

# Doomsday

Speedy Ortiz

Mouth made of dried meat  
Some mouths come over to me  
To lick up what I leave

Legs kickin' the stream  
Parting the white waters out  
It's the parting of everything

Maybe it's sex  
Maybe it's sexlessness  
Maybe it's doom  
Maybe it's death  
Maybe it was your death  
Maybe it's doom

Right, this one feels right  
One who was lost in the snow  
Buried up from below

Right, wasn't I right?  
Humming some shit songs I wrote  
'Bout the parting of everything

Away on an ash  
Your timeline could not be matched  
This one, it's doom  
Drowned in the lake  
With every stroke you take  
Baby it's doom

Called me the hex  
I never said I was less  
Maybe I'm doomed

Wasn't I right?  
Humming some shit songs I wrote  
About the parting of everything