Wildcat

Pretty Girls Make Graves

Violet, it bleeds purple behind lucid eyes
Negatives flash reverse of real life
Promises made with India ink
Bit your lip there's a flush in your cheeksHold it, hold it
Hold it, hold itMercury pir of travelers and thieves
Grant us speed, wisdom, and winged feet
Flying through the night, thunderbolt blinding temporary
Born of foam, we ride through moon colored streets
There's lightening in our hairWildcat
Turn the volume turn the tone
Wildcat
I'm in stereo

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