

## Ostia (The Death of Pasolini)

Coil

There's honey in the  
hollows  
And the countours  
of the body  
A sluggish  
golden river  
A sickly golden trickle  
A golden, sticky trickle  
You can hear  
the bones humming  
And the car  
reverses over  
The body in the basin  
In the shallow  
sea-plane basin.  
And the car  
reverses over  
And his body rolls over  
Crushed  
from the shoulder  
You can hear the  
Bones humming  
Singing like  
a puncture  
Killed to keep  
the world turning  
Throw his bones over  
The White Cliffs  
of Dover  
Into the sea  
The Sea of Rome  
And the bloodstained  
coast  
Of Ostia  
Leon like a lion  
Sleeping in  
the sunshine.  
Lion lies down.  
"Out of the strong  
Came forth sweetness."  
Throw his bones over  
The White Cliffs  
of Dover  
And murder me  
In Ostia.  
The Sea of Rome.  
You can hear his  
bones humming.  
Throw his bones over  
The White Cliffs  
of Dover  
And into the sea  
The Sea of Rome  
Then murder me,  
In Ostia.