Stranger

Made Out of Babies

suspicious in bright light,
too much red rim around the white,
cheap silk that wraps the body tight,
and one by one, seconds drip by

there's nothing they can do to her,
that hasn't been done before,
bit it's sweet they try.

not a single tree in sight,
fluorescents strip the skin bone dry,
pock marks fill and shadows fight

there's nothing they can do to her,
that hasn't been done before,
but it's sweet they try,
but it's sweet they try.

one heel is broken,
her hands do shake,
and ranting is her speech,

wrong is always on the way,
it makes you watch her,
with all your thoughts deranged,
the challenge is to put her last,
humility to shame,

there's something in the stare though,
it's not for sure she's there,
dirty strands to veil the face,
small tattoos named big mistakes,
she whispers when she talks,
strangling bottles of escape,

violent sympathy, white rage,
violent sympathy white rage

hold on tight and start to squeeze,

blank expression in degrees

this is not at all your best,
try your hardest do your worst,
try your hardest do your worst,
this is not at all your best,
hold on tight and start to squeeze,
blank expression in degrees.

suspicious in bright light,
too much red rim around white,
cheap silk that wraps the body tight,
and one by one, seconds drip by

there's nothing they can do to her,
that hasn't been done before,
but it's sweet they try.

belted to the waist,
on stilts of trembling,
the locket hinge digs in,
like marks of teeth on skin,
the memory half dust,
just shapes of fading rust,
that moves when she's alone,
and speaks to no one home.

Lyrics submitted by Dustin.

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