

Annuals, Carry Around

I got magic in my head, magic up my nose, magic coming out my fingers, magic crying out my eyes

Step foot down

Hold him to the ground

Whine though he may, you've got some bills to pay

It's all I've ever known it's everything until I say so, you say &qu

Okay, I've got lots of friends

in rather dry places

I've got lots of pills in my pocket

If you want some, I'd like to share

With you and everyone that you care about.

But I don't know what to do for you?

Do you care

I don't know what's best for you

Sick and dying

I've been spending all my time

Sleeping of concious debts

and licking bags clean of everything I love

and anything I can carry around

I'm a restless rat

strun up and burnt out.

Losing my fur to the wind

Catching looks from baby, white mice

Bastards in a black weeping vice.

But sometimes, the sunlight

It just won't let me cry

When leaves tickle my arms I can't help but let my mouth sing.

Sing out words of trust

In a language I still don't comprehend

What does meaning mend in the end?

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