I know you love how I make it all go away: all the joy, all the pain, all thoughts in your brain. For the price of your soul, I will hold your heart in my talons.

For three summers straight you've been my sweet eye candy;

and no one will ever, ever, take you away from me.

I saw, I smelled what he did to you, girl, and to be frank, the thought makes my innards curl. How he preyed on your ripe insecurities. The thorn in your side is alive, and it's killing me. Obscure records entombed in his room with mechanical lust,

diapered, desolate middle-aged doom.

On your knees in his downtrodden shit-eating grin of a ${\tt room.}$

If only you'd meet me here soon.

If only you'd start breathing, I'd court you exclusively.

With my shovel, I'm pounding earth 'til suddenly I see...

You awake from the dirt and the grime, stretch your fractured, pretzel spine, out to take your revenge for the crime, filled with fire and finally mine.

Paraded you around like a second place prize, hair done up, black holes painted on your eyes. Held a book burning in your back yard, while your parents observed from their window, slightly scarred.

And I've watched with my shovel in hand.

I have in faith in you, child.

From his nightmares I've plucked a plan,
where that prick, to the world, is revealed as a wicked
man.

This is a prayer from your biggest fan.

If only you could see me, we'd dance like a heart attack.

With a wail you let them know you're furious, you're back.

You awake from the dirt and the grime, stretch your fractured, pretzel spine, out to take your revenge for the crime, filled with fire and finally mine.

You awake from the grave that he dug, pulsing, boiling, angry blood.
Well aware that I'm falling in love.
Filled with fire, I'm drinking gasoline to make it go faster,
Gasoline will make it grow much faster.

Gasoline to make it go faster.
Gasoline will make it grow much faster.

Faster (faster)
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