

Seventeen

Forward Russia

Lecher, apologize, be sorry
Apologize for you wouldn't want to be a lecher
Slow is the night
That wipes the tears from your eyes
Lecher, apologize, be sorry
Jurassic Park your husk in the burning
Bed of mess you laid
Bleeding conscience knows
Lecher, apologize, be sorry
Apologize for you wouldn't want to be a lecher
Lecher, apologize, be sorry
Apologize for you wouldn't want to be a lecher
Bleeding conscience left you slow
Lie to the tracker, lie to the
tracker
Lie to the tracker, let him know
That your heart's on fire
Your eyeball's inflamed
And your arm's incinerated
Lie to the tracker, lie to the tracker
Lie to the tracker, let him know
That your mouth's excited
Your body's entwined
And your tongue's incarcerated
Lie to the tracker, lie to the tracker
Lie to the tracker, let him know
That your heart's on fire
Your body's entwined
And your arm's incinerated
Lie to the tracker, lie to the tracker
Lie to the tracker, let him know
I sit astride your rough-fed cigarette burns
Wondering just what you looked like so long ago
I sit astride your rough-fed cigarette burns
Begging with you, pleading you to know
Lecher, apologize, be sorry
Apologize for you wouldn't want to be a lecher
Lecher, do not deny your body
The right to choose its form and corneal function
Bleeding closer helped you know

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