

## The Teeth Collector

## Pretty Girls Make Graves

I'm unfolding little scraps of paper  
I'm dotting 'I's' and crossing 'T's'  
Like a ghost, you were the gardener  
That snuck in and planted seed

Decay, your words acidic taste  
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper  
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

No more voices on the radio  
No more waiting by the telephone

Arrows aim to crack rib cages  
But your venom's weak in my blood  
Your poison scabs, coagulated  
Your hardest try is never enough

Decay, your words acidic taste  
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper  
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

The tooth is rotten, yank it out  
Your words are cancer in my mouth  
This captain's ship is going down