Pretty Face

J. Stalin

Play your games with my limp joints
Idolize it's wet paper skin
Listen to the cast preach your life
And infest you with disease
Dress me up with a three piece tourniquet
Fuck and get under the scabs
Never trust what you cannot kill
And pretend that she respects you
Pursuit of liberty
Drags you all across this country
This cunt bleeding
Delivered me
The cord it stretches
Taught and only so far
Before it snaps back
Giving us relief
It's just a matter of time
It's just a matter of time
Before you fall down
And hurt yourself
Far from home
With no one's help
We will be waiting
But his eyes can't see the madness
So she can keep the rule
Formulate what will be that thing that makes me laugh
Your next manipulation
Of the all too friendless
Always seen and never noticed
Dipping my feet in pools of you

FUCK YOU
Make my face only how you like it
Why can't you smell it hide
Wreck her pussy with your fist
She'll be your minister
Violate my stiff limp body
Only to taste my glass bloodline
Shove it all behind my back

Cauterize my open wound
I never needed to leave
To find out what makes me tick
I arrived by default
My arms three grand long
But not elastic enough
To care for insects
Just beyond my reach
It's just a matter of time
It's just a matter of time
Before I pick you up
And dust you off
Kiss the eyes
That make me rough
I will be waiting
I walked beside myself
But nothing ever changed
And now I walk away
So you can take the blame
Clinical distortion
Affects the bachelor
I still can't find

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