

Cancer

The Bunny The Bear

Dream, lay next to me.

I felt your body quiver in silence, wrapped in disease.

Well, no one has found such luck, a lion's bite.

The ugly duck lies in the corner, a headache for lovers, a whore to end up on her knees. Mother, we're sick of this.

Your flowers, your scripture, your ignorant bliss.

Mother, we're sick of these games.

Our father? Is that who's to blame? Lay next to me, give me a reason to believe we don't belong here.

I'll catch your dreams.

We can do better than this. Dream, lie once for me. (1,2,3)

I felt your tongue chase demons and bad taste right out of me.

Well, still caught in such bad luck, a nervous voice,

The ugly duck lies in the corner, spreads legs for lovers and watches them choke on disease.

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