

I Lied About The Apple Thing (Skeleton-Bones Edition)

Will Wood

Did you know that the hole in the apple didn't come from the outside in?
It was eaten from the core and out to the skin, and that's why you'll never
find the worm in it
But a few bad ones won't spoil the eyes if they fall far enough from the tree
The rind is all you see, leave Eden with my seeds in your stomach

Well, this disease is defined by its treatment, you people make me sick
Parlance of imbalanced cambia's been challenged, at best AstraZeneca's just
theoretical
Prints of your fingers in the Rorschach jigsaw, say you saw a treasure map
Straight-jacket and tie, psychiatric supply, while we tragically try to fit
into a trap, but

Who'd want to be human anyway? (Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Who pilots all these crude machines?
Why'd you come into this world or come out that way?
Like freaks of nurture, well isn't it funny?
(Well, not "ha-ha" funny, but y'know, funny)

'Cause I doubt that you would even if you could change
You think it makes you special, but it makes you strange
I doubt that you would even if you could change
The things that make you special are the things that make you strange

I am the shadows cast aside by gallows, and you the red-hot sky
And if you're believers, then why would you grieve for the dead instead of a
devil that you never prayed for?
You become immune to my toxic fumes, my dose-dependent presence in your life
It's all subjective, all due respect to the collective mind, but

Too weird to love, too scared to die (Ay, ay, ay, ay)
Too alien to take you home
Horrorified at the sight of my reflection in your eyes
I don't belong there
Well, it's your conclusions that make mine delusions, so I make you sane
You can thank me later

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Who'd want to belong to anyone? (Ay, ay, ay, ay)
I mean, what do people even do?
So if you love me, let me let you go, my love (Ay, ay, ay, ay)
So I can be no one
When Chuang-Tzu awoke he sat up
Almost choking, spat out a butterfly and said, "Five more minutes, please?
You wouldn't believe the dream I just had
I mean you were there, and you were there, and you, and you, and you were there"

'Cause I doubt that you would even if you could change
The things that make you special are what make you strange
I doubt that you would even if you could change
The things that make you special are the things that make you-

I doubt that you would even if you could change
You think it makes you special, but it makes you strange
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