

# 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