

Jack Off Jill, Poor Impulse Control

I envy your demise
I hope it's all you dreamed it would be
One bullet in this gun
Not sure if it's for you or me

I envy your demise
With all the guilt you hid away
All the lies that I had spun
And all the times I wished you'd stay

Now, all that I'll ever suffer
All that I'll ever be
All that I'll ever ruin
You can always cover me with makeup

I envy your demise
Seven hundred and fifty degrees
When it burned it smelled like you
But it scorched and looked a lot like me

I envy your demise
You never said that you'd try
When I had to lose control
Lose control to really cry

Now, all that I'll ever abuse
All that I'll ever see
All that I'll ever ruin
You can always cover it with makeup

All that I'll ever limit
All that I'll ever try
All that I'll ever trust
You can always cover it with

All that I'll ever abuse
All that I'll ever see
All that I'll ever ruin
You can always cover it with makeup