

# Dig

## Perfect Pussy

Soft skin and dead hair  
And these tired eyes  
And I want to fuck to myself  
And I want to eat my self  
Broad back and bad tits, yes I know my kind  
Raw mouth, worn out, I've never felt so alive  
You've realized that I'll let you hurt me  
And now you want to do it all of the time  
No bruise is permanent, neither am I  
But you're welcome to try and try  
In the most ecstatic of senses  
I have embraced my suffering  
Twenty six years of false pretenses  
Again, pretending to care about men  
I am loved insofar as I cherish this pain  
You should shut your mouth  
Because language means nothing  
When every set of fingers leaves a different dig on my hips  
Too big, on my back, it's too big  
When I get you alone I'll point out all of my problems  
Then I'll lay still while you try and resolve them  
And you can read the story of my last six weeks  
In little black bruises and marks from boy's teeth  
And that shit hurts- but if I'm anything less than perfection Well shit  
Nobody told me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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