

Lurch

The Dillinger Escape Plan

I don't know your name, but I know you
Do you lust for fame or forgiveness?

Well I'll give you everything you want,
Well I'll give you everything you hate.
You won't be perfect so best to freeze you in this state
Go on home you shouldn't be walking around on this day.

Now you've stuffed your throat
You've walked on your burial ground
Oh you'll draw the crowd
With honey porcelain skin and crystal baby bones.

You picture in my pocket I'm obsessed with you.

Oh sweetie there's no sense in crying you're above them
all,
Barricade the door you can hold my hand for comfort when
you fall.
You wear your skin so fresh
Your smell intoxicates
Little starlet.