

In Lust You Can Hear the Axe Fall

Xiu Xiu

where does it hurt?
without fuss, set my finger there
to touch it touch it touch it touch it
93 pounds, fetish guilt
grip the swans neck
and twist it twist it twist it twist it
who there is, who is not bored by this fate?
discolored at the bite of a pear
cut love me
cut love me into your breast
crush a pastry into your breast
wipe your hole clean, lover's blood
to have learned nothing
stitch it stitch it stitch it stitch it
tell me you are bad, busy witch
passive as a toilet
eat it eat it eat it eat it
who there is, who is not bored but this flaw?
discolored by the bite of an ox
slit make me
slit make me into your breast
and crush an ashtray into your breast
oh Mouchette can you hear?
can you hear the axe fall?
Jesse, ah ah ah...
in lust you can hear the axe fall
OH!