Tomorrow Is Not New

Swingin' Utters

Bite your tongue, fight your addictions. Fall in line ,fall in love and know your predictions.
Tomorrow is not new.And yesterday was due.
Ridiculed by the fools, usually the culprit. Figurines and little beeds, Jesus Christ and pulpit.
Put on the pedastal by work mates and your pedigree.By the balls, the rise and fall of the hatred that's inside of me .
Entrance keys, threshold fees. Exits to your memory. Waited death, bated breath. I sleep with no anxiety.
Missed my time, crooked spine. My friends and I are plain ugly and drinking a bit more heavily. Tomorrow is not new, and yesterday was due.

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