

Like a Child Hiding Behind Your Tombstone

Slothrust

Drink seltzer smoke weed when you can't sleep.
Think about shooting birds,
everyone has got a violent streak.
I think my face looks like glass,
but my body feels plastic.Melt me into a bottle.
I wish that I was a baby sucking on myself.
Boogie down to the water.
I thought that maybe
I could be the lake's daughter.
Because I float like an infant inside of it,
weightless in the lake
It's got nothing to take from me.I feel like a child
hiding behind your tombstone.
But the graveyard's not lonely.
Plus, who doesn't love a good cemetery?I feel like a fetus.
Because my eyes are not open,
and I don't have fingernails.
Can't claw my way out of anyone, or anything.

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

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