Pick Up The Pieces

Eve 6

Whoooooaah
Whoooooaah
Your mother saved you?re medals
She put them in a box in a room
Basket, base, and footballs
Plastic creatures from the county zoo
She thinks about you often
She has no idea you?re rotten
All the colors have run off and you have been exposed
Now let me do the talking
With a hymn and a secret hid beneath a broken heart
Can you start?to pick up the pieces
A hymn and a secret love
Beneath a bleacher
Wham, bam, fold the hand
Pick up the pieces
Whoooooaah
Whoooooaah
Blessed by your genetics
You possess a certain aesthetic charm
But something?s disconnected
And you?re quite capable of causing harm

Your malice is volcanic
Your insecurity titanic
Your mood is always manic and I do suppose
This masquerade?s become a habit
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