

SORRY PORE INJECTOR

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

Pray for a healthy man's death
Hope he never had children
Because your liver is shot
And though you lived your life nicely
You were comatose nightly
You guess you get what you got

Face keeps changing while channel surfing
Past the immovable beast
The daily rot

Faith beyond a stumble in the dark
If all the love is gone then you can say what you want
Clementines rotting all at once
And I know it's gonna slip away through the barrel of a gun

Sorry pore injector meets you with a cold smile
Lifts your spirits higher than you could amount to on your own
Praise the night nurse and the friendlies who absolve you of yo
ur curse

Baby do you ever stop and wonder what you're doing when you com
e to find me?
I can keep it spinning but I know that they pay more to see it
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