

Heavy Heavy Low Low "Eating The Porridge And Killing The Bears"

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Your gift horse has brought flies
And the stench is unbareable
I'm left with no option,
But to embrace apathy and loneliness
Hoping that I die

I took a train to new york city
Met a guy who I THOUGHT was pretty

Tiny strands of skin could never hold a whole
Begging to nurse it's mouth to health

Strip the skin from the inside out
You didn't think they'd notice
(You looked them straight in the face)

I always said that we'd watch them die
(You looked them straight in the face)

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