

## **Hate In The Box**

### **"Papercut Kisses"**

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Sally's made of paper and string,  
She's a perfect, patchwork plaything.  
I stick my knife into her sometimes, just to hear her  
scream.  
And it might look like she's hurting  
But I know it just means she loves me.  
Cause sometimes, through her tears,  
I can see her smile.  
Snip, snip, snip, shiny black scissors,  
Glinting so bright on her milk white neck.  
Slitting my lips with papercut kisses,  
Wrenching my heart as I cut through her flesh.  
And every time that I look into her eyes,  
I can't resist, kiss her face, grab a fistfull of paradise.

And I'll break and break till all that's pretty fades away.  
She's a colorless reflection of me.  
When I look at her all that I can see,  
Is something so much better,  
Is something so much better than me.  
She's a paper white confection, two dimensional  
perfection.  
She's as pure as I could never be.  
She's a thing of aching beauty.  
She's a perfect audience of one, smiles even as she  
comes undone.  
Pretty, pretty paper dolly, wanna cut into her body....

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