

Little Piggy

Antimatter

Little piggy is on the run
Turned tail and had to go
With a pocketful of all she stole
Stole from the folks who helped her get to her goal

Sole intention is to be worshipped
And make amends for the car crash that she's in
But how's she gonna get there
When most other folks just stay away from her sort?

You should have known that I'd take this to the bone
No, I'm not letting go
These kiddy gloves will be taken off
I can summarize that mine's not the only sky whose song I'm singing

Little piggy is on the lam
Suffocated by the constant past
Can never seem to move quite as fast as the guilty old truth that
at's breathing fire down her back

And what's the use in staying when there's no more games?
She's seen the run of play, now it's high time to stray

You should have known that I'd take this to the bone
No, I'm not letting go
These city walls will be painted on
I can summarize that mine's not the only sky whose song I'm singing

It's not too late to stop the chase
But she keeps on running