Candice

Tin Can Phone

She grabs me, takes me to the bed once more
Im just a baby, but shes done it all before
Taken advantage of an [incomprehensible] year old, raped his innocence
And what for? PowerWell, I hope you got your score
Well, I hope you got your score
You ruined me, my physical communication
To other beings
My overall sense of feelingI wish I could cut your memories from my brain
They haunt me, isolating me, infecting me with fearA fear of a touch and fear of women
Didn't you think that you would turn me
Into a man thats afraid of a touch?
Its just skin against skin
But it freezes me from within, from withinThis English burdened tongue
Cannot express how plagued I feel
The slightest touch brings me
Back to her lust, to her lustTo her perverseness
Dear God, take this away
Dear God, take this away

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