

Monster

Chad VanGaal

Ripping my eyelids a little bit wider
Are two prying hands
That grew out from my shoulders
And I can't explain why
But it's hurting my eyes Thick blackened quills
springing out of my back
and theres hair in between
and in all of the cracks
Of my skin thats grown scaly
and yellowish brown.
In my mind there's a cloud
And it wants to come out. I'm a monster
I'm a monster
I'm a monster
I'm a monster And my fingers have shriveled
And dropped to the dirt
And two giant talons
have grown were they were
I'm starting to think I may never return
To my previous form which I can't quite recall
But I'm not hungry at all I'm a monster
I'm a monster
I'm a monster
I'm a monster

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