

Green River, Bazaar

There's something about you
I got to understand
There's something inside you
I got to have
There's something inside you
That spawned me
There's something I'm trying to see
I want you to open up and bleed

I rummage through your fiber
Like old ladies at a church bazaar
Keeping everything to myself
Disappeared is
I got

Is this all there is to you?
I could see this
In some big octopus
God, I hope there's more to me than I see inside you
God, I hope there's more to me
Now I gotta take a look

I taste my brain in the back of my mouth
My curiosity told me to kill the cat
Remnants of you slip through my hands
Like so many, so many grains of sand
My slowly drift inward
I feel them turn on myself
My slowly drift inward
Turning on myself

Also appears on Another Pyrrhic Victory compilation