

# Worker Bee

## ANGST

It's been a good year, a good new beginning  
I'm through with the old school so let's commence the winning  
I've been a good little worker bee  
I deserve a gold star  
Gone are the glad hands, the black holes and liars  
The constant companions, obnoxious suppliers  
Carnivore kings milking holiday sins  
Comas and cashmire  
It went from no good to \*\*\* up and over  
A total distortion of lifelong disorders  
Barreling headfirst through fresh open wounds  
This I was not used to  
Now that my words don't quite do what they should  
Now that old wounds are resurfacing too  
It makes me feel golden  
It makes me feel good  
It's been a good year, a good new beginning  
I'm through with the old school so let's commence the winning  
I've been a good little worker bee  
I deserve a gold star, a gold star  
I deserve a gold star today

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