# Are You O.K. Kiddo?

## Heavy Heavy Low Low

our guise is that of an apparition enthralled in the vanity of self-worship our robe our crown as much a part of us as the very marrow in our bones we'll have you begging for your mother in the morning (we grace you with our presence and then we curse you for your acceptance) your father is out he's damn right he should be worried they'll call you jane doe, they'll call you jane doe one in a million one and the same one empty chamber one less to blame (this is a failing institution and i've failed to notice) i've learned not to despise this sentiment complacency invokes atrophy's embrace and so what if i can't leave this room that never stopped us before (i've learned to forget my desires)

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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