

Patterns Of Failure

Pig Destroyer

With better eyes I could have seen the disgust on your face
When I spoke your name and with better ears
I could have heard the disgust in your voice
When you spoke mine and with better hands
I could have felt your skin crawl
When my fingers touched down upon your neck
And with a better nose I could have smelled the vomit
Churning in your stomach when you touched me
Out of pity and perhaps with a better voice
My words might have done more than flatter
And yet even with all these things
I know it would have happened the same way
Because even now I still wish I could do it all over again