

Moonsickness

Penelope Scott

There's so much to do, I'll
Never have the wherewithal to do it all again
Or fucking do it all at all

I love you so much, I don't wanna go but
Everybody knows this place is dying, as am I
I might not get another chance
It's such a careful dance and I am such a fuck up
If you only knew that I am such a fuck up

I've got
One hundred hours to rearrange the stars
And I'm the worst mistake that God has ever made
You seem to integrate so fucking well
But I make lemons out of lemonade

Blood clots and death cramps, injections and leakages
The election cycle and the tides
Aztec circles of the death of all deaths
But the beast refuses to die

In your guts you know it's all destroyed, you
Could've had a boy if you had children
Now you think you might just put them down

None of us belong
Everything I do is wrong
And soon there will be nobody left around

And in your blood you know what's right
And in your bones you know what's wrong
And in your throat you know you're lying to kids
And you know nobody belongs in this hell

And there is not a single choice left to make
I am God's worst mistake and
You seem happy on the knife's edge
But I just lick the blade

I've got
One hundred hours to rearrange the stars
And I'm the worst mistake your God has ever made
You seem to integrate so fucking well
But I make lemons out of lemonade

Blood clots, death camps, glitz and depressions
The business cycle and the tides
Concentric circles of torture wheels
But the beast refuses to die

Atomistic rational behavior, invisible hand savior
Fucking up your definitions even though it's life or death

Who fuckin' told you you were selfish
Or even self interested
Don't you think it matters when we wish our friends the best

And, fuck, I'm not a Marxist
I'm not a fuckin' democrat
Because of all this bullshit, I'm not anything at all

All I wanted was a framework
But none of them can live here
There's nothing to believe in
And there won't be 'til we fall

And it's not all you, man
You were just a kid once
God, I'm such a fuck up
If you only knew that I am such a fuck up

I've got
One hundred hours to rearrange the stars
And I'm the worst mistake your God has ever made
I can't get the numbers right, I can't fucking count
Because not one goddam thing is in its place

Blood clots, death camps, glitz and depressions
The business cycle and the tides
You fuckers know it's all built on lies
But the beast refuses to die

And so I guess, well, neither can I