In God We Trust

Bent Knee

Deep creases hide your face.
Hide the grease and the taste.
Taste of fluid in lace.
Lucid, falling from grace.No stories come out of your mouth
when your time is out.
Children run out of your house
with no father tongue.Close your eyes and pretend
ghost stories have an end.
End your bet with your friends,
all good men are long dead.
No stories come out of your mouth
when your time is out.
Children run out of your house
with no father tongue.Center of attention,
waiting to sell
for a piece of paper.
In God we trust.
Waiting for a climax
from the hand that's
crawling up your
Center of attention,
you won't sell your
soul only your body.
They're just fingers,
crawling on your nipples
groping for yourCenter of attention.In God we trust, in God we trust.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/