

Rattlesnake

Singing in the slaughter house
Skinny silhouette, with a clarinet
Seducing with a strychnine smile
Succulent display, what a shame

Sixty something suicides are six feet underground
Some how they're allured, what a smorgasbord

I know it's rude to stare
But you're eyes they mesmerize me and your tail moves so gracefully
I know it's sad to lose
But you're kisses are so potent that I'm lying here with no breath left to use

Sitting in a stack of skulls
The have-nots and the weak have become antiques
Strangling the stratosphere
Siberia to Spain
Such a silly game for you

Shallow dens with sidewalk vendors slipping through the sand
Somehow we were faked by a rattlesnake

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