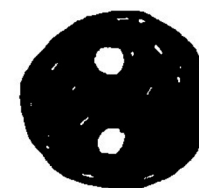


matchy-matchy





yin-yin

idle hands will pick it apart

idle hands
idle hands
idle hands
idle hands
idle hands

smash my hands
smash my hands
smash my hands
smash my hands

pairing

it terrifies me to lose parts
to someone else's touch

(fear of fear)

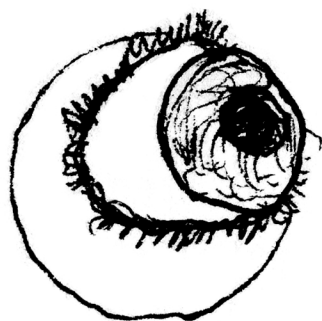
violent touch
collecting dust

i've been feeling really low lately



the dust consented
to being collected







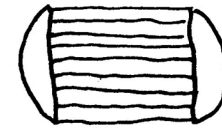
c'mon

i know how you would touch
the perfection of the orb
portal, port-hole
man's land and no man's land
as in,
democracy

you'd
hold it with an anchor in
simple, so simple
ease in which it appeals
reveals
repulse
re pulse

c'mere

(whisper)
*you're so vain,
i bet you think this song is about you,
don't you?
don't you?
don't you?*



maybe i should have more faith
in connection
or hope
or belief in the possibility
that it could ever happen,
maybe

"open to it"