

Are You Okay, Kiddo?

Heavy Heavy Low Low

Our guise is that of an apparition
Enthralled in the vanity of self-worship
Our robe our crown
As much a part of us as the very marrow in our bones
We'll have you begging for your mother in the morning
(We grace you with our presence and then we curse you for your
acceptance)
Your father is out
He's damn right he should be worried
They'll call you jane doe
One in a million
One and the same
One empty chamber
One less to blame
(This is a failing institution and I've failed to notice)
I've learned not to despise this sentiment
Complacency invokes atrophy's embrace
And so what if I can't leave this room?
That never stopped us before
(I've learned to forget my desires)