

# Bakelite

## Hystereo

Blood is wrong  
But always on the corner of the tabletop  
A bag of bones that sits and smokes  
And laughs at all your stupid jokes  
It's such a fuss to fall for love  
Not fall in love  
To fall  
A drug  
So smug at first  
Then learns the thirst  
Gets worse and worse  
And all your new found  
Hope is gone  
But all along  
It always was  
The same old song  
And dance for now  
You dance so proud  
You sing so loud  
You break apart  
A work of

I hate myself so full of shits  
A giggle fit  
For wasting time  
And passing by  
I settle down  
Into a frown  
So many years  
Of wearing down  
And out of this  
It's ludicrous to amputate  
A simple wish because it sits  
Just right outside appropriate  
And your  
Hope is gone  
But all along  
It always was  
The same old song

And dance for now  
You dance so proud  
You sing so loud  
You break apart  
A work of art

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