

Pyromance

Chemlab

Sink my finger in your hair, the sweat and the smell of our liquid affair,
in a gasoline burn our bodies will churn with a flick of the switch you're
plugged in to the itch...my battery got a charge with my finger triggering
your sparkplug, I felt that speedy boost when you bent down and licked my
boots heady and headed in the direction of some crash-car intersection it's
called "why don't we do it on the road" or at least that's what I am told

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