

Your Body is a Machine

The Good Natured

It's only a matter of time
Before all the springs in the mind
Will start to break
Like you have broken me
There's silver in your lungs now
All I care about is shapes
All I care about is colours
You said your body is a machine
It will break
Like you have broken me
And I can't forget the words
Forgotten promises
Are completely worthless

I feel you beating in my chest
I feel you screaming in my lungs
You are heavy but
Your beats in time
I feel the crimson on my lips
Now my stomachs lined with gold
I'm broken hearted but my beats in time

We are influenced
By self love
And benevolence
Narcissism is overwhelming
Vanity is quite exhausting
Self indulgent
Hedonistic
Blame it all
On your upbringing

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