

Eating The Porridge And Killing The Bears

Heavy Heavy Low Low

your gift horse has brought flies
and the stench is unbearable
im left with no option but to embrace apathy
and loneliness hoping that i die

took a train to new york city,
met a guy i thought was pretty

tiny strands of skin could never hold a whole,
begging to nurse its mouth to health

strip the skin from the inside out
you didnt think they'd notice
(you looked them straight in the face)
i always knew we'd watch them die