The Pig

Bedlam Bards

I know the way inside my heart
But nothing seems to get that far
Ive spent my life down on my back
It falls asleep, it pops and cracksAnd when the sun comes up again
My body dries and shrivels
Then some nice man is over me
So I throw up and giggleThere was a time when I was blank
And see through but never white as snow
Just made of rippled glass
I thought that it was sealed but now I knowIn goes a tiny seed that splits open
With rotten spice and sage
And then the numbness is consuming me
Just like a sweeping plagueMy soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of meMy soul is cheap, lay on top of me
My soul is cheap, lay on top of meI peel myself up off the floor
Say, I cant do this anymore
But then my soul has run away
So I lay down another day

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