

Evil Mothers "Geek"

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my addictions are more bizarre by far than digging
holes in my arms my
weirdness goes beyond skin deep i'm a freak i'm a
geek i bite the beak i
bore a hole in my skull cap to let the bad spirits out but
tainted meat
shall always reek i'm a freak i'm a geek i bite the beak.
they hose the
blood out of my pit while you squirm tight i am waiting
for the feathers and
bone i'm the head chompin' hero of the west white
virgin white always showed
the best in the darkest light of the darkest pit jaws over
neck snapping
vampire quick. what you seek look underneath take out
the freak you still
have me i'm exposed your unkind i am you in someone
else's mind. with a
champagne approach to the blood screaming secrets
profusely bulge exposing

exploding veins carcass carnival shrapnel fuck god
bless the maggots in
deformities chapel two headed vows and six legged
sleep twist the heads
spinning weak stomach taxidermy i caringly tear the
throats of choirboys in
their dreams of swimming siamese children in
formaldehyding holy shit i'm
slave to the pit and king of the biting. broken body
doormat swinger the
people are gone but the taste is still lingers i'm a
performer but i'm not a
singer i've got rotted teeth and chewed off fingers a
charred extremity
human oddity who justifies your normality the
difference 'tween you and me
i'm mutilated enough to make money

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