

I'm afraid they're gonna find you
And there's nothing that I can do
A century of your priceless time
To commit a victimless crime

Vow to caress your rashes
Vow to punish with lashes
You can hide inside my locket

Put a leash on when they walk you
Next year say you didn't want to
Do they chastise you when you stray
Sallow skin and they can't look away

Start a collection of brine
Because all you do is cry
Wood ticks whisper to console you

All you do is cry...

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