. A gargoyle handjives for the hard of hearing. Subliminals. Criminals. Phoney businessmen in thick rimmed glasses. Bad comedians. Laughing bags aping the Hallelujah chorus - the forgotten version - out of key (slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor is cheap perfume on rotting Man-Ray maggots! Dead maggots. My flavor's a wound reopening by surprise, green fishes eyes flowing out. Wriggling things. Gelatinous. Still alive and screaming - out of key (slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor's a plunging elevator a millisecond before it hits the cellar. A cellar with mutated rats. Old - very old - lost teeth. Abortions. Garbage. So pungent it hums - out of key (slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor's your flavor. Deep within you. Hidden. Waiting to get out...