Im Gonna Shoot

iwrestledabearonce

And I miss you when you're gone
He leaves me with a box of pearls kissing pearls with no mouths
Conceived in a birdcage she grows
The apple of her father's eye
Swimming in a fountain of milk
Built from bricks at the heart of thickness
I can feel her fingers spread to the beat of a kick drum
She will be beautiful and we already know her name
I've already laid eyes on the eyes on the apparition of my daughter
She's got that touch of you that makes her glow
Softest harmony, sung aloud
And she will be beautiful
Our choir girl
Venora
(taste me, embrace me, our choir girl).
Mother natures got craftsmanship
While producing ghostly fruits
She crept behind the woodwork gracefully speechless

Lyrics submitted by susana.

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