

## Pencil Lead Syringe

## Glass Casket

Everything that comes out of your mouth is amazing  
See your pale face passing over, over again  
My grip on your ankles gets weak as you puncture  
The walls around us  
I'm sorry you're dead  
Bite the curb  
Snap  
You should have loved me  
Oops, it's too late and now your mouth is big enough to suck mine and his necks  
I never met a tent spike I wouldn't like to put in your stomach  
I'm smiling at you now and does it make anything  
Different?  
You are so beautiful now, peaceful and calm.  
When your back snaps think of me  
I'm sorry you're dead.