

# I SUCK THE DEVIL'S COCK

## SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

I'm covered  
And taking numbers at the door  
Propped up, automate this experience  
Don't ask me who it's for

I catch the sky  
And hide my diamonds in your eyes  
I know they shatter when they overflow  
I'm daring you to come

This food will rot  
On its way to the ground  
I came to sing and dance for you  
I came to spit into your mouth

Face to the screen  
I lie completed and recede  
I know that money's just a metaphor  
A cost to pull the strings

Always on my mind, I saw it the first time high, alone  
When you hear the call, will you answer? Always far from home  
Relapse in a car when my heart was hurting, broke and fried  
When you walk alone, can you feel it follow? I am on your side

Sometimes I find my impulse is to stare straight into the sun  
Motion sickness creeps in. When I was fifteen I knew how to run  
I swear I'll find you once again, I know love never ends  
Remember when the feeling is gone

Dropped blood on the picture  
It won't smudge but look away  
I know you feel it, it's hard to see  
But it's different now

No money left to spend  
No one to spend it on  
I know you feel it, it's hard to  
It's all different now

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It won't smudge but look away  
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Scared of needles  
But not of everything  
Another middle class  
Dumb American  
Falling asleep

He don't appreciate

Constructive criticism  
His glow, it permeates  
Beyond the scope of vision  
You're a special soul

So let your ego die  
And burn up everything  
You don't need their help  
You don't need anything  
You're in control