

## Pretty Girls Make Graves

### "The tooth collector"

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I'm unfolding scraps of paper  
I'm dotting "I's?? and crossing "t's??  
Like a ghost your were the gardener  
That snuck in and planted seed  
Decay  
Your word's acidic taste  
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper  
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

No more voices on the radio  
No more waiting by the telephone

Arrows aim to crack rib cages  
But your venom's weak in my blood  
Your poison scabs, coagulated  
Your hardest try is never enough  
Decay  
Your word's acidic taste  
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper  
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

This tooth is rotten, yank it out  
Your words are cancer in my mouth  
This captain's ship is going down

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