Revolve

Arts The Beatdoctor

Freedom's all lies different walk away
You gotta hold your tongue you gotta hit it with the right of way
Maybe I blocked you from your intellectual scene
In a way insane in a way it's gotta be.
Red Sister might be choking but I ain't about that kind
Answer me with the rhythm of a body that was born to lose two times.
Hey big motor
He says that I'm a true fortune lie
Hang my shoulder
Big broken love, big broken knives

They might try to hide they have to answer mordant sins
You might be right like a hole in the wind
Poison daggers for the road mix broke down cross
Takes your head off the line
The flavor might be missing he has to cross that anyway
You can bet you can riddle with the brothers to the power of another day.

Hey big motor
He says the Night Patrol 49
Hang my shoulder
Big broken love, big broken knives

Doing it say I'm meat
Which one stole my time
Didn't you say you'd watch it?
Didn't I?
Evil stripped in me
Three more stripped in time.
Didn't you say you've got it?
Watch me...Ah!

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