

# Pixie

## Pig Destroyer

Young unicorns snatched from the impossible  
Skies precious horns, ordinary chainsaws  
I am left with horses revolting in the normalcy  
Shipwrecked by a face all sweet and empty  
Like a hollow candy or an ice cream smile Licked down to a cigarette I promptly extinguished  
In a dead infection a desk drawer full of blurry sunflowers  
Under your bare feet are only symptomatic  
Of the monster I have become

Lyrics provided by  
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