

Hole

"OLD AGE 2"

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And I will awake

Your highness I'm so high I cannot walk

And I will awake

You cripple, you take away my time, my peace, my
empathy

No babies sleep on atrophy

Your unborn love and fetal dress

My bitter candy-fated caress

What was she for Halloween

The ugliest girl you've ever seen

Someday she will die alone

What was she for Valentine's

An old forgotten concubine

Someday she will die for no one

She seems to me to know

All that glitters gone sour

All that lies in her place

Jesus saves

Old age

It's okay to kill your idols

Just pretend you have no rivals

We all know that she's friendless

Spits at mirrors, it's not an issue

Just remove the hateful tissue

We all know her age is endless

She seems to me to know

All that glitters is sour

All that lies in her place

Jesus saves

Old age

And then she begs you she says, "pretty please"

I'll make her pure again, I'll make her clean

No one knows she's Hestor Prynne

Someone please tell Anne Boleyn

Chokers are back in again

Someday she won't have to fake it

Living, well, itself seems sacred

Someday she will just refuse

All that glitters is sour

All that lies in her place

Jesus saves

Old age

(Rest in peace and) I'm sorry

(Me in pieces) so sorry

(Rest in peace and) I'm sorry

(Me in pieces) so sorry

