

Million

Jawbreaker

Would that you could touch this angel in a clutch of snakes.

 Oh pretty, pretty, I'm aflame.

 So excited, so unslept.

 Somewhat littered, so unswept.

You have to sleep before you wake.

 I am spilled and poured.

 I am peeled and cored.

 I am hanging from the floor.

Flicker like a freak through a sleepless week

 In a black cell of forever.

 There's a point to this.

 A point I think I often miss.

 Oh clever, clever, where's your heart?

You can turn a phrase until it reads a million ways.

 It makes no sense but it's as good as it is sad.

 I am sad, elated.

 I am segregated.

 There's this stitching and it's itching.

 All my friends are dead.

 Asleep in distant beds.

 At least these enemies stay close.

 Take me to the pretty ones.

 I want to be a pretty one.

Sign me to a nice girl so she can ruin me eternally.

 They offered me a million bucks.

 All I want's a steady fuck.

 Oh steady, steady, where are you?

 Channer surf a sea of static,

 See the prize but you can't have it.

There's something thankless in a wish fulfilled.

 I am thrilled and bored.

 I am unskilled, adored.

 All of both and none of one.

 I would kill for more.

 I haven't killed before.

 I could set this heart on stun.

 Take me to the pretty ones.

 I want to be original.

Sign me to a nice girl so I can sing her something meaningful.

In my perfect world I'd be signed to a nice girl.
It would cost one million kisses.

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