

# *The Connection*

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I tap into the Blood Rush,  
Running wet, red and wild.  
The dead still linger  
By my left side.

I am the leech.  
The bloodsucking bastard.  
That nobody ever knew.  
They never knew

They said when I was gone,  
Plump, slick, and full of juice.  
And they knew it all all  
Along -- I sucked them dry.

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Cut me, cut me,  
I keep on growing.  
No razor can devour me,  
Deflower me.  
The blood remains inside.

No Nazi can destroy me,  
I have the Power.  
I suck crows dead, till  
They're nothing more than  
Sand and crumpled grass.

I am the magic remedy.  
I am the connection.  
And you will lie white-faced  
And wide-eyed beneath me  
When I'm through.