

Impious

"Something Fierce"

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It's never cold enough
My rubik's cube is never solved
Unless taken apart
I'm hung from the highest tree
The bird's won't nest in me
As the slingshots take aim
The bull's eye is on my frame
Can't hold a candle to it
Separates as I unglue it
And falls to pieces that gather
It's like the tiny things I keep
My heart's on my sleeve
It's not that simple for me
Cannot clean my skin
Overdosed on Dexatrim
And I never lost an ounce
I Hold my dinner down
As the room spins around
This one trick pony has broken it's back,
Broken it's back again

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