

# Jack Off Jill, Poor Impulse Control

I envy your demise  
I hope it's all you dreamed it would be  
One bullet in this gun  
Not sure if it's for you or me

I envy your demise  
With all the guilt you hid away  
All the lies that I had spun  
And all the times I wished you'd stay

Now, all that I'll ever suffer  
All that I'll ever be  
All that I'll ever ruin  
You can always cover me with makeup

I envy your demise  
Seven hundred and fifty degrees  
When it burned it smelled like you  
But it scorched and looked a lot like me

I envy your demise  
You never said that you'd try  
When I had to lose control  
Lose control to really cry

Now, all that I'll ever abuse  
All that I'll ever see  
All that I'll ever ruin  
You can always cover it with makeup

All that I'll ever limit  
All that I'll ever try  
All that I'll ever trust  
You can always cover it with

All that I'll ever abuse  
All that I'll ever see  
All that I'll ever ruin  
You can always cover it with makeup