



HER FATHER 'S EYES

::LYRICS::

Hormones wriggle to the sound of alcopops
He giggles at her purple pop-socks
Bare legs buckle on the count of three
And then she runs home to tell all to her diary.

She sees her father s eyes
When she kneels to confess that she undressed for him
And when she came she cried
All the guilt was released just like his rookie gism.

So here we go again
She s not gonna try capoeira
We might have to properly scare her
Cos life s only rule
Is to deny that it exists at all.

Her mother thinks girls are made of sugar and spice
They skip through fields and stay away from Smirnoff Ice
So imagine the bile and spit
Hypocritically discovering her daughter puts it out a bit.

She sees her father s eyes
When she kneels to confess that she undressed for him
And when she came she cried
All the guilt was released just like his rookie gism.

So here we go again
She s not gonna try capoeira
We might have to properly scare her
Cos life s only rule
Is to deny that it exists at all.

So let us strip away
Like warm coats on a hot day
The rhetoric and utter bullshit
Cos this is how it stands
You ve got paper-cuts on your hands
The blood will stain your skin forever

So here we go again
She s not gonna try capoeira
God s obviously failed to prepare her
For death s only rule
Which is to deny that it exists at all.