# Let's Not Keep In Touch

## Retox

It's time to start old sweetheart, get a head start.
State of the art, the weak part, oops... restart.
Direct me from a laundry cart, call it abstract art.
As wise as we think we are, we fall apart.
Gotta lie and remain honest, or outsmart.
Sucking on the lower body part for the most part.
Boring body part bored in court, broke it's natal chart.
Just buy a new artificial atrium for the heart.
Depression gets distracted by the fattest cells that need to eat.
Beat the street meat and make it grow obsolete.
Drag the cold feet to slurp up what we all excrete.
Everyone fucks each other in their own back seat.
It's time to scrape by and watch boring crap on repeat.... Incomplete.
Rewind and rewind till shit breaks apart.
Wanna crawl under a dead animal's under part?
Cry till a sucker becomes a counterpart?
I'll just figure out a way to depart.
Every empire gets fat and falls apart.
So sorry my dying sweetheart,
I know I have no need to take part.
I'll take myself right back to the start.

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