

Ethel Cain, Two-Headed Mother

You know
You know
You know
You know

You think that you create the waves
But I create you
Two-headed mother in your bed
You know she hates you
Kissing tyrannical heads spitting at you
Babe, fire you wade through
The ways I fuck myself and get down good
Never need to mind you
I've loved before, I'll kill again
You're just the worst of all my men
I'm not gon' pull you out the den so they don't bite you
I won't feel good again until I'm up inside you

I love you
I love you
I love you
I'll love 'til I'm sore
I don't love you
I don't love you
I don't love you
I don't love you no more

Two-headed mother pulled you from the black
And she can send you back