

Botanicas

Trophy Scars

I swear to god I've only been to three botanicas
A holy sermon and two bars under candlelight
And I was cleansed at all but the only problem was
I can't remember anything or what the problem was

I howled in the moonlight
I drank my cupboards dry
I shined my soul to all
I sang with all my friends that night

And they sang with me too, yeah...

These are the demigods
These are the statuettes
These are the candles you put on shelf and you sell as a spell, well

That morning I woke I got to my feet
I cooked up some coffee then went back to sleep
It's just these days
These days yeah

All the money I spend is worth the trouble I find
I still miss you too much but pretend that it's fine
And all I can say
And all I can say is, yeah

These are the demigods
These are the statuettes

I scream in my sleep
I moan and I yell
I long for a potion
I ache for a spell
To rid me of this terror
These endless nights of horror
I wish I remembered
That night when I fell
You condemned the whole city
You plagued us to hell
I thought you were just joking
I swore "She must be joking,"

How could I forget
You in sunsets
Your soft silhouette
The spell that you said

Big sunglasses
Vanilla milkshake
Cherry lipstick
The look that you gave

You summoned the ghosts
Well now you've got 'em
Your heart's cold revenge
For your head's little problems
I hope they let you sleep

So I can get some sleep
The spell books and candles
The potions in bottles
You spoke yourself ill
Despite what's in common
With your rational behavior
Sarcastic tone and nature

I wonder how I
Get so tired
When I set my
Bed on fire