

L.A.O.

"Fold Into Sleep"

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There's arsenic in apple seeds,
Cancer in the honey bees.
Poison fruit, it tastes so sweet.
A little fear in everything.

"I'm tired of being scared," she said to me,
As we folded into eachother like cockroach wings.
Made love like a scavenger and fed on disease,
Tried to find sustenance in everything.

So, I'll eat crumbs; so starved for touch.
Your mouth's a crutch and I'm weak too much.
It's chloroform or cyanide....
It's up to you. You decide.

"I'm tired of being scared," she said to me,
As we folded into eachother like cockroach wings.
Made love like a scavenger and fed on disease,
Finding sustenance in everything.

I'm tired of being scared. So tired of being scared.

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