

Bugs

Cyclotimia

{All these}I got bugs
I got bugs in my room
 Bugs in my bed
 Bugs in my ears
Their eggs in my head
 Bugs in my pockets
 Bugs in my shoes
Bugs in the way, I feel about youBugs on my window
 Trying to get in
They don't go nowhere
 Waiting, waiting
 Bugs on my ceiling
 Crowded the floor
 Standing, sitting, kneeling
A few block the doorAnd now the question's
 Do I kill them?
 Become their friend?
 Do I eat them?
 Raw or well done?
 Do I trick them?
 I don't think they're dumb
 Do I join them?
Looks like, that's the oneI got bugs on my skin
 Tickle my nausea
 I let it happen again
They're always takin' over
I see they surround me, I see
 See them deciding my fate
 Oh, that which was once
 Was once up to me
Now it's too lateI got bugs in my room, one on one
 That's when I had a chance
 I'll just stop now
 I'll become naked
 And with the bug
 I'll become one