

Circumlocution

Just a parlor game in a kissing chair  
Anything to make me sigh

You never really changed  
You never really tried to detox

A constellation of zits  
And a snail trail of snot  
I'm losing patience with this  
 Hoping that you're not an asshole

Echo location

I owned those ugly streets and that ugly man  
By walking all over them  
By being other than

I never really tried to detox

A dire harbinger  
Fire engine red  
What holds your cells together  
Will or just a killer's fear of death?

That ugly mouth  
A freakish holdout  
Ythought you were used to it  
Forgot to choose this shit  
A holy constellation and you abused it  
A snowy haunted season shining up your shoes  
Bet that's the only reason you don't lose

Self immolation  
Just a parlor game in a kissing chair  
Anything to make me laugh