

Poor Impulse Control

Jack Off Jill

I envy your demise
I hope it's all you dreamed it would be
One bullet in this gun
Not sure if it's for you or me
I envy your demise
With all the guilt you hid away
All the lies that I had spun
And all the times I'd wish you'd stay
Now, all, all that I've ever suffered
All, all that I'll ever be
All, all that I'll ever ruin
You can always cover me with makeup
I envy your demise
750 degrees
When it burned it smelled like you
But it scorched and looked alot like me

I envy your demise
You never said that you'd try
When i had to lose control
Lose control to really cry
Now, all, all that I've ever abused
All, all that I'll ever see
All, all that I'll ever ruin
You can always cover it with makeup
All, all that I'll ever limit
All, all that I'll ever try
All, all that I'll ever trust
You can always cover it with
All, all that I've ever abused
All, all that I'll ever see
All, all that I'll ever ruin
You can always cover it with makeup

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