

Showbread

"Welcome To Plainfield Tobe Hooper"

Visit "[Welcome To Plainfield Tobe Hooper](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

That thing inside my ribs is like a pile of reptiles
Pressed on splintered vertebrae, so cold, so
claustrophobic
Echoing in hollow fruit are orders sent with love to you
To serve a will more shallow still than paramecium

I'll bet your hands are beautiful
I'm sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly and it's true

I'll bet your hands are beautiful
I'm sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly even after you

Invertebrates now contemplate your lavishing and
humble service
All set to hide behind the guise that this empty thing
can't hurt us
Sensationalized for virgin eyes, it's graphic, it's
disturbing
And it's worse still to think it's real, degrading and
unnerving

I'll bet your hands are beautiful
I'm sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
So the world is ugly even after you

I'll bet your hands are beautiful
I'm sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly and it's true

I'll bet your hands are beautiful
I'm sure your head is beautiful
But the world is ugly
The world is ugly even after you

Visit [Showbread](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.
