

Stranger

Made Out Of Babies

Suspicious in bright light
Too much red rim around the white
Cheap silk that wrap the body tight
And one by one, seconds drip by

There's nothing they can do to her
That hasn't been done before
But it's sweet they try

Not a single tree in sight
Fluorescents strip the skin bone dry
Pock marks fill and shadows fight

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That hasn't been done before
But it's sweet they try

One heel is broken
Her hands do shake
And ranting is her speech

Wrong is always on the way
It makes watch her
With all your thoughts deranged
The challenge is to put her last
Humility to shame

There's something in the stare though
It's not for sure she's there
Dirty strands to veil the face
Small tattoos named big mistakes
She whispers when she talks
Strangling bottles of escape

Violent sympathy, white rage
Violent sympathy, white rage

Hold on tight and start to squeeze
Blank expression in degrees

This is not at all your best
Try your hardest and do your worst
Hold on tight and start to squeeze
Blank expression in degrees

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Belted to the waist,
On stilts of trembling
The locket hinge digs in

Like marks of teeth on skin
The memory half dust
Just shapes of fading rust
That moves when she's alone
And speaks to no one home