Second Skin

Swingin' Utters

Try to act this way and that become some beaming bitch's pet though you feel like a rat and it's plain that you're all that you accuse yourself of selling out to the souls searching familiar clout and excuse yourself for slipping still though your cleats are clung to this landfill. You wear your mask it's second skin fits like a glove you don disguises 'cause pleasing them is all you think of. All you can hope to be is a shadow of the man you once could have become you covet the catalyst and shun the sheep pocket the profits stolen from the meek punish yourself for feeling vain banish yourself from the contented place tomorrow wants you every fucking day you may as well start digging your own grave. You wear your mask it's second skin fits like a glove you've taken to task daydreaming shut-ins and their stocks. I'm all over it all over it all it's fantastic fit so snug and smug and swell. You wear your mask it's second skin fits like a glove you wear your mask you bow your head keep on the road

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