

# Pornography

The Cure

A hand in my mouth  
A life spills into the flowers  
We all look so perfect  
As we all fall down  
In an electric glare  
The old man cracks with age  
She found his last picture  
In the ashes of the fire  
An image of the queen  
Echoes round the sweating bed  
Sour yellow sounds inside my head  
In books  
And films  
And in life  
And in heaven  
The sound of slaughter  
As your body turns

But it's too late  
But it's too late

One more day like today and I'll kill you  
A desire for flesh  
And real blood  
I'll watch you drown in the shower  
Pushing my life through your open eyes

I must fight this sickness  
Find a cure  
I must fight this sickness