

## **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