

## Angel of Small Death and the Codeine Scene

Seafret

I watch the work of my kin bold and boyful  
Toying somewhere between love and abuse  
Calling to join them the wretched and joyful  
Shaking the wings of their terrible youths  
Freshly dissolved in some frozen devotion  
No more alone or myself could I be  
Looks like a strain to the arms it were open  
No shortage of sordid, no protest from me

With her sweetened breath, and her tongue so mean  
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene  
With her straw-blond hair, her arms hard and lean  
She's the angel of small death and the codeine scene

Feeling more human and hooked on her flesh I  
Lay my heart down with the rest at her feet  
Fresh from the fields, all feeder and fur tires  
Bloody and raw, but I swear that it's sweet

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And lease this confusion, I'll wander the concrete  
Wonder if better now having survived  
Jarring of judgement and reasons defeat  
The sweet heat of her breath in my mouth I'm alive

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