

# My Tulpa

## Magazine

I suspect you ain't so sweet  
As the lust I'm concealing  
My skin wants to crawl back home to ma  
I've lost my way in my feelings You always collect your fists  
When my shadow falls upon your hands  
You're just giving a body heat away  
But they say you're a nice enough young man I want to see you  
Don't you want to see me?  
I'm full of questions  
To call a mystery I want to see you  
Don't you want to see me?  
I'm full of questions  
To call a mystery You can touch yourself any time  
You can touch yourself any time You can touch yourself any time  
(Ain't I so wretched)  
You can touch yourself any time  
(And you are so [Incomprehensible]) You can touch yourself any time  
(Stop smiling at me)  
You can touch yourself any time  
(Treat me unpleasantly) You got the whole world in your wardrobe  
Your furniture's made to injure me  
My skin will crawl back home to ma  
When our souls mingle uneasily I want to see you  
Don't you want to see me?  
I'm full of questions  
To call a mystery I want to see you  
Don't you want to see me?  
I'm full of questions  
To call a mystery

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