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 thankfulNow 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 tiedYour eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazineQueen 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
You caught up an offering and forget which words are lies
Then your skull echoes a singeing pop as your brain is cauterizedYour eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazineYour eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazineWithin the walls I hear all of it's 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 soundYour legacy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazineYour eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazineYeah yeah
Yeah yeah
Yeah wow

Songwriters
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THIRSTY MOON RIVER PUBLISHING INC.;RAW ROCK PRODUCTIONS Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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