Fingernails

Creepoid

Like black tires on the road and bitten fingernails in a bowl...
It's my desolate search for a soul that's taken me all night.
Like chalk lines on the floor and knowing that you wanted more.
Like a fish that's bitten through its lure, it used to change my mind.
Something alive has torn the sky.
Like a beautiful piece of art, or a fat sad bloated heart...
Like a shot taken into the night, your favorite place to lie...
Something alive has torn the sky.
Unlace your disguise - it's mine.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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