

My body's been altared
Drawn and quartered
A shower-the shower saved me
Saved me cut me bled me
Dead me, I would've been
Like as if it could've been
Oh, it never should've been
But why, I don't know
On the darkness, of the depth
And the blood and the body
Oh so badly shaken up
Like nothing I ever
And never you know
I cannot, I can't
Just give me some water to drown myself clean
Like I never have been
But I am
I cared and I stared
And I melted and cracked
And I never felt stronger than this I swear

If I could I would blaspheme my way to you
Just give me the courage and the glossary
Let me turn my own words against me
And perish in the process
Let my obsolescence blossom and propagate
Until every inkling of me passes away
Passes along, passes on