

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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