

Sin Eater

Penelope Scott

Your tight virgin soul has never taken any damage
When you're finished getting nailed it snaps right back into place
You love all of your buddies
You don't need to get to know them
You just figure if they knew you they would love you anyway

God holy mother god
Whoa
Oh God who loved me like a fawn
What went so wrong

God holy mother god...

You're the holy mother God and I aspire to your goodness
But the only thing I have inside to offer is a pit
I suffer just to moan
I scratch my itches to the bone
I keep confessing 'til I hit the spot from which the guilt emits
I'm only as divine as dirt
No more human than peace on earth
Before I was a woman I was crazy first
Give me your worst

God holy mother God
Blueprint and facade
Oh God who loved me like a fawn
What went so wrong

I'll be your sin eater
Laugh if it's funny
Lose your mind and keep your money
Sweet and sticky fly trap honey
Do your worst

I bet your tight virgin mind is working just like it's supposed to
It holds onto good ideas and it lets the evil fade
Well my eyes look like dog eyes
In a picture that was taken late at night
With the flash on
By a child in seventh grade

And you're sitting there on Photo Booth
You're angling the camera
To prove to God and everyone that you can be a girl
And I'm scarfing down a carcass
Entrails paint the bedroom walls
And I am stuffing down the blood
And I won't stop until I hurl

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Do your worst

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Lose your mind and keep your money

Sweet and sticky fly trap honey
Give me your worst

I'll be your sin eater
I'll let you see me
Takes a village of monsters to feed me
There's nobody like me so I know that you need me
Give me your worst

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So if your natural state is guilt
You think you're living for relief
Say you're sorry
Say you love it
Say you're evil underneath
When you rip open the stitches
You'll discover only mammal flesh
And then you have to justify
Why you think you're a beast

So spill all your toxic sin into my shallow doggie food bowl
And I'll stuff my face down into it and gobble every bite
My sticky mind will fidget with the evil doggie kibble
And my gummy soul will swell with every tragedy I find

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What the fuck went wrong

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