Pedafly

Skinny Puppy

Sitting there pecking at the picture of perfection
Waking at the time, fine brain matterLooking at the blood with the brimming of a dead head
Wondering if the sunshine will ever catch your eyePicking at the dead skin
How does gonorrhea feel?
Once you read keep us fed
Falling off a horse's hindDiggin' me sunshine where's the other bigger sin
Deep inside the house before the roof caved in
Getting in psy trance watching 'til you half sin
Piece a lie, made it hymm and killing him
Pedaflies flocking by, testified he's chickened out
After all is said and done we live to shit, to kill, to comePain his trust his tragedy
Why is everything so needy
Oh no says half to pain nor chance
Today a laughter shakePain his trust t'his tragedy
Pain his trust t'his tragedy
Pain his trust t'his tragedy
Why is everything so needy
Testing their pecking young blood, piecing along, perfection
Would you let time better, fine brain matterTesting their pecking gun, there piecing along perfection
Waging if the time better, fine brain matter"Any medical student could've seen that the eyes were torn from the body by nothing other than human fingers!"
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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