

There's not really a name for what we are
Or how they devalued the flesh of our ugly prophet
Third Reich Christian right why of teens having fun
Nobody's baby breath I have
Could you love me wrong like just until somebody better
comes along
She said she wants to be vacant, is that detected?
You've relapsed back to a losing way, you're a lovely
game everybody plays her
How many moves should I erase? Just the aborted
centuries and the superstitious ones are the best parts
The body is quick to forgive where the spirit's only
vengeful
I've got such a hunger for the obvious (like his head
was some look low like mine)
And desire is arachnidian

I will video your liberation from the cycle of Samsara
In my empire of negation there's no humbling nativity
and I'm reading without one
Though I don't breed them

Better rough me up stranger like I want to be a
pregnant restaurant
Up to celebrate your creepy black servant's long milk
tits
Seeping models of skinny moist paters at the Planned
Parenthood cut from elderly cunts
Where arobicus kiss the grain and the gloves is always
changing

I am a Capricorn wearing a Bacchus
Traveling around with my head full of the worst shit
I've got such a hunger for the obvious (hunger for the
obvious)
Quite unlike this demonic radiation
Of our ruins of public display (like his head was some
look low like mine)
I'm calling it the catastasis

There's still so many deaths it should really be a
motivator
But there are Valiums of that simply must unhinge me
first
Or forbid the pregnancy, and that's not happening

You were such a killer, wasted one
You were such a killer
You were such a killer, wasted one
You were such a killer, million dollar hate