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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