

Tilt

"Poor Infant"

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I refuse, refuse to weaken my will, adhered here to
glue to these =
neglected sheets, stranded on, abandoned on my own
two feet, tenants of =
occupants of indifferent streets. Oh poor infant, you
only took an =
instant, but now you're soaking in it, you're in for quite
a ride, my =
poor little flopping on the griddle, still bloody in the
middle. =
Conjuring, coaxing out my bravest face, suffer
through, carreen through =
rooms of tired eyes, whining high, like an engine fed
on spite, too much =
to take, too much luck, I dump the clutch every time.
Through the womb, =
into this mess with me, it was no accident I had to have
some company, =
through the membrane out you came, reluctantly sure,
I bore you =
selflessly, but I had to have some company, company,
company, company.
Submitted by: Mel

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