

# Frankenbok, Celibacy

To them I feel like steel, pulp, salt and peel  
Nothing is real and nothing is not a thing  
Reminder pinch and sink one more inch and synchronise  
with it's terms. Decline, it's in here you will find  
Splintered times and sling blade kinds that are going to  
Cut you down blind. Suspend and mend your kind how?  
It's the prevention of the mind fuck. I've just gone and  
Reinvented my fuck!

I don't bleed for the things that sink and scathe  
I don't need those things with tits and arse  
I don't think I think there is anything true  
A lover scathed harps in vain that harboured paint to  
Celibacy

I heal like feel like what? That I'm not complete  
Without it whatever it me be not passed down onto me  
Down through the family tree and so where the thing that  
you don't want to be  
I am not your sun why I'm no ones  
Is because I don't make excuses  
for what I am not like yourself

A hurter and stealth  
You've taken my heart now my dick and go fuck yourself  
I have tried to lick and cleanse the purpose in the hope  
To adhere one train of thought in you  
I have stooped and lessened myself for  
I predict and hypothesise that these  
Outcomes and they are always so precise  
I predicted this outcome although I am not blinded  
By the lover of lies  
All through the lust not the  
eye not to be mistaken again  
Fuck you! You'll never hurt or  
understand for it never was in you  
I don't bleed for things that sink or scathe  
Thank you, fuck you, there! Do I think there is anything  
true? Love it scathes, discovers pain  
Face it although I don't  
My bliss in denial  
Fuse it to bind you refuse it to remind you  
Conclusive I bind to celibacy  
I don't bleed for things  
That sink and scathe  
Blissed by myself