

# The Cure, Orgy

A disease is under my fingernails  
it stains me like a tattoo  
Back on the Rack  
aching w/ time  
your face is familiar  
from another crime  
and we could swim, we could swim  
my little fishes and me  
Overgrown senses prickle + spark  
the flesh is in the palm of my hand  
Back on the Rack  
love under will  
your face is familiar  
from another kill  
A tongue explodes into my mouth  
a taste of coma and tears  
Back on the Rack  
my shape of rage  
your face is familiar  
from another cage  
and we could swim...