

# The Smile, Thin Thing

Down a rabbit hole  
We go  
As the flames grow higher  
For unbelievers  
Making mushrooms out of men  
'Til she turns us back again

To a face of solid gold  
Solid gold  
Sycophantic fawners  
In double quick-time  
The beginning at the end  
'Til she turns us back again

First she'll pull your fingers off  
And then she'll pull your toes  
And then she'll steal the photos from your phone  
(But you won't notice)

Our echo doesn't hear us  
Anymore  
Hanging on a cloth edge  
By his fingers  
Making mushrooms out of men  
That's okay I guess if you like this kind of, kind of thing  
This kinda thin, thin, thin, thin thing  
These kinda mushrooms  
These kinda rip offs  
These kinda rip offs  
These kinda thin, thin, thin, thin, thin things

Like this kind of thin  
Like this kind of thin, thin thing  
Like this kind of thing  
Like this kind of thing  
Like this kind of thing  
Like this kind of thing  
Like this kind of thing  
Like this kind of