

# Sub Urban, Cradles

I live inside my own world of make-believe  
Kids screaming in their cradles, profanities  
I see the world through eyes covered in ink and bleach  
Cross out the ones who heard my cries and watched me weep

I love everything  
Fire's spreading all around my room  
My world's so bright  
It's hard to breathe but that's all right, hush  
Shh

Tape my eyes open to force reality (no, no)  
Why can't you just let me eat my weight in glee?  
I live inside my own world of make-believe  
Kids screaming in their cradles, profanities  
Some days I feel skinnier than all the other days  
And sometimes I can't tell if my body belongs to me

I love everything  
Fire's spreading all around my room  
My world's so bright  
It's hard to breathe but that's all right, hush  
Shh

I want to taste your content  
Hold your breath and feel the tension  
Devils hide behind redemption  
Honesty is a one-way gate to Hell  
I want to taste consumption  
Breathe faster to waste oxygen  
Hear the children sing aloud  
It's music 'til the wick burns out, hush

Just wanna be carefree lately, yeah  
Just kicking up daisies  
Got one too many quarters in my pockets  
Count 'em like the four-leaf clovers in my locket  
Untied laces, yeah  
Just tripping on daydreams  
Got dirty little lullabies playing on repeat  
Might as well just rot around the nursery and count sheep