

Rosary

Birdeatsbaby

Pages and pages and pages of poetry I am not doing so well Teach me the Bible, the scriptures, disciples and baby teach me how to spell

My mother and father they got for a daughter I wish that I could have been more They were so proud when I learned how to walk but since then I just lay on the floor

Then I lay

Rosary's safe and my pillow is hair I'm coming to town, I'll call you when I get there Nightmare explosions, and gentle corrosions I never back down from a dare

But you wasted the gift that I tried hard to give and you think that it's all so unfair but after you spit and you stab and you seethe do you really expect me to care?

That you lay

Over and under, backwards and blundering Let me get out of your hair Making me hate, I hope that you're wondering How will I ever repair?

But you'll be so sorry when you find my body Riddled with all your complaint And all of your smoke and your mind is a joke Did it hurt you so much that you lay?

That you lay

I lie down here, I lay down with the flies and the lilies you despise.