

The Teeth Collector

Pretty Girls Make Graves

I'm unfolding little scraps of paper
I'm dotting 'I's' and crossing 'T's'
Like a ghost, you were the gardener
That snuck in and planted seed

Decay, your words acidic taste
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

No more voices on the radio
No more waiting by the telephone

Arrows aim to crack rib cages
But your venom's weak in my blood
Your poison scabs, coagulated
Your hardest try is never enough

Decay, your words acidic taste
I'm unfolding little scraps of paper
But I'll pluck you like a dead bug from my feet

The tooth is rotten, yank it out
Your words are cancer in my mouth
This captain's ship is going down