

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 Sat
an'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 f
orth and
everything's a mess. every posession you ever had - wrecked -
lying at your
feet. Telegrams that tell you God is dead piled high on the TV
. The
incessant TV. Burbbling. Distorted. A cheesecake nun advertis
ing 20 brands
of sea cow lemon shit in 60 different languages. A gargoyle ha
ndjives for
the hard of hearing. Subliminals. Criminals. Phoney buisines
smen in thick
rimmed glasses. Bad comedians. Laughing bags aping the Hallel
ujah chorus -
the forgotton 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 re-
opening 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 r
ats. Old -
very old - lost teeth. Abortions. Garbage. So pungent it hum
s - out of
key (slightly). Just enough to annoy you. My flavor's your fl
avor. Deep
within you. Hidden. Waiting to get out...