

Acumen Nation, Fuckface

dear stain, what you were before you fell
curvaceous dreams to kill myself
coveted your strength i did, moistened with your killer sex
never will be trapped again, never mess with you again
you're weaker than the preacher
that you promised me you never were
now i wake up screaming to the sounds
of the bells the bells the bells the bells

turn some of the gospel on yourself
you're crueller than you'd care to know
pour some of that guilt upon yourself
you're just an o.k. smile
you freak about abusers, you're so abused
you freak about oppression, you're silly blues
try to see yourself in the mirror while you suck and swallow
ruin someone else's tomorrow with that funky, funky, funky ass!

what shall we do, to fill the empty
spaces where.. we used to fuck. . .
what shall we do, to fill the empty
spaces where.. we used to fuck. . .
what shall we do, to fill the empty
spaces where.. we used to fuck. . .