

Hole, Old Age

And I will await your highness
I'm so high I cannot walk
And I will await
You cripple
You take away my pride
My peace, my empathy
No babies sleep on atrophy
Your unborn love and fetal stress
Hard bitter candy, legless caress

What was she for Halloween?
The ugliest girl you've ever seen
Someday she will die alone

What was she for Valentine's?
An old forgotten concubine
Someday she will die for no one

She seems to me to know
All that glitters is sour
All the lies in her place
Jesus saves
Old age
Old age
Old age

It's okay to kill your idols
Just pretend you have no rivals
We all know that she is friendless

Spits at mirrors; it's not an issue
Just remove the hateful tissues
We all know her rage is endless

She seems to me to know
All that glitters is sour
All the lies in her place
Jesus saves
Old age
Old age
Old age
Old age

And then she begs and she says "Pretty please?
I'll make her pure again; I'll make her clean"

No one knows she's Hester Prynne
Someone please tell Anne Boleyn
Chokers are back in again

Someday she won't have to fake it
Living will itself seem sacred
Someday she will just refuse

She seems to me to know
All that glitters is sour
All the lies in her place
Jesus saves
Old age
Old age
Old age
Jesus saves
Old age

(Rest in pieces) I'm sorry
(Me in pieces) So sorry
(Rest in pieces) I'm sorry
(Me in pieces) So sorry