

# The Pornographer's Daughter

## Northstar

I can't leave with words like these  
They break the bones that hold up my sleeves  
I've got to tie her so high her breath freezes  
before she speaks, but this bus just won't go far enough  
So I'll strap my face to a homemade bomb and blow the bus stop through the parking lot  
We'll celebrate like we were free I know a place where we can both get laced  
Take some time to learn about your face  
about bawling and bell curves  
about strength from inhalers  
and I'll take the fifth and you can just sit  
and I'll watch from a distance while you open it  
This is how I will keep her..in pieces..she's a keeper And I'll be holding my breath with the best..  
my breath with the best intentions This is not for me, your perfume struggles perfectly  
it wraps around and screams at me,  
"My hero tastes like plastic, he's elastic and now he's dead" [x2] My straight faced grin is the first to leave hand  
in hand with the queen of tragedy  
Why do I hurt just on purpose?  
I guess I lack a purpose..  
So smile like a child sitting in the sea forget about what's in the water  
and just focus in on me I'll be the phantom of the opera  
I'll be the lantern you blow out first..And I'll be holding my breath with the best..  
my breath with the best intentions This is not for me, your perfume struggles perfectly  
it wraps around and screams at me,  
"My hero tastes like plastic, he's elastic and now he's dead" [x2] And I'll be the reason you'll leave this  
city..(This is not for me)

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

Lyrics provided by

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