

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 me And 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...

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>