

# Poor Impulse Control

## Jack Off Jill

I envy your demise  
I hope it's all you dreamed it would be  
One bullet in this gun  
Not sure if it's for you or me  
I envy your demise  
With all the guilt you hid away  
All the lies that I had spun  
And all the times I'd wish you'd stay  
Now, all, all that I've ever suffered  
All, all that I'll ever be  
All, all that I'll ever ruin  
You can always cover me with makeup  
I envy your demise  
750 degrees  
When it burned it smelled like you  
But it scorched and looked alot like me  
I envy your demise  
You never said that you'd try  
When i had to lose control  
Lose control to really cry  
Now, all, all that I've ever abused  
All, all that I'll ever see  
All, all that I'll ever ruin  
You can always cover it with makeup  
All, all that I'll ever limit  
All, all that I'll ever try  
All, all that I'll ever trust  
You can always cover it with  
All, all that I've ever abused  
All, all that I'll ever see  
All, all that I'll ever ruin  
You can always cover it with makeup

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