

Motel of the White Locust

Glassjaw

Welcome to Hollywood whore.
Wake up in Hollywood whore.
My dance has passed.

Combine the throb within the head
with the rhythm of the feet.
Say a novena for all those lost
and read the bloodstains on the sheets.
I've whored myself for less than this
and I've prayed to appear to fed.
As I knelt on my pillow God,
I clenched my fists and banged my head.

Who could ever take the place of me?

How I kiss up to God my fists
and I pray to keep my head
though I like your pretty eyes better blackened
and my fists all red.
Through sickness and health
I've kissed up to God two years.
I have focused on the cameos made by the tiger
in the valley of the locust.

Wipe it off your mouth.
Get up off your knees
and make me your god.

It's sexual debauchery.
You cost what you're worth.

Followed by a boy like this.
Re-ignited by all your visits.
As long as your mouth is shut
You'll still be beautiful.