

Annunciate While You Masticate

A Static Lullaby

move into the grave that bares your name. all in the taste of salt on your neck. for me to walk face first into
sliding glass for your pleasure. my high is creeping, but is it set in stone? we're both wasted, but we're not
going anywhere like this. (now i) choke on the urge of taking it back (so we'll see right through) (till i'm)
spilling the blood that rests on my tounge. (dreaming) of holding your head, detached from the rest. this fuse left
burning, but now we're far too close. lest sick from the guild you spread. to let the past stitch our wounds and
seal our tears. lust sick in this momen. we won't believe in anything

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