

Bad Disease

Alexandra Savior

His jacket calls me with obsidian blade
He's got a knack for spittin' blood over red lipstick stains
I drank the venom from the cobra 'round his neck
Made it my life mission to feel that again

He's got a bad disease, no, no
I think it's rubbin' off on me, no, no
He's got spider silk hands
I think I've fallen into them

The ground he walks upon resigns to dust
Pandemonium quivers at his touch
My preacher, my undefined creature
Consumes me

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And my infection is the hand on my lower back
I have exacted that he's got something that I lack
Oh, the power of the man with the switchblade comb
He always says, "I couldn't manage you on my own"

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