

Sullivan, Goodbye, Miss Havisham

Lungs turn to rust, turn to soot
While you smother yourself
Taste of your mouth is of smoke
Lip gloss under his belt
Somebody help

Charred away your flesh and bones
This doll's been brought to life
Wrapped up in orchid leaves tangled in twine
This womb, it will survive
In time

Pull out what's left of your hair
Is that lace in your skin?
Focused and fixed on your ribs
Would you break from within?

Somebody send (help)
Oh I know
But I can't take this

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