

Just jealous gods and mechanical insects, (pathetic)
hair raising accounts of the future.
Thoughts of reflection and silence and infest,
these meetings wont satisfy all my instincts
Lowest of the lows, I can't rely on myself,
enough is enough, spirits dust off the serpents.
Cursed are we who bare this face of rotten gums
and dirt filled teeth
Born with a face of disgust and a head full of panic
on a losing streak and it doesn't seem worth it.
The sickest part is that I f**king need this.