

# Curl Up And Die, Instrumental

She kisses like cough syrup when I have a cold.  
but we're not in love, we're just alone.  
Like a drug company's overdose.  
Trying to replace our heads with holes.

We're missing days and spending weeks.  
Only passing through looking for company.  
And semen released is a rotting stomach.  
Like a body drained of blood.  
My flaw. Our failure.