

## **Marilou Bourdon**

### **"Let Your Ego Die"**

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Let Your Ego Die  
The clock is a ring on her finger  
That she checks  
When she's out of time  
The cigarette's a spike  
In the spur of the moment  
Digging in her, side  
...you fucking die...

She cuts the paper with nails  
And her pen is bleeding poetry  
Nervous from the sex that she got  
And the wine that was spilled  
On her clean, white, white sheets, sheets

Like to see you baby  
All torn up inside  
Girl you're dead already  
So just, let your ego die

Nervous from the sex that she got  
And the wine that was spilled  
On her clean, white, white sheets, sheets  
Like to see you baby  
All torn up inside  
Girl you're dead already  
So just, let your ego die  
Girl you're dead already  
So just, let your ego die  
Die, die, die, die

And I say you fucking die

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