

Bug Aware

Pears

Bear witness up, the filth collects beneath your nails, flickering stale cigarettes.

I know I'm a fucking bug caught in flypaper on the wall.

Condemned to watch, eyelids ripped off, self-imposition, shrieking from the margins "

I Exist!" but I'm less and less sure, tormentor undeterred.

Cold shoulders burn, frequent enduring turns, humor and sharing weight, I beg for a hatch escape.

No god, no hope.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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