

Comadre

"Are You Guys Telling Jokes? I Like Jokes"

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So what if your teeth hold a grudge,
So what if your grinning means nothing,
I bit my own hand clearly right off
I can't keep my mouth busy, I can't back up my spit.
The cursed, no one can change us.
The spells, no one can take us.
I'm tired of your breaking downs,
Keep us away from your maybes and your killing
downs.
The heavies hearts can keep from breaking down,
Churning, grinding itself into slumber.
A plague on both your plans,
But it's too bad that the prettiest smiles can taste so
awful.

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