

## Internal Suffering

### "Leif Erikson"

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She says  
It helps with the lights out  
Her rabid glow  
Is like braille to the night  
She swears  
I'm a slave to the details  
But if your life is such a big fucking joke  
Why should I care?

The clock is set for nine  
But you know you're gonna make it eight  
So that you can take some time  
Teach each other to reciprocate

She feels that my sentimental side  
Should be held with kids gloves  
But she doesn't know  
That I left my urge in the icebox

She swears  
I'm just prey for the female  
Well then hook me up and throw me baby cakes  
Cause I like to get hooked

The clock is set for nine  
But you know you're gonna make it eight  
All the people that you've loved  
They're all bound to leave some keepsakes

I've been swinging all the time  
Think it's time you learn your way  
I picture you and me together  
In the jungle it will be ok

I'll bring you when my lifeboat  
Sails through the night  
That is supposing that  
You don't sleep tonight

It's like learning a new language  
Helps me catch up on my mind

If you don't bring up those lonely parts  
This could be a good time

It's like learning a new language  
You come here to me  
We'll collect those lonely parts  
And set them down  
You come here to me...

She says brief things  
Her love's a pony  
My love's subliminal

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