

Made Out Of Babies, Proud To Drown

For the best that it stays on sweat like branches motions to pink surrounding you is gone for germs
Proud Drown Crawl Cold Sound
I would mold you into plastic plant you in sound with a thirst for burning your clutching demands are
It's Disappointing like dark skies crawling on cold tiles legs like they've been skinned alive I can feel
Thin lights shine a vision on
The instep of your first born undone
Forgeries from heart to hand
Molding you in plastic sand
Proud Drown Crawl Cold Sound
I see all the worthless done for
Best of your type past the last door Murdered spit that foams your mouth To burn the whites of my