

# Leah Andreone, Bow Down

Van Gogh lent me his ear  
Now the picture is clear  
I can finally hear  
Girls they grow like the weeds  
We're replaceable beings  
Just tell her what you told me

Overindulge, hit the spot  
Take too much, take some more  
Let habits form, praise the Lord  
Give me more, don't get bored

Bow down to the mass  
Fill in the gap  
Fill the hole in your head

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How insane would I be  
If you fed on me  
And I found sanctity  
Bless this body received  
If I say the right things  
Will you pretend to love me