

A Static Lullaby, Annunciate While You Masticate

move into the grave that bares your name.
my high is creeping, but is it set in stone?
we're both wasted, but we're not going anywhere like this.
(so we'll see right through)
for me to walk face first into sliding glass for your pleasure.
all in the taste of salt on your neck.
(now i) choke on the urge of taking it back
(till i'm) spilling the blood that rests on my tongue.
(dreaming) of holding your head, detached from the rest.
this fuse left burning, but now we're far too close.
to let the past stitch our wounds and seal our tears.
lust sick from the guilt you spread.
lust sick in this moment. we won't believe in anything