Mouth Like a Magazine

Showbread

Turning over in interrupted slumber,
You ponder others, growing ever wakeful,
You've locked the vermin in the other bedroom,
To be so perfect causes you to feel so thankful,
Now find the fault because your boyfriend can't read,
Reflecting on to you is all the bitterness you need,
So unhappy, yet so preoccupied,
Never found beaten down with your forked tongue tied.

Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.
Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.

Queen dependency is cowering, please don't be confused,
You are vacant and submissive, receptive to abuse,
Virtue isn't tangible, and sense of self is dated,
Names constant on your cracked lips are now eviscerated,
Your spine is made of metal, Your veins are bound in electric tape,
And all along an impulse lights at random in your face,
Yough cought up an offering and forget which words are lies,
Then your skull echoes a singeing pop, as your brain is cauterized.

Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.
Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.
Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.
Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.

Within the walls I hear all of its legs,
There must be so many to carry it over our heads,
Seething and unsettled and oh such a let down,
And now these rusty spokes inside my head are making such a grating sound.

Your legacy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.
Your eulogy is like poetry,

But your mouth is like a magazine.
Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.
Your eulogy is like poetry,
But your mouth is like a magazine.

Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah! Yeah!
Yeah! Woah!

Lyrics submitted by alle.

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