

Out...

Made Out Of Babies

It's been a long time Creepy spine Bottled Mind I can't
sit still Waiting until You see what I did You Kiss Right
Now We sing and scream it seems our dreams are spools of
string and pigs with wings You see I'm gumming up My
belly is full of babies with eggs And now you know what's
wrong I know that I told you once before the lens We sing
and sweat and burn and break and move No words that rhyme
No song tonight