

# Generator (second Floor)

## Freelance Whales

And I could never tell as a kid  
What that window door went to  
Only told to stay away  
I almost had an accident at age 6  
When I found the key in the attic  
And now the smell of these wood frames  
Is the only sense I've left  
So as you pull me from the bed  
Tell me I look stunning and cadaverous  
And since you are my friend  
I would ask that you lower me down slow  
And tell the man in the black cloak  
He doesn't need to trouble his good soul  
With those Latin conjugations  
And if it's all the same to them  
You should tell your gathering friends  
Please not to purse their faces grim  
On such a lovely Sunday  
Don't fix my smile, life is long enough  
We will put this flesh into the ground again

Lyrics provided by

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