

# Up Against The Wall, Motherfuckers

The Icarus Line

Swimming in addiction. Broadcast children live in fiction.

Awake in lying shame, tweaked twilight sighs as she counts her money.

Devils got my brain. All narrow escapes. Don't want to feel his hands again.

When fever blisters remember this advice: Believe in your own lies.

I couldn't quite describe all the tricks in your look.

If comfort in skin come from within, then why can't I get some for free?

Come on. Lord, everybody's tryin to die these days.

Sinking in oblivion. Keep constant love affairs.

Angel got my heart, holds hard the pieces so it don't fall apart.

We can hear you talk, got secret spies to tape you in the dark.

Doll, don't live off the edge. Sleep in bed alone.

Blood dripping down her nose. Getting it all over her clothes.

Guess comfort in skin, don't come from within.

She looks like she could use some help. I might have to help myself.

I can't stop thinking about what I'm gonna do to you.