

# Look What I Did, Chest Is A Ribcage

My chest is a ribcage, filled with bees  
Spires, flames, Cincinnatti  
Reminds me of hell

Thrust into the pit of bengals  
We'll push that horned building  
Off into the fog

I ain't been laid in five long years, man  
It's just I got these ideals  
I can't get them out of my head

And she's waiting for me somewhere  
On a train or a bus or something mundane like that  
I know that's the case, you see  
I know it to be so, you can ask my mom

And we'll give each other presents sometimes  
And relive all the fun times we had at other times  
When we were not having them right then  
And when that don't happen

Use my ribcage parts to build a ship  
Don't bother putting it back together  
Use my ribcage parts to build a ship  
What it protects, don't even fucking matter

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She's on a train or something, you know  
And they wreck from time to time  
You might say that's ridiculous  
But the demographics, man, never lie

The demographics never lie  
To somebody her scalp is peeled  
From the twisted plastic right now  
What if it's mine

I'll just be a thousand Oxygen channel movies  
To a thousand different people  
A thousand different ways  
And I don't care who it hurts

And when that does happen

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Don't bother putting it back together  
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Everyone's listening, I can't communicate effectively  
Under these circumstances, too self conscious  
I always do the same old shit, when it really matters

Like now, like now, like now

My chest  
It is a ribcage  
It is a chest  
It is a ribcage  
It is a chest  
It is a ribcage  
It is a chest

On it depends, the ground bends  
After everything crumbles to pieces  
I will be happy in my mess