

Disinherit

Veruca Salt

Cut the back, pull the stuffing.

Cut the girl down to nothing.

Feed the boy.

...

Disinfect the house.

Disinherit. x3

And it's creeping up, I spy it.

And it's crushing at my throat

And it's seizing my tongue and I'm numb.

And it's bleeding on my face

And it's foaming at the mouth

And it's gnawing on my bones...

And he's rolling up his sleeve

And he feeds me

And he's memorizing me

And he's making his mark

And he's making his mark

Stop the car.

Still the engine.

Save your best until now.

Dig your nails in.

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