

Monster

Ron Pope

London,
Seven in the morning on a Saturday,
And I just missed my train

Worship,
Of the kind of goddess that I sacrifice,
Will reap hard on me

I've got an itch,
You've got an emptiness,
I couldn't fill,
False gods and tenderness
Into your will,
Pray on the falling,
Straps from your shoulders,
How do I hold you?

Make me a monster,
Make me a beast,
Prey on my weakness,
Become my disease
I've been lovesick and empty,
Cold and I'm trembling
Still holding out
For my fairytale ending

Nightmare
Falling as the bottom reaches up for me
Wake up on the ground

Reject
Every lesson anybody has to say
Cause I won't be saved now

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