Seventeen

Ã‚Â¡Forward, Russia!

Lecher, apologize, be sorry
Apologize for you wouldn't want to be a lecherSlow is the night
That wipes the tears from your eyesLecher, apologize, be sorry
Jurassic Park your husk in the burning
Bed of mess you laid
Bleeding conscience knowsLecher, 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 lecherBleeding conscience left you slowLie 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 incineratedLie 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 incarceratedLie 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 incineratedLie to the tracker, lie to the tracker
Lie to the tracker, let him knowI 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 knowLecher, 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 functionBleeding closer helped you know

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