

Body Terror Song

Andrew Jackson Jihad

I'm so sorry
That you have to have a body
I'm so sorry
That you have to have a body, oh yeah
I'm very sorry
That you have to have a body

One that will hurt you and be
The subject of so much of your fear
It will betray you
Be used against you
Then it will fail on you, my dear
But before that, you'll be a doormat
For every vicious narcissist in the world
Oh, how they'll screw you all up and over
Then feed you silence for dessert

I'm so sorry
That you have to have a body
So very sorry
That you have to have a body, oh yeah
I'm sorry
That you have to have a body

Filled with infection
One hundred scabs
Singing in unison
Eyes and hands
Sometimes bullets
Uninvited
Passing through us

Uninvited
Passing through us

I'm sorry
That you have to have a body
I'm so sorry
That you have to have a body