

Holly McNarland, Dad And I

I won't eat for you
And i won't sleep for you
And i can't trust you-
And i'm so tired, you won't fight
I'm too heavy and you're too light
The truth be told - that you fit the mold
For the hate i hold,willl knock you over,
Burn up your face
And i take over this hurtful place

Dad and I

The creep embodied-
Behind shifty eyes
Treats much discomfort
With your petty lies
So i'll just sit here and take up space
Just reassure me it's a hurtful place

Dad and I