

# Ethel Cain, Two-Headed Mother

You know  
You know  
You know  
You know

You think that you create the waves  
But I create you  
Two-headed mother in your bed  
You know she hates you  
Kissing tyrannical heads spitting at you  
Babe, fire you wade through  
The ways I fuck myself and get down good  
Never need to mind you  
I've loved before, I'll kill again  
You're just the worst of all my men  
I'm not gon' pull you out the den so they don't bite you  
I won't feel good again until I'm up inside you

I love you  
I love you  
I love you  
I'll love 'til I'm sore  
I don't love you  
I don't love you  
I don't love you  
I don't love you no more

Two-headed mother pulled you from the black  
And she can send you back