

Closet Monster

Voodoo Glow Skulls

hey mom, hey dad! where's your kid- she's studying in the library like she said- she did, she always wore a pretty smile- sitting in the classroom without denial- do you remember telling her what to do- what you told her she would always do- blushing, hiding from the truth- i know i should have told you about her- but now it's too late what will you do- your daughter's fat. disgusting too- she has twelve kids, there's something even better- every time the drinks get better- you swore that you had her life planned- go to college understand- well, miss candy prom queen won't use her hands- i know i should have told you about her- at highschool she was like a saint- like pre-school children and finger-paints blushing, hiding, feeling shame- i know the story ends the same- at the parties she would say- i wish i never felt this way- if i could start my life again- i wouldn't be a closet monster