

Hell Is Other People

Mistress

Synapses firing blanks on black plastic sheets
70% solution and feeding once a week
Had the chance of thousands but didn't have the fucking guts
Heroines and heroin, stab her in the eyes I've seen enough

Smoke drown in brown with her, I'll see her again soon
Spewing powder, knees wasted, bone grinding on bone
Fully conscious irritant, there's skulls in the mud
What price is freedom when sickness is all we want?

Unavoidable
Trenchant
Valetudinaire
Trepan

Funeral for Mr. Gone
Sucking grey at his wake
I've heard that thousands could die
And she's not slowing down

Fucking obsessed
Meaningless
Days out of sequence
Bad health

Paid in failure
Daggers and honey
Blistering the eyes
Picking at the scabs

Funeral for Mr. Gone
Just blood and matted hair
I've heard that thousands could die
But then, there never was a point