

See Emily Pray, Flesh Circus

Your fragile winter
Bores me to tears
Have you ever learned to,
To embrace your fears
We're getting a nose bleed
In this needle pit
Smells like genocide baby
Oh get used to it

Your just unconvincing
You just can't lie
I'd love to believe you
Between you and I

Rise to occasion our drama queen
Queued to performance so promising
Flesh circus caravan in this morbid dream
But none of her shit means a fucking thing

Please pick a face
I'm not entertained
I'm starting to yawn now
I'll try to refrain
Do me a favor
Keep track of your lies
Some of your stories
Sound just like mine

People see through you
Trust me my dear
The stink travels miles
When your pussy is near

Rise to occasion our drama queen
Queued to performance so promising
Flesh circus caravan in this morbid dream
But none of her shit means a fucking thing

Oh tell me again
How much you cried
I'm keeping track now
This is the one millionth time
If I wanted bullshit
I'd turn on the tv
Just watching Fox news
Is enough drama for me

How dare you assume
That your welcome here
Open your legs
To your flesh circus peers

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But none of her shit means a fucking thing