

The Smile, Thin Thing

Down a rabbit hole
We go
As the flames grow higher
For unbelievers
Making mushrooms out of men
'Til she turns us back again

To a face of solid gold
Solid gold
Sycophantic fawners
In double quick-time
The beginning at the end
'Til she turns us back again

First she'll pull your fingers off
And then she'll pull your toes
And then she'll steal the photos from your phone
(But you won't notice)

Our echo doesn't hear us
Anymore
Hanging on a cloth edge
By his fingers
Making mushrooms out of men
That's okay I guess if you like this kind of, kind of thing
This kinda thin, thin, thin, thin thing
These kinda mushrooms
These kinda rip offs
These kinda rip offs
These kinda thin, thin, thin, thin, thin things

Like this kind of thin
Like this kind of thin, thin thing
Like this kind of thing
Like this kind of thing
Like this kind of thing
Like this kind of thing
Like this kind of thing
Like this kind of