

When she touches me it's like a rodent sifting through garbage.
But it's better than rotting away.

The dead honey bees suck on withered flowers.
'Cause they don't know, what else to do (to do).

When she kisses me, her lips are like chalk beneath empty compa
ssion takes too much effort I suppose.

The dead honeybees suck on withered flowers.
'Cause they don't know what else to do (to do).