

Haunt

Pile

Chew the skin with that stupid grin
As you tear off another piece
Suits to spin spit the organs in a bin
We make friends as slick as grease

All alone in the boiler room
You touch him the way that I touch you
And you say what haunts you, now it can haunt me too

Lord, I know, I swear I know
Whoever it was, it wasn't me
It's just the flu, and I can share it with you
Shake you 'til you can't speak

Alone in the boiler room
Touch him the way that I touch you
Now you say what haunts you, now it can haunt me too