

Dear god do you want to tear your knuckles down  
And hold yourself

Dear god can you climb off that tree  
Meat into the shape of a 'T'

Dear god the paper says you were the King  
In the black limousine

Dear John and all the King's men  
Can't put you head together again

Before the bullets  
Before the flies  
Before authorities take out my eyes  
The only smiling are you dolls that I made  
But you are plastic and so are your brains

Dear god the sky is as blue  
As a gunshot wound

Dear god if you were alive  
You know we'd kill you

Before the bullets  
Before the flies  
Before authorities take out my eyes  
The only smiling are you dolls that I made  
But you are plastic and so are your brains