

Sewerperson - Stockholm Syndrome But My Ancestry Profile Poi

Eric look at me

I shouldve lived pointless

I dont got a conscience

I was searching family, im cold

And im a dark, numbly i know, yeah

I can't count on god with me, you know this

Like 20 years of light hit his sore eyes

Atmosphere will enter through his nasal cavity

And start his brain again, to realize that his, and his love died

And all it took was one look at the people outside

He's in stockholm, on a back road

Brutally abused but he'll assure you that it's his fault

Oh he still protects him with his panda eyes

Guess some spell was ever stronger than a lover's lie

In a mind where only way to even debt is suicide, ugh

There's no hope in subjects switching sides, yuh

These bloody towels inside the farmin' room

It was all for flesh my friends

Dont, please dont get it misconstrued, you're meant to die

Fresh, he said somethin' about tryin' to keep me, fresh

I was alive when he was cutting off my flesh

Started at the feet, until he made it to my chest

Hypothermia when skinned, is its leading cause of death

Dirt inside my wounds, gave me heatin 'til i left

I guess i called his bluff, cuz he was sleepin' at his desk

When i grabbed the pipe from broken plummet by my bed

And beat the fuck out of him

'til i saw the thoughts pour out his head

He is scarred, he is stressed, he is in his car to death

He has made amends with god
While he was trapped in his graves net
Unit 731 inside the rules will burn me up
Once the word had shut, i guarantee they wouldntve heard of ya
This was one of many stories, i had heard from his hike
And guarantee on me, i'm providing more than insight
Like "i need to latch the fuckers on some tight, tight shit
This one got away but i will return 'em to my play pit"
Like 20 years of light hit his sore eyes
Atmosphere will enter through his nasal cavity
And start his brain again, to realize that his, and his love died
And all it took was one look at the people outside