

Mouth Like A Magazine

Showbread

Turning over in interrupted slumber
You ponder others, growing ever wakeful
You've locked the vermin in the other bedroom
To be so perfect causes you to feel so thankful
Now find the fault because your boyfriend can't read
Reflecting on to you is all the bitterness you need
So unhappy, yet so preoccupied
Never found beaten down with your forked tongue tied
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Queen dependency is cowering, please don't be confused
You are vacant and submissive, receptive to abuse
Virtue isn't tangible and sense of self is dated
Names constant on your cracked lips are now eviscerated
Your spine is made of metal, your veins are bound in
electric tape
And all along an impulse lights at random in your face
You caught up an offering and forget which words are lies
Then your skull echoes a singeing pop as your brain is cauterized
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Within the walls I hear all of it's legs
There must be so many to carry it over our heads
Seething and unsettled and, oh, such a let down
And now these rusty spokes inside my head
Are making such a grating sound
Your legacy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Your eulogy is like poetry
But your mouth is like a magazine
Yeah yeah
Yeah yeah
Yeah wow

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