

# Foxes

## NT89

How mere riches be a war or we lose  
Close into symbols a fly drinks ignitions  
They turn infant's breath my milk and wrap to baby  
In day and the night to come  
I buckle and rose as God and the rest  
How mere riches be a war or we lose  
Close into symbols a fly drinks ignitions  
They turn infant's breath my milk and wrap to baby  
In day and the night to come  
Their little hands smooth all things out, nausea  
Singed by it, pulled around of my blazoning

(Pulled 'round)  
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored  
(Trousers)  
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so  
(Tighter)  
All of the time I improvise by making sure it's to wait for you  
(Tighter)  
Pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder  
Singed by it, pulled around of my blazoning

(Pulled 'round)  
Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored  
(Trousers)  
Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so  
(Tighter)  
All of the time I improvise by making sure it's to wait for you  
(Tighter)  
Pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder  
(Pulled 'round, trousers, tighter, tighter)

Their fan I tickle from serpents to dragons  
I'd immerse you in flame, your milk and your passion  
Lead weight for his from his old turn, the young, I was eagerest  
On using the stairs I, how nested to find you  
I buckle and rose as God and the rest  
How mere riches be a war all we lose  
Close into symbols a fly drinks ignitions

They turn infant's breath my milk and wrap to her baby  
In day and night to come  
Their little hands smooth all things, nausea  
Things old and young, young  
Rise here comes our reason  
New skies are a young escape to find you  
Singed by it, pulled around of my blazoning

(Pulled 'round)

Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored  
(Trousers)

Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so  
(Tighter)

All of the time I improvise by making sure it's to wait for you  
(Tighter)

Pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder, pulled rounder  
Singed by it, pulled around of my blazoning  
(Pulled 'round)

Eyes on the usually science of cherry-colored  
(Trousers)

Limelight not the music it's plain as as can be so  
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All of the time I improvise by making sure it's to wait for you  
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