

# 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