

# Heavy Heavy Low Low, Eating The Porridge, Killi

your gift horse has brought flies  
and the stench is unbareable  
i'm left with no option,  
but to embrace apathy and loneliness  
hoping that i die

i took a train to new york city  
met a guy who i THOUGHT was pretty

tiny strands of skin could never hold a whole  
begging to nurse its mouth to health

strip the skin from the inside out  
you didnt think they'd notice  
(you looked them straight in the face)

i always said that we'd watch them die  
(you looked them straight in the face)