

## **A Static Lullaby**

# **"Annunciate While You Mastacate"**

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Move into the grave that bares your name.  
My high is creeping, but is it set in stone?  
We're both wasted, but we're not going anywhere like  
this.  
(so we'll see right through) for me to walk face first into  
sliding glass for your pleasure.  
All in the taste of salt on your neck.  
(now I) choke on the urge of taking it back (till I'm)  
spilling the blood that rests on my tongue.  
(dreaming) of holding your head, detached from the  
rest. this fuse left burning, but now we're far too close.  
To let the past stitch our wounds and seal our tears.  
Lest sick from the guild you spread.  
Lust sick in this momen. we won't believe in anything

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