Panic! At The Disco, Nearly witches

Here I am
Composing of burlesque
Out of where they rest their heads
Sulking in their splintered cradles
And ramshakled hands
They asked for it
As a boy
I eat my wishes on golden tooth picks
And digested them with wolf intestines
I fell from the heavens
As a fetish blessed with
An operatic skeleton
And as the stars watch me descend
I crack a family tree and
Chopped off all of the branches
I fell from the heavens
As a fetish blessed with
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