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

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