

Engerica, Amputeen

Well I look like Colonel Mustard or Reverend Green
Oh can't you see?
My arms and legs, they ain't there no more,
They've been taken from me.

And you ruined everything
With your tongue is like an eyeful.
You chopped off every limb,
Now I'm an Amputeen.

Now I've been trying to squeeze my spots
But I ain't got no arms.
And I've been waiting for growing pains
But I ain't got no legs.

I've got stumps for arms,
I've got stumps for legs,
My brain just feels so useless,
Stuck in this pawn shaped, chess-piece hell.

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