

Made Out Of Babies "Proud To Drown"

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For the best that it stays on sweat like branches
motions to pink surrounding you is gone for geries of
plastic bound
Proud Drown Crawl Cold Sound
I would mold you into plastic plant you in sound with a
thirst for burning your clutching demands around your
neck a little too tight too put up the proudest drown rapt
fast to the burning in your face I feel your insides
shake the murderous surrounding you are speaking
widely of closed crimes worst of your type burst in
murderous wit heat falls from your mouth to burn the
whites of my eyes
It's Disappointing like dark skies crawling on cold tiles
legs like they've been skinned alive I can feel your
insides shake I can feel your insides shake
Thin lights shine a vision on
The instep of your first born undone
Forgeries from heart to hand
Molding you in plastic sand
Proud Drown Crawl Cold Sound
I see all the worthless done for
Best of your type past the last door Murdered spit that
foams your mouth To burn the whites of my eyes A sigh
This Disappointing in dark holes On cold tiles with legs
like skinned alive I feel your insides shake the
murderer surrounding you is speaking widely of closed
crimes wrapped fast to the burning forgeries sent from
your heart to the pen around your throat gray petals
wrap around your lowered chin walking far past proud
to drown trapped in leaves on broken sound burning
roofs in scalpless towns hoping you can hear it now
speaking widely of screened in walls worst of types
crawl on cold broken tiles lets end it in the lines I can
feel your insides shake

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