

Cute Graveyard

Horse Head

Cute graveyard
Bury me there
Forget who you are
Burn my arms
Reaching too hard
Hiding the scars

Close the door
Forget where I'm from
I'm crashing the car
I'm aware
I'm at war with myself
And the bond that we share

For all the money in the galaxy
I can't accept their currency
The currents crashing over me
I remain to be proven wrong

Cracked beneath the surface
I agree that I deserve it
And it's making me feel worthless
That I'm repeatedly falling down

I wonder why you'd hate yourself
A borrowed book upon a shelf
The poetry is lost on us
We can read between the lines

I know if it were up to me
I would have done things differently
I would die right after you
And we could be buried in Forest Lawn

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