

Dubaldo Marie Claire

"Shitstorm"

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My hands are pitchforks: they stab when I touch
Keeping you wide awake you'll feel it all
Mary Jane my fucking whore
Til you sob and you whimper
Until I'm just done making my point
And it cripples and you struggle
And I'm creeping up and I'm shaking under the sun
Jack the ripper sneaking down the hall to your bed
Tearing flesh apart from your neck
Well I would stop with you but I'm feeling high
And no drug on mine can impersonate this rush in my
chest
There's a rush in my chest
Keeping the progress on making our day
And days keep dragging on
Dragging on
Dragging on
Til we're all dead

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