

# Lightspeed Champion, Dry Lips

so now i'm holding in my sides, and my bags are over spilling, this leads me to think.  
my guts have started to boil, and my stomach keeps on spinning. thank you, my friends.  
The next stop is not echo park so i've shut my eyes, i'll pretend instead.

You don't have to tell me this is wrong.

I know, but i can't erase two years of my life.

Even in my dreams if you turn up i'm unhappy.

I take a step, and carve all the horns. The wings are trapped in the door,  
i sure feel the spit.

And everyone is staring, it's all so overwhelming, if they didn't look would i still complain.  
of course, i would.

A disquieting pre-occupation, the keys to a nightmare which i taped,  
and made sure i watched daily.

This required a careful touch and a swinging chain.

Put the salty water in my broken wounds....

tell her i give up

all my humanity

tell her i give up