

Rum

Say Anything

They keep collapsing and every thread they weave is just a ball of twine, so whittle away, the picket sharp to spine.
I think that I'll evolve over the course of just a track, not because I really need to but because Mom encouraged that.
An ambition built for Bono until contrition countered fact with thistle-laden rhymes embedded in my stomach tract.
I think tonight I'll feed a timeless alien being who pleasures me at whim despite the time of month I'm bleeding.
I was born too numb to leave here without semblance of a feeling.
Hey, come take a ride on this double entendre.
Praise your mother with her teat of plenty.
I'm ready to be sliced up and served cheap.
A deli.
We all come from the depths of the belly of someone stripped of dignity by history, so tell me are you prepared to give it all up and start fresh?
Best to know what you're getting into before you get stitched to words some of you don't mean.
My demographic might end up tragic.
Screw it.
I'll start clean.
I feel alive so if you don't, die.
We build tombs for aging critics in dank rooms who dry hump thesauruses until they're even more boring.
This vein needs a hit of the china white, silly.
No, really.
Their motif has been stepped on like a stairwell in Philly.
Piss on your cause.
Give me your damn lunch money, Billy.
We do this for one night.
You paid me for one night so fingertip meet stalactite.
I'm going to sing songs because I want to sing songs.
It wouldn't hurt if all of y'all were singing along.
Want you to feel finally fearless.
Want y'all to cum when you hear this.
Get lost.
Fall in love with a stranger in the face of demise and danger.
Only so long we can stare at each other.
Tonight, we can touch one another.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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