

Chopstick Suicide

"Small People, Broken Glasses"

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Eat it
Nobody needs the logis slice
But everybody will be attracted to the real pie
See
Now pace for pace they are coming near
Don't take your hands from me
If I'm still one step closer
Then you're so tight to be all alive
Trust me you really want to eat the real pie
But it crushes guts out
One step and you think you're so straight to be a
Goddamn winner
How you are a greedy whore
And I want see you're just have to tell me what to feel right
And I'm here to a soul go-down, and love it
I'm thinking so fast... Little bitch, you never think that fuckin' fast
You never draw these lines so fast
Calm down you left handed freak, come here
How you're disclaiming my shame
You mention my name, give a margin for me to stop from thinking
Leering and blessing how goes its own
Tearing this by your own dawn
Feel you're into disobeying how they're
Seeding and bleeding and life goes its own
I can't feel this glamour in my hands
I washed my hands and I feel
They fell into sands
But in a lead
Hail my people
I want you to scream until your lungs
Your lungs give up
Small people broken people
See how you're sorry
Sorry to break

Small heroes broken glasses
Show how you're dying
Dying to feed on my shells
You're dying to feed from
My only my own sands
So far I'm bleeding to show you're damned
This way to go, let your self go, into a love

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