

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