

Snitch To The Suture

Star Fucking Hipsters

straighten out the minor creases
clicking in the puzzle pieces
bleeding the red, white and blue
while dodging all their tabs on you
while struggling to kill the day
you're down and out and waste away
they always try to kill your fight
take your life and take your rights
humiliations never last
but don't forget your humble past

wide awake and burning down
ya break up when you hit the ground
the choices chosen just for you
might not be what you want to do
so take more time and wiser choose
mistakes you make can make you lose

and now we're in this fucked up future
every stitch creates a snitch
and this type of suture shouldn't hold
so we must change up with the times
or we'll be burn on petty crimes
'cuz all this frozen sewn up skin
is splitting from the cold

squatting under city streets
the garbage can be good to eat
struggling to rise above
smash the hate and fall in love
our lives are full of petty scars
so fuck up like the hippistars
fill it with the illest times
sex and booze and petty crimes
travel to so many places
black out drunk the names and faces
hands are busy filling graves
of all the friends we couldn't save
swallowed up in bloody guts
in nose and ear and ass you're fucked
your anal yonic dick is swole
just pounded raw through every hole

and in the not too distant future
every snitch rips out a stitch
picking at the sores that never heal
our so called friends keep dropping dimes
so we'll get fucked and doing time
'cuz all your friends got caught and now
they're gonna make a deal

we'll peel our skin from bones
suboxones and methadones
we'll scratch out out keen eyes
the sockets full of buzzing flies