

Real Real

Fiction Plane

Bathing in the sun
Chewed up by some bugs
Tearing through my flesh
I can feel their love
I hope that they are happy
I feed them with my blood
Today they may be rich
But tomorrow comes a floodReal real real
What are the chances
Someone paid for me to grow upA mouth without a face
He fights his fights in our back garden
Inside we eat creatures
Our hearts begin to harden
A glowing hypnotist sells us a beauty we don't need
We give our days to nothing
But we're not prepared to bleed

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>