

# Snitch To The Suture

Star Fucking Hipsters

straighten out the minor creases  
clicking in the puzzle pieces  
bleeding the red, white and blue  
while dodging all their tabs on you  
while struggling to kill the day  
you're down and out and waste away  
they always try to kill your fight  
take your life and take your rights  
humiliations never last  
but don't forget your humble past

wide awake and burning down  
ya break up when you hit the ground  
the choices chosen just for you  
might not be what you want to do  
so take more time and wiser choose  
mistakes you make can make you lose

and now we're in this fucked up future  
every stitch creates a snitch  
and this type of suture shouldn't hold  
so we must change up with the times  
or we'll be burn on petty crimes  
'cuz all this frozen sewn up skin  
is splitting from the cold

squatting under city streets  
the garbage can be good to eat  
struggling to rise above  
smash the hate and fall in love  
our lives are full of petty scars  
so fuck up like the hippistars  
fill it with the illest times  
sex and booze and petty crimes  
travel to so many places  
black out drunk the names and faces  
hands are busy filling graves  
of all the friends we couldn't save  
swallowed up in bloody guts  
in nose and ear and ass you're fucked  
your anal yonic dick is swole  
just pounded raw through every hole

and in the not too distant future  
every snitch rips out a stitch  
picking at the sores that never heal  
our so called friends keep dropping dimes  
so we'll get fucked and doing time  
'cuz all your friends got caught and now  
they're gonna make a deal

we'll peel our skin from bones  
suboxones and methadones  
we'll scratch out out keen eyes  
the sockets full of buzzing flies