

Heavy Heavy Low Low, Tell Shannon Her Crafts

you would make the prettiest of brides
(oh baby i got you workin from the nine to five)
you would make the prettiest rape victim
(oh baby i got you workin from the nine to five)
goddamn i hope i overdose
your mouth is open and better suits a bottle opener than to talk my pathetic f**king ears off
i'd jab an ice pick in my eardrums if i could someday regain my hearing
i envision (more more more) snapping your neck
(more more more)
tilt back your head and f**king take it
milligram count: you've gone too far
diagnosis: finally gone
OH! SHIT! F**K!