

Televangelist

Julien Baker

My heart is gonna eat itself
I don't need anybody's help
It's just me, the vacant and nobody else
At least that's what I tell myself

'Cause I'm an amputee, with a phantom touch
Leaning on an invisible crutch
Pinned to the mattress like an insect to styrofoam
Calling out from my bedroom alone

And I know what's in my cannibal chest
That's been dug out like a strip mine till there's nothing left
Hold the chorus in between my ears until I go deaf
That remind me exactly what I am every chance they get

Am I a masochist
Screaming televangelist
Clutching my crucifix
Of white noise and static
All my prayers are just apologies
Hold out a flare until you come for me
Do I turn into light if I burn alive