

Buster Keaton

Lower Dens

I tried sewing my lips up
But I suck with a needle
I poked and bled
And this is what you said
Do you need help?

Life has no meaning

I stood there stupefied by your pretty face
And spitting blood onto your shirt and your pretty face
I said I might love you

Then I shook and wailed
Tore into myself

I'm so sick of
Learning how to love
Fuck that

Love is a true bitch

All uh my friends say
You just need to learn how to be yourself
They don't know that I'm
Nothing but the blood running down your pretty face
I'm scared I might love you

In the backstage vanity
I look like Buster Keaton
Uh husk, uh drag
And if I can be brusque
That's what you want

One day we all die

And if I never see your face again
The vanity will always show me what you left behind
I know I do love you