

I, Manface

Man Man

Before you know, I'm swept away.
Watching my shadow eat off my plate.
And I went to sleep, the shell of a man.
I woke up the same so I slept in again.

These eyes went bad,
Trying to see light,
God I'm drunk
And I fell on my knife.

Before you know, these days are gone.
A roman candle fired at dawn.

It was accidentally discovered,
You had cold blood running through your veins.
When you cut your punch on a broken window,
And the blood froze like frost on the shattered pane.

And you had a hunger growing inside you,
That only bloodlust could ever fulfill.
You extricated yourself to the jungle;
To try to temper that instinct toward.

Bury deep in the hot hot sand, a portrait of your mother.
Take those hands and kill that man standing in the mirror.

You were raised as a wild wolf cub.
Although it seems you sleep like a lamb.
You don't know what to do with her love.
It's like a live grenade in your pants.

Your father warned you about temptation.
And all the wicked women that it breeds.
But when you met her you knew life was over.
Her damnation is what your body needs.

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A portrait of your mother
Take those hands and kill that man
Standing in the mirror

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I was raised on wolves' milk.
Though it seems I sleep like a lamb
And I was raised on wolves' milk
Though it seems I sleep like a lamb