Shea

Scheer

See you coming with your sister,
See her skin her hands are blistered,
Tongue so tied she speaks in whispers.
And it feels like something, something good,
And it feels just like, just like it should.
Just like it should.
This should be a time for grieving,
Help me god my heart is bleeding,
Please don't touch me when I'm screaming
And it feels like something, something good,
And it feels just like, just like it should.
Just like it should.
Hey boy let me look at your hands
Let me look at your face
Let me look at your inside
Hey boy let me look at your hands
Let me look at your face
Let me look at your
Inside, inside, inside
And it feels like something, something good,
And it feels just like, just like it should.
Just like it should.
Just like it should.
Just like it should.
ah, ah, ah.

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