

## **Heavy Heavy Low Low "Eating The Porridge, 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 its mouth to health

strip the skin from the inside out  
you didnt 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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