

## Vincent Black Shadow, The

### "Surgery"

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Coming back from surgery,  
Coming up on seventeen,  
Some kind of plasty or maybe a lobotomy.

Coming back from surgery,  
Coming up on seventeen,  
I don't remember how I looked  
before he got to me.

Coming up on twenty-three,  
Cut a piece of skin for me,  
Never have to wait in line; he  
never seems to know it's me

And he's standing over me,  
Wide awake and clenching teeth,  
"Now it's time," he says "for you  
to open up so I can see."

Caked... all...  
Caked all over...

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