

Goodbye Miss Havisham

Sullivan

Lungs turn to rust, turn to soot
While you smother yourself
The taste of your mouth is of smoke
And lip gloss under his belt
Somebody help

Charred away your flesh and bones
This doll's been brought to life
Wrapped up in orchid leaves
Tangled in twine
This womb, it will survive
In time

Pull out what's left of your hair
Is that lace in your skin?
Focused and fixed on your ribs
Would you break from within
Somebody send (help)
Oh I know, but I can't take this

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