

My Evil

Palehound

I've become the person I'd wanna punch in the face if they
Ever treated you this way
A bitch that grows like hair from my tongue cracks the egg we s
hare and
Scrambles us in open space

I waste time with it
Pour wine with it
Bake bread with it
Give head with it
Make lunch with it
Make love with it and
Share a skull with it

It's my evil
It's my evil
It's my evil
It's my evil, mm-mh

I didn't notice I had blood on my hands til it dried and
Flaked off staining all our clothes
I'll clean it up I swear I'll drag it to the laundromat and
Watch it turn the washer black

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