

Pretty Girls Make Graves, The Teeth Collector

I'm unfolding little scraps of paper
I'm dotting 'I's and crossing 't's
Like a ghost you were the gardener
That snuck in and planted seed
Decay
Your word's acidic taste
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

No more voices on the radio
No more waiting by the telephone

Arrows aim to crack rib cages
But your venom's weak in my blood
Your poison scabs, coagulated
Your hardest try is never enough
Decay
Your word's acidic taste
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

This tooth is rotten, yank it out
Your words are cancer in my mouth
This captain's ship is going down