

Inside My House

Rabbit Junk

everything inside my house is broke
the stove don't work
my window is cracked
it's all fucked up
a hall of broken mirrors
path of broken glass
everything inside my house is black
it's a cold hard fact
that life moves so fast
without taking another breath
you get caught in the past
i remember the boy i used to be
taking life on so innocently
it's cold hard fact
that life moves so fast
without taking another breath
you get caught in the past
it's of little relief
that others hold your belief
with so much standing against us
all you're got to be
the thief
everything inside my house sweats all night
i wake up every morning
and taste the salt sunlight
streaming in through the nicotine
i bathe in the smoke of the unseen

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