

Dysphoric

The Rare Occasions

How could you possibly screw up any worse?
You were given trust then let it leak till it burst
Pale pale guilt that could cut through your hide
Until it's fizzing inside you
You know you're bound to find it
Dysphoric dysphoric dysphoric
Cast those myths off the tips of your teeth
Before they sour every ballad and pull you underneath

Swallowed up, the silent tyrant tangles and frays
Viscerally shifting through a circular haze
Wrought rocks swivel not like sparks in the eyes
But with furious incisors
You know you're bound to find it
Dysphoric dysphoric dysphoric
Cast those myths off the tips of your teeth
Before they sour every ballad and pull you underneath