

# 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 you Bugs 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 door And 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 one I 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 late I 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

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