

Demons

Your eyes, filled by the devil himself
Your hands, only touched by the hands of evil
Your body, chiseled from morbid marble
Your mind, a death trap for any angel

There is a place for you inside anybody
And yet we consider you a virtue
When all our vices are as holy
As someone saying I love you

The Best Job Ever

I got classes
With lots of asses
Sitting on seats
Pretending to listen
But all they do is cheat
Fun for all, but none for the teach
And then they say this job's a beach

But when the carpet's rolled out
And the kids are walking out
Clutching their degrees
I tell myself: 'Please!'

This jungle of life will swallow them whole
And spit them out sans soul
Let them be the best they can be
And treat them the way they treated me

Like shit or like heaven
Like dirt or like brethren
And never let me see them again
Unless the kitchen needs a friend

Bella Notte

Don't be high
Off your own supply

Or you might cry
In a broke man's lullaby