

Veruca Salt "Disinherit"

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Cut the back, pull the stuffing.
Cut the girl down to nothing.
Feed the boy.
...
Disinfect the house.
Disinherit. x3
And it's creeping up, I spy it.
And it's crushing at my throat
And it's seizing my tongue and I'm numb.
And it's bleeding on my face
And it's foaming at the mouth
And it's gnawing on my bones...
And he's rolling up his sleeve
And he feeds me
And he's memorizing me
And he's making his mark
And he's making his mark
Stop the car.
Still the engine.
Save your best until now.
Dig your nails in.

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