

## Old Age

Hole

And I will await your highness  
I'm so high I cannot walk  
And I will await  
You cripple  
You take away my pride  
My peace, my empathy  
No babies sleep on atrophy  
Your unborn love and fetal stress  
Hard bitter candy, legless caress

What was she for Halloween?  
The ugliest girl you've ever seen  
Someday she will die alone

What was she for Valentine's?  
An old forgotten concubine  
Someday she will die for no one

She seems to me to know  
All that glitters is sour  
All the lies in her place  
Jesus saves  
Old age  
Old age  
Old age

It's okay to kill your idols  
Just pretend you have no rivals  
We all know that she is friendless

Spits at mirrors; it's not an issue  
Just remove the hateful tissues  
We all know her rage is endless

She seems to me to know  
All that glitters is sour  
All the lies in her place  
Jesus saves  
Old age  
Old age  
Old age  
Old age

And then she begs and she says "Pretty please?  
I'll make her pure again; I'll make her clean"

No one knows she's Hester Prynne  
Someone please tell Anne Boleyn  
Chokers are back in again

Someday she won't have to fake it  
Living will itself seem sacred  
Someday she will just refuse

She seems to me to know  
All that glitters is sour  
All the lies in her place

Jesus saves  
Old age  
Old age  
Old age  
Jesus saves  
Old age

(Rest in pieces) I'm sorry  
(Me in pieces) So sorry  
(Rest in pieces) I'm sorry  
(Me in pieces) So sorry