

## 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

There's nothing they can do to her  
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

Suspicious in bright light  
Too much red rum 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

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