

Short Term Exposure Long Term Damage

Heavy Heavy Low Low

Oh boy, you know you can't just disappear
Once filling up, now just spilling out
In front of the world before you,
You're walking in glitches and spasms lifting your knee to your
breast
And lowering it to the ground
You'll never escape those ignorant eyes
The ones that were never meant to see what they've seen,
I feel nothing, but I am not the one who hides in my own skin
You'd be more comfortable lying in your own waste grabbing the
dick of death,
Begging for the chance to be dispatched and born again.