

Evaline

"A Protest In Lines Too Thin To Read"

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A parent walks in on a child cutting them self
Laughs and says you're silly dear, you're only hurting
yourself.

So cut deep or don't cut at all

Are you listening?

I don't care what your parents tell you, don't cut at all
oh please be listening..

I don't care what those bastards tell you, don't cut at
all.

You're staggering in you find a finger gagging
yourself.

You heave and say I'm not like those pigs.

I don't care what's good for my health.

Controlling the room with tilted thighs

It comes to me as no surprise that I even flicker on my
own

Feed the one that's closer

As you're flickering on

Feed the one that's closed

As you flicker

Starving artist you will

I said it before

Shed your burdens and build on

You shed your clothes in spite and whisper, I make the
demands.

Well I'm doubting my portrait of skin

But I sure as hell won't find limbs down my throat

The substance of wait defines the beauty laced behind
the pride of my even scales they stand alone

So cut

It's not living deeply

Cut

No, not at all

You shed your clothes in spite and whisper, I make the

demands.

You bare these lines to cleanse your system
You bare these lines despite the symptoms

We won't give up, won't give up now.

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