

# Insecthead

## Dismantled

(Oh, God)

My stomach's on backwards  
And my blood's turned to powder  
Can you help me out? (Oh, God)

My skull is changing shape  
And when I look in the mirror  
All I see is an insecthead (Oh, God)

They're in the ceiling tiles  
This whole god damned place is bugged  
Gonna find these motherfuckers (Oh, God)

I'm outside your front door  
And if your shit is unlocked  
I'm gonna come inside, come inside

I want your blood on my teeth  
Your dirt on my face  
Smear all the walls with your best pose yet

I want your blood on my teeth  
Your dirt on my face  
Smear all the walls with your best pose yet

I think I'm gonna

Fuck my way out of this mess  
Fuck my way out of this mess  
Fuck my way out of this mess  
Can you help me?  
Can you help me?

Fuck my way out of this mess  
Fuck my way out of this mess  
Fuck my way out of this mess  
Can you help me?  
Can you help me out?...

(Oh, God)

I'm running through the forest  
With your skin in the wind  
Like the flags on Independence Day (Oh, God)

It's getting darker and deeper  
The only light that guides me  
Are the flashbacks of you on your knees (Oh, God)

When are you gonna put a bullet in my head?  
I know they all can't wait  
To have my head on a silver plate (Oh, God)

Can't you see that I'm laughing?  
This life is one sick joke  
And we all hang from the highest branches

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Fuck my way out of this mess  
Can you help me?  
Can you help me out?...