

Corinthians

Billy Woods

Scarecrow in a field, watching the spectacle
It's still no dessert 'til you finish your vegetables
Circumspect resurrect him in the vestibule
Of the building where they killed him, I'm truly living, fuck what they tell
in' you

What they like best is for a man to take off his belt (□□□□□□□□)
And hang himself from a beam (□□□□□□□□□□□□)
For then they can enjoy their heart's desire without being blamed (□□□□□□□□□□
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Hungry eyes in the mirror like Corinthians
Uncanny valley AI hit him with the hesi screaming, "Carrie," my vision swims
Girlfriend, whenever you're around, your light dims
Two cents, if it's on sight, say less
Way I see it, ain't no past tense
Little kid, tiny desk
Itty bitty violins, big head, blue lips
If you never came back from the dead, can't tell me shit
Twelve billion USD hovering over the Gaza Strip
You don't wanna know what it cost to live
What it cost to hide behind eyelids
When your back turnt, secret cannibals lick they lips
Fingernails sharp
I snatch the lights out a cat so I can see in the dark
So I can see who you are
Pig and the rat, he put 'em both through the ark
With a wink and a laugh, stopped for gas in the desert like the House of Sau
d
Sky hung with a crescent, a veil of stars
Pickup weave and do dead cars
Surface to air camouflage
In the truck bed, on God
Best believe them crackers won't make it to Mars
Mars, Mars, Mars

I ain't never asked to be here, so when I decide to leave
All them devils in the details rush to either side of me
Where we goin' all depends what I pretended I believe
When I finally meet my maker, I'll have somethin' up my sleeve
And I'll find out if the god above me bleed the same as me
'Cause I'm tired of callin' out for him and fallin' on my knees
And I'm never comin' back from that, so don't wait up for me
You ain't gotta leave a light on, you ain't gotta hide a key
Well, I ain't been myself lately, least I ain't been none of you
Who wasted all the time you had talkin' 'bout what you 'bout to do
When you finally knock on Heaven's door, they ain't expectin' you
And if you don't get the fuck off the stoop right now, they gonna shoot
Same old song, I sing it one more time, on the day you're gone, ain't nobody
gon' cry for you
Take what's yours and I make it all mine 'til the money's so long like it's
sayin', "Bye-bye," to you
Clip them wings, change the way time flies for you
Nine lifetimes, cats turn blind eyes to you
Won't ride, die, drive by, or lie for you
Ain't nowhere to run, nowhere to hide for you

They ain't get far without an arm and a leg
And then the beast below the streets showed up and told 'em they dead
They need to meet me like they need a fuckin' hole in the head
And if you leave it up to me, that be what all of 'em get
Fuck what they tellin' you

I realize all the poison in their speech (□□□□□□□□)
All the daggers in their laughter (□□□□□)
Their teeth are white and glistening (□□□□□□□□□□□□□□)
They are all cannibals (□□□□□□□□)