

Too high too fast, going to break our necks
Everything about you screamed of godly intersex

Nothing of thirds, berdache,
No human tracks, the new forms were germinating
I saw your aureole wax

We danced for victory
We danced for mom's misery
We danced for miscarriages
We danced in garbage too

You, everybody's stoned about you
Everybody's thrown about you
Everybody's stoned about you

I was running from home to school
To home trying to keep my parents together
Heir to their chaos there was such pressure to score high
So I had to drop it
As if I stood a chance after my uncle's suicide
Everybody looking at me to succeed him as the family's golden myth
While all my identity mutations were being dosed by books
and all the drugs I took to prove I was brave
but I was so afraid of a death without measure
You are my greatest treasure
Yeah I had like zero pleasure until you excused me from your archetype

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