

Proud To Drown

Made Out Of Babies

For the best that it stays on sweat like branches
motions to pink surrounding you is gone for series of
plastic bound

Proud Drown Crawl Cold Sound

I would mold you into plastic plant you in sound with a
thirst for burning your clutching demands around your
neck a little too tight too put up the proudest drown
rapt fast to the burning in your face I feel your
insides shake the murderous surrounding you are
speaking widely of closed crimes worst of your type
burst in murderous wit heat falls from your mouth to
burn the whites of my eyes

It's Disappointing like dark skies crawling on cold
tiles legs like they've been skinned alive I can feel
your insides shake I can feel your insides shake

Thin lights shine a vision on

The instep of your first born undone

Forgeries from heart to hand

Molding you in plastic sand

Proud Drown Crawl Cold Sound

I see all the worthless done for

Best of your type past the last door Murdered spit that
foams your mouth To burn the whites of my eyes A sigh
This Disappointing in dark holes On cold tiles with
legs like skinned alive I feel your insides shake the
murderer surrounding you is speaking widely of closed
crimes wrapped fast to the burning forgeries sent from
your heart to the pen around your throat gray petals
wrap around your lowered chin walking far past proud to
drown trapped in leaves on broken sound burning roofs
in scalpless towns hoping you can hear it now speaking
widely of screened in walls worst of types crawl on
cold broken tiles lets end it in the lines I can feel
your insides shake