

The Action of Breaking Bread

AND THE COMMUNION OF THE BLOOD
OF THE INNOCENT



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On the Altar

TRACING OLD SCARS

HOPING THEY'LL BREAK BACK OPEN ON THE ALTAR

SO I CAN BLEED OUT BEFORE THE DEATH OF MY HEART

I FEEL LIKE I'M HELD TOGETHER JUST TO FALL APART

AND I CAN'T WAIT UNTIL I CAN THROW IT ALL OUT OF THE
WINDOW OF THE CAR

I'M GOING TO JUMP FROM LIKE I SAID AT THE START

I AM THE RAIN

I WAS MEANT TO POUR MY INSIDES OUT

PEEL BACK MY GUMS

AND LET YOU SEE THE WORDS

I WOULD NEVER SPEAK

www

Scars That Never Bleed

THE BRUISES ON MY MOUTH AND KNEES DON'T LAST LONG ENOUGH
EVERY TIME I WANT TO LEAVE A MARK I GIVE UP
AND WHEN I HOPE I CAN GET BY WITHOUT BREAKING THE SKIN
I FIND MYSELF IN A POOL OF BLOOD AGAIN



YOU ARE THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES ME FEEL MORE ALIVE
THAN BEING ON THE BRINK OF DEATH



The Bible in the Form of Blood in My Mouth

WHY DOES GOD CREATE PEOPLE WHO
WANT TO DESTROY THEMSELVES?
DOES HE THINK IT'S FUN TO WATCH
HIS CHILD
DIE FROM THE INSIDE OUT?

IF HE DOES
I BET HE ENJOYS WATCHING ME
CRUCIFY MYSELF
WITH THE WORDS FROM HIS BOOK
IN MY MOUTH

CRUCIFY ME
MAKE MY DEATH SLOW AND BLOODY
THROW ME TO THE DIRT STILL ALIVE
SO THE CYCLE CAN REPEAT

CROWN
COLD
AND
THORNY

His Fingers Were Razor Blades, Yours Are Knives

YOUR WORDS DON'T MEAN ANYTHING
GOD DOESN'T BELIEVE YOUR LIES LIKE I DO
I'M AT HOME, CLOSE TO DYING
I DON'T THINK I EVER REALLY KNEW YOU

CALL ME BACK
TELL ME YOU STILL CARE
HANG UP THE PHONE
TELL ME I CAN'T GO ANYWHERE

WHEN I SEE YOUR FACE
IT DOESN'T FEEL FAMILIAR, I FEEL BRUISED
YOUR WORDS DON'T MEAN ANYTHING
GOD DOESN'T HATE YOU LIKE I DO



Yellow Lines on a Gray Road

I STEAL YOUR LEATHER JACKET
I PUSH AND PULL BECAUSE WE'RE BOTH THE ADDICT
AND IN THE STORM I
SAW THE SKY
AND YOUR NAME WAS WRITTEN IN THE BRIGHTEST LIGHTS

DEAR GOD, DON'T LEAVE ME HERE AGAIN
I GET FARTHER FROM HOME WITH EACH SIN
I CAN'T STAY IN THIS GAS STATION BATHROOM
WITH BROKEN CARTILAGE AND SKIN
AND WITH MY BLOOD ON THE FLOOR
I LET MY GUTS SPILL OUT EVERYTHING

I CAN'T BELIEVE I HAD IT
I CUT MYSELF UP BECAUSE WAS ALWAYS THE ADDICT
AND IN THE STORM I
SAW THE SKY
AND YOU WERE THERE LIKE THE BRIGHTEST LIGHT

WON'T YOU TAKE ME HOME AGAIN?
I'M BROKEN ON THE FLOOR
PICK ME UP OFF OF IT
AND THROW ME IN THE FRONT SEAT
NEXT TO YOU, SIS
I THINK I'M COMING HOME AGAIN

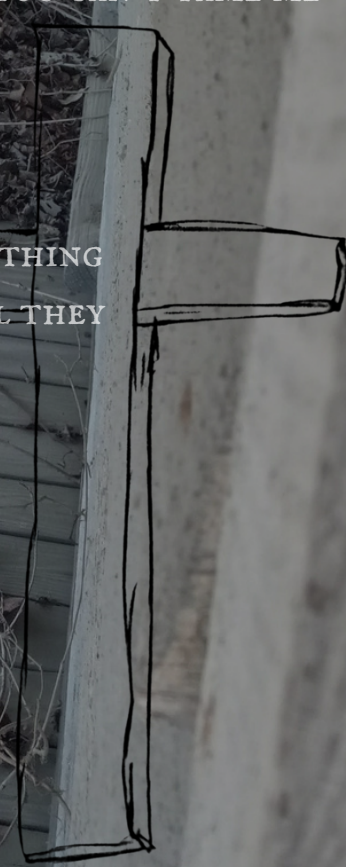
I'LL BE THE BITCH IF YOU PLAY THE MARTYR
I THINK I COULD FIND PEACE IF I PRAY A BIT HARDER
WHEN YOU CRUCIFY ME
AND FUCK INTO MY GUTS

GOD KNOWS NO SUFFERING LIKE HE'S ASKED ME TO BEAR
YOUR HANDS AROUND MY THROAT LEAVE THE MARKS THAT I WEAR
IF GOD STILL LOVES ME
THEN WHY DOESN'T HE CARE?

I WRITE THE WORDS UPON ME FOR WHEN I CANNOT SPEAK
I AM LOOKING AT THE FUTURE YOU HOLD FOR ME
AND I FEAR IT IS COLD AND BLEAK
I HOPE TO FIND ASCENSION
BUT YOUR BODY SEEMS TO REEK
FROM THE INSIDE OUT I FEEL YOU BLEED
YOU HELD ME DOWN BUT YOU CAN'T TAME ME

My words keep floating but they're lost in everything
Your body sucks them in and spits them out until they
don't mean anything
My fear corrodes and washes away into apathy
I hope the end is near
I hope there is no suffering left to feed

Stop



Parasite

FUCK ME WHERE IT HURTS THE MOST
THE PARASITE AND THE HOST
BUT I CAN'T TELL WHO'S WHO ANYMORE
I TAKE THE THRONE
HOPING YOU'LL TEAR ME DOWN
I AM THE GOD UNDER YOUR GROUND
WHY CAN'T YOU BE BETTER THAN ME?
DRINK UP THE SWEETNESS OF THE SEA
AND I'LL LICK THE WOUNDS LEFT TO BLEED
TASTING EACH OTHER ON LIPS SO SWEET

I WOULD FUCK YOU UP BUT IT'S NOT WORTH THE
PAIN
I SEE YOUR FACE EVERY TIME I HEAR THE RAIN
YOU'RE TRAPPED IN THE WOUND
YOU'RE TRAPPED IN MY BRAIN
I PUT THE BRAND ON YOU
I TAKE OUT THE BLAME

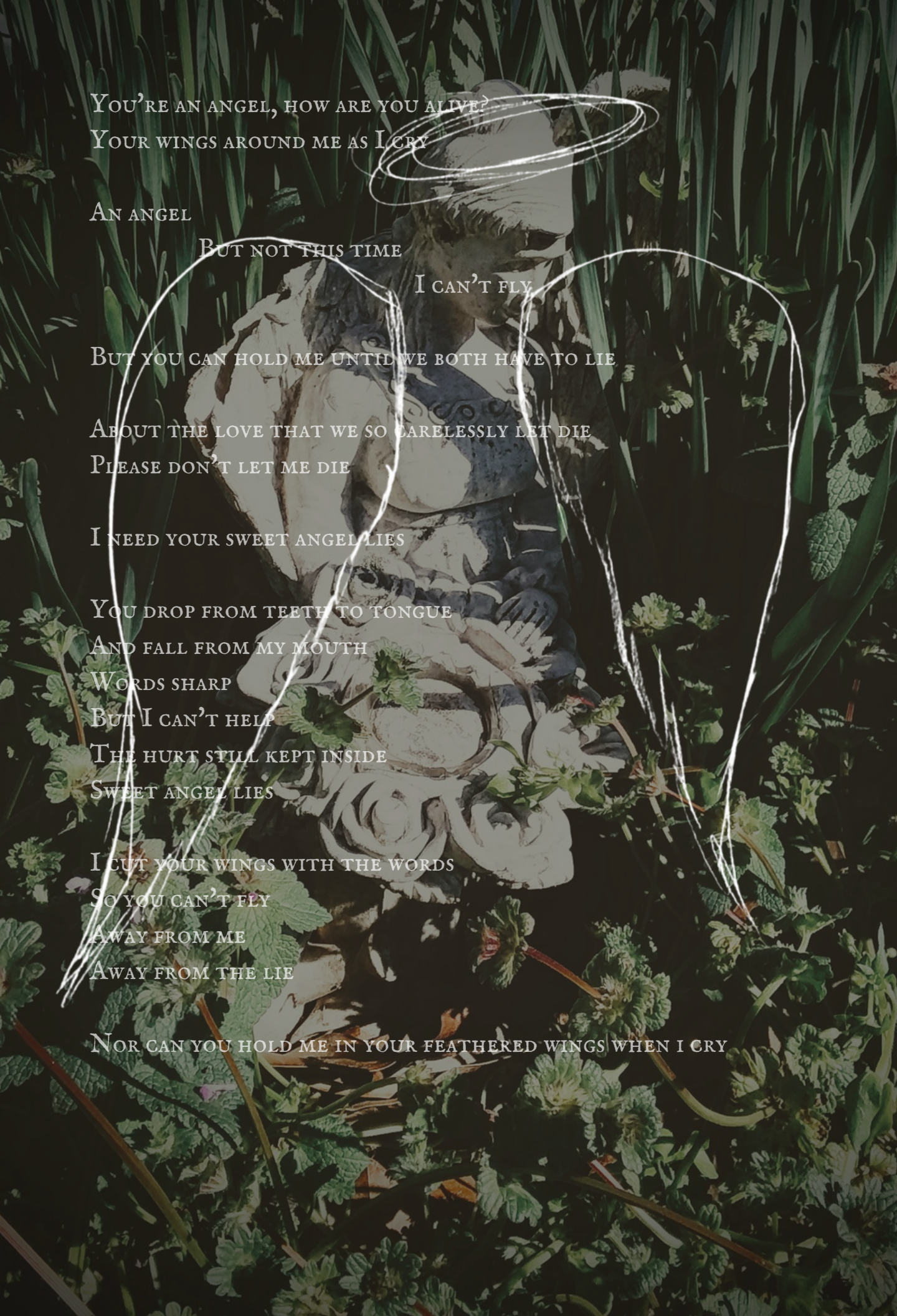
I TAKE OUT THE BLAME
YOU TAKE ALL THE BLAME
I CUT OUT THE BLAME
I CUT OUT YOUR NAME



Knife, Fingers, Tissues

IN THE NIGHT
WHEN I TEAR MYSELF APART
I WONDER IF YOU THINK OF ME
DO MY CRIES ECHO IN YOUR DREAMS?
MY FINGERS ON THE BLADE
AND MY FINGERS INSIDE OF ME
TEARING FLESH AND DRAWING BLOOD
BLOODY TISSUES UNDER MY PILLOW
DO THEY LEAVE PRINTS ON YOURS?
CAN YOU FEEL IT?
WHEN THE BLOOD DRIPS FROM MY ARM
DOES IT FALL ON YOUR CHEST?
WHEN THE BLOOD DRIPS FROM MY WOMB
DOES IT FALL ON YOUR FACE?
CAN MY FEELINGS STILL STAIN YOU
WHEN YOU'RE SO FAR AWAY?



A person is lying on their back in a field of tall, green grass. They are wearing a dark, patterned top. A white, hand-drawn halo circles their head, and two long, white, hand-drawn wings extend from their shoulders down towards the bottom of the frame. The person's face is partially visible, looking upwards.

YOU'RE AN ANGEL, HOW ARE YOU ALIVE?
YOUR WINGS AROUND ME AS I CRY

AN ANGEL

BUT NOT THIS TIME

I CAN'T FLY

BUT YOU CAN HOLD ME UNTIL WE BOTH HAVE TO LIE

ABOUT THE LOVE THAT WE SO CARELESSLY LET DIE

PLEASE DON'T LET ME DIE

I NEED YOUR SWEET ANGEL LIES

YOU DROP FROM TEETH TO TONGUE

AND FALL FROM MY MOUTH

WORDS SHARP

BUT I CAN'T HELP

THE HURT STILL KEPT INSIDE

SWEET ANGEL LIES

I CUT YOUR WINGS WITH THE WORDS

SO YOU CAN'T FLY

AWAY FROM ME

AWAY FROM THE LIE

NOR CAN YOU HOLD ME IN YOUR FEATHERED WINGS WHEN I CRY

WOUNDS ON MY FACE FROM YOUR KISSES

BLOOD IN YOUR MOUTH FROM MY SCARS

DID YOU REALLY BELIEVE

YOU'D MAKE IT THAT FAR

YOU WERE FIGHTING A LOSING WAR

WHEN YOU TRIED TO SAVE ME FROM MYSELF

BECAUSE I LOVED THEM MORE THAN YOU

TRACE THE INDENTS OF YOUR WORDS IN MY SKIN