

## **Bronx "Bats!"**

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She liked my drugs, I liked her hair  
She's like a God 'cuz she don't care  
She had to watch her little brother die  
What a great disguise, skies are falling

So, you paint your picture, well you can paint one  
thousand  
Because it makes no difference vicariously we crave  
disease  
I don't love you, you wish I did, skies are falling  
So, you paint your pictures, well you can paint a  
thousand  
Because it makes no difference, an overdose bleeding  
our your nose

My heart is lost, baptized in my hate bats  
The way you make me chase belief you scream poem  
into my ear  
So, insincere cut off my ears, skies are falling  
So, you paint your pictures, you can paint one thousand  
It makes no difference

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