

# Juliette

## Crooked Fingers

Juliette your cigarette has burned right through your face  
Through your skin and through your skull and up into your brain  
It doesn't seem that you will reach the fountain from where you are  
And possibly this might just leave a really bad, bad scar  
And you're lying on the living room floor  
Lying like you've done at least one hundred times before  
Burning with a radiant glowJuliette the fire has crept down and your chest's aflame  
Smoldering an even ring around your torso frame  
And moving slow the amber glow does flicker clear and clean  
It's as if someone has doused you in white gasoline  
With your ashes on the living room floor  
Scattered like they've been at least one hundred times before  
Burning off a skin that you have come to abhor  
And spreading now the crackling sound  
Down to your hips and waistTraveling past your legs at last a slow but steady pace  
The smell of dead skin burning lingers sickly in the air  
Oh Juliette, oh Juliette you don't look like you care  
Though the smoldering has reached down to your knees  
Moving down your shins over your ankles and your feet  
Burning with a radiant glow  
Swallowing, devouring the tips of your toes

Songwriters

Eric Emil BachmannPublished by  
Lyrics © Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

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