

# Ornaments Are For Hanging

I Am Abomination

Detach your head from your body.  
Spill the interior onto the floor.  
Watch as all the rummaging children beg for something more.

And everyones appalled to see that nothing gold resides there.  
You're a preprogrammed apparatus,  
Designed for buying and trading souls.

The formal attire hides your inner framework.  
This character is becoming translucent.

And everyones appalled to see that nothing gold resides there.  
You are preprogrammed.

Detach your head from your body.  
Spill the interior onto the floor.  
Watch as all the rummaging children beg for something more.

Deception has spilt from the fissure in your head.  
You're nothing more then a god forsaken ornament.

And everyones appalled to see that nothing gold resides there.  
You're a preprogrammed apparatus.

Everyone in unison, drop to your knees and pray.