

Scissors

Pile

Made it with a wall
And followed by a burp
Of medication that's to treat my skins worms

You can force yourself to eat
When you have had enough
You can turn trash into things
That you can learn to love

How do you turn this thing off?
And why is it wearing those clothes?

Thanks for the scissors
That I haven't used
I thought you were Moses
But I got confused
Why am I north of you?
Sigh on my boring tooth
Lie, it'd be nice of you
I think I'm trying too hard

Soap and water
On your daughter
To get her as clean as she was
At the time you bought her
Before you caught her
Swimming in oil and fuzz

Stop picking at it
It'll never heal
Stroked it till the pus came out wrong
Scarred as you came

Spread out thinly on
A carpet made of hair
Talking with everyone but no one's actually there

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