

Pencil Lead Syringe

Glass Casket

Everything that comes out of your mouth is amazing
See your pale face passing over, over again
My grip on your ankles gets weak as you puncture
The walls around us
I'm sorry you're dead
Bite the curb
Snap
You should have loved me
Oops, it's too late and now your mouth is big enough to suck mine and his necks
I never met a tent spike I wouldn't like to put in your stomach
I'm smiling at you now and does it make anything
Different?
You are so beautiful now, peaceful and calm.
When your back snaps think of me
I'm sorry you're dead.