

In A Bitter Syrup

the scary jokes

September and October caught me in a nervous daydream
Felt like a piranha dangling on a candy-coated hook
All the rain and overflowing drainpipes
Couldn't stop the world from glowing
With a light I'd only ever seen in dreams

My eyes are two browning, drying flowers
Pressed hard into my skin
Trying to remember how they looked, if they were beautiful
Casually lying on the kitchen floor
Overcome with bubblegum bliss
'Cause this is the first time I've truly had any fun

Ooh, sweet confusion in a bitter syrup, lift my spirits up again
Ooh, kiss me on the eyelids and tuck me into bed

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"Mr. Pop-"

"Help me, help me, help me, I'm gonna die... "