

## My Cup's Half Empty

Arsonists Get All The Girls

The hunt is over now  
You've almost made it out  
It took us several days  
To remove your tumor thought benign  
Bracing for it  
My how the tables have turned  
I said my how the tables have turned  
Don't look down  
I hold in hand, the answers to life  
Six heads to a neck, and I know  
They try to survive in the night  
Thick are their wits, they have many names  
They reach for a kiss, and end  
All of those with alloy and aim  
Trust us, they'll promise, this won't hurt a bit  
Trust us, they'll say, this won't hurt a bit  
Pain has the worst taste in its mouth  
Anger will delve you into the deepest of mind  
Hate condemns a man of trusting his love  
Time knows truth is only saying I