

Fingernails

Creepoid

Like black tires on the road and bitten fingernails in a bowl...

It's my desolate search for a soul that's taken me all night.

Like chalk lines on the floor and knowing that you wanted more.

Like a fish that's bitten through its lure, it used to change my mind.

Something alive has torn the sky.

Like a beautiful piece of art, or a fat sad bloated heart...

Like a shot taken into the night, your favorite place to lie...

Something alive has torn the sky.

Unlace your disguise - it's mine.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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