

Magazine, My Tulpa

I suspect you ain't so sweet
as the lust I'm concealing
my skin will crawl back home to Ma
I've lost my way in my feelings

You always collect your fists
when my shadow falls upon your hands
you're just giving body heat away
but they say you're a nice enough young man

I want to see you
don't you want to see me ?
I'm full of questions
you're full of mystery

You can touch yourself anytime
you can touch yourself anytime
so wretched - you are so fetching
stop smiling at me - treat me unpleasantly

You've got the whole world in your wardrobe
your furniture's made to injure me
my skin will crawl back home to Ma
when our souls mingle uneasily

I want to see you ...