

Eagle vs. Crows

Dance Gavin Dance

It's that one type of night with the bright white ice pick.
Slipped up signature, wrestle till I scribble shit.
Who in my space smell khaki leather pants?
If my brain go missin I'll be damned
The one ripped by the wind. Instant implant.
How we see what we thought was nothing before
Now the lost and the waste can slide behind them.
Perform the custom of hissing lisp adorn. I've had a little bit too much.
Don't wait for me. I'll wake up on my own tomorrow.
I took a little medicine love to lubricate my flow.
Don't wait up for me cuz I'll be coming home tomorrow
I'll crush a mound up on your birthday cake, with your whole family there watching or at your Aunt Viv's wake.
Line up some blow on your titties and blow the rest in your face.
If you're not turning up then your whole life's a disgrace.
I like the self- destructive girls, where the fucks be all missin'
When you're home and I'm high I don't wanna hear no bitchin'.
This is the modern man, modern plan, future transition.
Worship the work and the product
American Joy Division I know them and I know what
I think Imma start this up (Eagle vs Crows)
We all suck. We were born to fuck this up Take the fastest object overgrowth
like a basket lobbin egg and yolk
I got the bombest little habit
watch my head explode like the plant lion synthesized this shit.
I've had a little bit too much.
Don't wait for me. I'll wake up on my own tomorrow.
I took a little medicine love to lubricate my flow.
Don't wait up for me cuz I'll be coming home tomorrow
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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