

Evaline, A Protest In Lines Too Thin To Read

A parent walks in on a child cutting them self
Laughs and says youre silly dear, you're only hurting yourself
So cut deep or don't cut at all
Are you listening?
I don't care what your parents tell you don't cut at all
Oh please be listening
I don't care what those bastards tell you don't cut at all

You're staggering in, you find a finger gagging yourself
You heave and say "I'm not like those pigs. I don't care what's good for my health"
Controlling the room with tilted thighs
It comes to me as no surprise that
I even flicker on my own

Feed the one that's closer
As you're flickering on
Feed the one that's closed
As you flicker

Starving artist you will
I said it before
Shed your burdens and build on

You shed your clothes in spite and whisper
You shed your clothes in spite and whisper
I make the demands

Well I'm doubting my portrait of skin
But I sure as hell won't find limbs down my throat
The substance of weight defines the beauty laced behind the pride of my
Even scales they stand alone

So cut
It's not living deeply
Cut
No, not at all

You shed your clothes in spite and whisper
You shed your clothes in spite and whisper
You bare these lines to cleanse your system
You bare these lines despite the symptoms

I make the demands
I make the demands

Starving artist you will
I said it before
Shed your burdens and build on

We won't give up now