

Download the files, unzip the body bags

She hacks my hello as we skid across the terraces
exudes the broken laws of composition
to the tune Milton Friedman's Paradise Cost more than any paraffin kiss (a decision we
make in
Eros, like we undress to the nines (husband stitched up in one Swiftian emotion
Sickness is a consummate unprofessional just act natural
Selection bias for action movies trigger happy in their hoodies on a fried
Day of our lies I have to job because the system cuts callings tie up my eyes we've
contracted life
Styles of the broke and ordinary on the line we throw
Down our hearts so she can get past the buzzer the pub re
Organises itself into the train station love
Beyond your means of production they say we love in a crackdown
Anyway you look at it and we're gonna live it up for the things we say - the
economy's in
Apathy don't believe the hope it's no match for me muffled up and dying larg-
Er then life turned around and said hi there's not really a point
If you don't even try the war criminals their oil
Like their psychology @rude. I don't know who
those parcels be for my pupils and iris blink separately doomed
With a capital MtF we breathe under
Worlds they swallow our cheeks second elderhood
But the youth we're shooting says there's hell to prove I call you you're not sober
passed out on your four poster snake in place of our choker I skip work I have a cool
(like a cold, but doesn't follow rules like you, a prodigy
On the claret actually if I called you beauty is truth
Would you lie with me? Or just say it's been John donne b4? You say you're there for
me
But an hour later it's the and
Of an aura good riddance I say you'll have the dimebag of your life lines off the toilet
trained to put up the is
In nuance too commie for blues, but rhythm sections me state crossed lovers
wanted
Dead to each other so I drink
I'm in love potions make me kind of nervous tick to say
So she fell from earth but hocked
Her halo she'd be a CEO if she didn't get fined
the pay low points at me i'm deconstructed away from u2
And a bit off less than I can rue thus I rap
Ture a couplet put my feet up in the air and sway with
the breeze way we both know ain't all their acid like
I'm not a poet I'm jest another cant starvaging reaking havoc ironing out the ray davies
in my garrotte knot

Queen of odds two

Than The Queen of Odds, I'll bet
Will laugh, "Off with her headspace"
And have us run till stuck in the same place
It's so she gets to checkmate (out)
Even though she doesn't play lots (oow)
I've got a maquillage of anarchy for you at the rodeo and every slow
dance has been saved to USB cru so
Sane it hurts to consider voting no the clouds're gathering below like
pillows talk
About blowing the globes on, and doing it, if I may bellow, without any
clothes on
Heads and frozen tales of woah your reputation proceeds without you
and the likelihood's up, dude
It's dereliction of booty - from, this time, Russia with lurk
To the side - Happies' thrown up a status go
between the lines and berserker
Did the trick shot by a mate ship of lost sales steep
Ing off the plonk, deserts Bloomian 'neath our feat-
ured artist is just so down to Pluto I'd love to meet you could score five
stars made of Play Do'h go firster it's lust
revenue raising the dead on my feed were mad for walking
Out
Empty-hearted and crashed
How you
Swore at me till death do matter of factly art your legs stall fellow me
around about time to press play with some maw intention, but also by

era

Witch is creaky, starvation for thought

I I was on the rote not using rugs just people as bad as Kerouac would

wart, but it was on the root of all evol that I herd the hordes

all of them want to drool the word, but, Mary, only you take it

satisfyingly under

whirled, I'm getting reddy to drink! I'm in love potions! And

The hole notion fakes

Flight of fancy thing it is,

y'know?