

A Static Lullaby

"Annunciate While You Masticate"

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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) Fall 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.

Move into the grave that bares your name.
This fuse left burning, but now we're far too close.
This fuse left burning, but now we're fat too close.
(So we'll see right through)
To let the past stitch our wounds and seal our tears.
(So we'll see right through)
All in the taste of salt on your neck
(Now I) Fall 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.

We won't be need in everything
We won't be need in everything
Let's sick from the guilt you spread.
Lust sick in this moment. We won't believe in anything.
All in the taste of salt on your neck
(Now I) Fall 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.

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