

Deviates

"The Bed"

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Second best at best
You've been careless with me
What do you see that you like in that black bearded
bitch
My rusty frame
Shall I fall
To an aching body
Always alone
I have to leave now
To get through to you
The lows of love, the lows of life, the lows of seeing a
man die
I've been waiting for this
Getting you in it-the bed
What do you need
What do you like and what do you get from this

My thick shame, shall I fold to my empty body
Now I have to leave this
To stick through to you
The loads of pain, the loads of lies, the loads of seeing
men die
And I've been learning how to fall
I've been stopped, trapped, bought
It's been seeping through my dreams, dreams
And it's coming out in screams
Heavy hate like a bow shooting slow
Well I've been there and I'm not scared to go back

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