

# 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

Lyrics provided by  
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