Acumen Nation, Fuckface

dear stain, what you were before you fell curvaceous dreams to kill myself coveted your strength i did, moistened with your killer sex never will be trapped again, never mess with you again you're weaker than the preacher that you promised me you never were now i wake up screaming to the sounds of the bells the bells the bells the bells

turn some of the gospel on yourself you're crueler than you'd care to know pour some of that guilt upon yourself you're just an o.k. smile you freak about abusers, you're so abused you freak about oppression, you're silly blues try to see yourself in the mirror while you suck and swallow ruin someone else's tomorrow with that funky, funky, funky ass!

what shall we do, to fill the empty spaces where.. we used to fuck. . . what shall we do, to fill the empty spaces where.. we used to fuck. . . what shall we do, to fill the empty spaces where.. we used to fuck. . .