

Surgery

The Vincent Black Shadow

Coming back from surgery,
Coming up on seventeen,
Some kind of plasty or maybe a lobotomy.Coming back from surgery,
Coming up on seventeen,
I don't remember how I looked
before he got to me.Coming up on twenty-three,
Cut a piece of skin for me,
Never have to wait in line; he
never seems to know it's meAnd he's standing over me,
Wide awake and clenching teeth,
"Now it's time," he says "for you
to open up so I can see."Caked... all...
Caked all over...

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