

Junkyard God

Pig Destroyer

My knuckles are bleeding on your front door
and these flowers are wilting in the rain.
They were for you and now they are for no one.
They are irrelevant as mercenaries in times of peace.
They are smoke twisting off the lips of a movie star.
Here is a boy with paper skin who longs to touch the girl of broken glass.
She loves it when he wears his skin like that.
In tatters.

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