

# F

## Reggie and the Full Effect

This is it

Nothing has ever been any clearer  
The little voice inside my head says:  
Finish me  
I am defected  
Resurrected  
Then rejected

Born to catastrophe  
That's how I know you're right  
Makes no sense  
Now I think there's something wrong with me  
There's something wrong with you

Photograph for the inoculated.  
It's a scab. Infected, incubated.  
Hide the cure, no one is worthy of it.  
Make this pure.

I won't lie  
But if I tell you the truth you will run  
I won't try  
But honestly this is so much fun

Born  
And then live  
Now you die  
Repeat it, repeat it

But you kick.  
And you scream.  
And you cry.  
Why me? Why me?

Yes, you're the one that we want  
No denying

Photograph for the inoculated.  
It's a scab. Infected, incubated.  
Hide the cure, no one is worthy of it.  
Make them pure.

I won't lie  
But if I tell you the truth you will run  
I won't try  
But baby I'm having fun  
Please let me explain everything.

Violence to unblock the sun.  
Violence is the only cure.  
Maggots will be the monetary.  
Kill me to make something scary

It is a crime  
It's a drug  
Make the choice

Make your choice