

Listen

Jarboe

Death-like in her pallor
Silver spiders in the parlor glisten
Come into me, listen
We'll open our wounds
Kill the devil moon
Come into me, listen
Am I what you see
Is this what is me
Come into me, listen
A diamond in the rough
A heart torn off the cuff
You wore it on your sleeve
Now come into me
Her heart was all she owned
Her body worn down to the bone
For she gave herself away
On every money day
Yes she took her "payn" in style
For she was saturns child
Come into me, listen
So look at my face
Draw a mask
White circles on the sun
Look at my face
Draw a mask
White circles: its begun
Hollow your mind
Watch yourself die
Come into me, listen
Come into me, listen
Come into me, listening