

# Tic

## Mnemonists

The tic begins, where's the manned end?  
The climate change will never get in  
Silent and strong, prepossessed  
You never need to make your own mess  
Weasel to me, charming to some  
Loathsome and glib, habits like self love  
Wearing slim fast, you carve your niche  
Lean smug back and work your pitch  
And all the way I'm gone  
No demon race to find  
You paint it up and know  
That any face could lie  
And all the way I'm gone  
No demon race to find  
You paint it up and know  
That any face could lie  
Affect my greatest style  
What suits me best of all  
I keep my pocket filled  
Lean right and fall

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