

Embalmer

"Ink"

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She bites her bottom lip to keep her thoughts contained. She thinks that if her tongue should slip she'd have to fight the stain. The skin is like an ancient sponge that sucks in pain like ink. New love won't wash, scrub raw, flesh loose. You cannot love the stain away with use. Discoloured, or maybe coloured new? Well, who's to say? 'Cause I'd rather be discovered nude and tattooed, anyday. We have all fallen from grace at least once in our lives. We have all tried to save face and made it worse with lies. We have all made the wrong move and tried to run from consequence as if we had something to prove, as if that in itself made sense. Well, I say if you can't wear it away you might as well wear it in a way that lets everybody know how proud you are at how far you've come sporting such a sacred scar, wearing the marks of humanity: pain, shame and humility, smeared all over me. Scrub Not, Scrub Not -- You can't wash these stains from your skin. Scrub Not, Scrub Not -- This is how we get worn in. Scrub Not, Scrub Not -- You cannot wash these stains from your skin Scrub Not, Scrub Not -- This is how we get sworn in. "Do you like my tats" I ask, "do you like the art frozen on my flesh? Is this a test of your tolerance as you look at me with eyes of pity?" Like you think I should just normalize, like you think I have self-modified as a means to counter "pretty." I say if you can't wear it away you might as well wear it... 'cause I'd rather be discovered nude and tattooed, anyday.

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