

# Denim

## Hurt

I was wondering,  
Are precious to the bone?  
Flesh is skin deep.  
Covered with a crimson comb.  
If I feast on your insides,  
Would I become a parasite?  
A beast that by you lives and dies,  
To only ask you why would I....  
Hurt you?  
Can I feel something?  
Like when I hurt you?  
Can I feel something?  
Like something at all?  
Like something at all?  
I should mention,  
  
Where I'll lay you when I'm done.  
You're so special.  
Special like the other ones.  
I'm demented,  
I am just like everyone  
In my denim,  
I'm protected from the blood.  
If I feast on your insides,  
Would I become a parasite?  
A beast that by you lives and dies,  
To only ask you why would I....  
Hurt you?  
Can you feel something?  
Like when I hurt you?  
Can I feel something?  
When I hurt you, I hurt,  
I hurt, I hurt, I hurt.

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