

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 messWeasel 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 pitchAnd all the way I'm gone

 No demon race to find

 You paint it up and know

That any face could lieAnd all the way I'm gone

 No demon race to find

 You paint it up and know

That any face could lieAffect my greatest style

 What suits me best of all

 I keep my pocket filled

 Lean right and fall

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