

My Cups Half Empty

Arsonists Get All The Girls

The hunt is over now
You've almost made it out
It took us several days
To remove your tumor thought benign
Bracing for it
My how the tables have turned
I said my how the tables have turned
Don't look down
I hold in hand, the answers to life
Six heads to a neck, and I know
They try to survive in the night
Thick are their wits, they have many names
They reach for a kiss, and end
All of those with alloy and aim
Trust us, they'll promise, this won't hurt a bit
Trust us, they'll say, this won't hurt a bit
Pain has the worst taste in its mouth
Anger will delve you into the deepest of mind
Hate condemns a man of trusting his love
Time knows truth is only saying I