

Relative Ash "Sperm"

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Take me for example
More than you can handle
Mix me with placenta strong against my grandma
Wasted masturbation bedrooms decorated
With my sperms depression great imagination
I'm sane my imagination mix me with her
Is this all your weak ass has for me
Stop your crying, stop your whining
You little bitch
Stop your crying, stop your whining
You little
My disease apologies I need more
Than just drink some warm milk honey
Slit my wrists
Close to hating razors
Shell out pain to strangers
A place to lay my head
Kitchen floor he said
I'm sane my imagination mix me with her
Is this all your weak ass has for me
Stop your crying, stop your whining
You little bitch
Stop your crying, stop your whining
You little
Two times I hurt myself
You don't know what pain is till you sit on your pretty
little cloud
Your porcelain god
I look through the mirror, my wrists bleed
Stop your crying
Stop your whining
Stop your crying
Just stop you little

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