

# Fist

Miya Folick

I've been cooking dinner, hoping you'll forgive me  
For not wanting to swallow you  
You feign no offence and then you give me my space  
Oh how I hate when you follow through  
You've been losing weight like you said you wanted to  
But now I miss your old molecules  
I say that I'll starve myself until I disappear  
And you tell me that I frighten you

This rage this rage  
Is my inheritance  
I don't like it when you watch me  
Won't you take your eyes off me  
Before I scream

I've been cooking dinner, hoping you'll forgive me  
For not wanting to swallow you  
Open up a window, I froze up and forgot  
Now there's smoke in the living room  
I got too drunk couldn't drive myself down the hill  
It was two boys from high school  
I punch myself in the face with my own little fist  
Then I collapse into you

This rage this rage  
Is my inheritance  
I don't like it when you watch me  
Won't you take your eyes off me  
Before I, I, I scream

I, I punch myself in the face with my own little fist  
I punch myself in the face with my own little fist  
I punch myself in the face with my own little fist  
I punch myself in the face

I punch myself in the face with my own little fist  
Then I collapse into you  
I punch myself in the face with my own little fist  
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Then I collapse into you