

You never got to bloom
They cut you from the stem
You're innocent at birth
Until you understand

Repeat every word that you say to me
They put you to use or put you to sleep
I cant tell you the difference between
An embryo or a planted seed

So many shades of white
So many shades of pale
I know what you hate
So i do it constantly

Many shades of white
Many shades of pale
I know how to cut
A wound that will not heal

Consistency of dirt
Insects that spun your silk
They wait for gratitude
They wait for mother's milk

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