

Drooler

Palehound

I rest
My peace
My hands
Have gotten muddy
Slimy, bloody

In my only vice in this calls question to what's cruel
My only hopes in this call question to what's cool
My lonely heart's been busy aching for a drooler
No foolers for me

Stand near
And vandalise my body if it helps you sleep soundly

Keeling over, peeling all the bark off of a tree
Skinless sizer, won't you find a little place for me
'Cause my lonely heart's been busy aching for some shelter
No pelters for me

Stand near
And vandalise my body if it helps you sleep soundly