

Transmission

m-seven

We, we could fall off the earth
Between the sheets I know
I'm having trouble sleeping
Been counting sheep
I think I'll miss your supple heart the most
Feel free
To push me first
How else am I supposed to know?
And your words have been foreseen
So let's take a moment dear
Just to find some room to breathe
But your lips, they feel?

And we, we could fall to the floor
Between your thighs I know
This lifestyle has been sleeping
Been counting hours
Until the clouds become thick smoke
Let's just fall... [x3]
And your words have been foreseen
So let's take a moment dear
Just to find some room to breathe
And your words have been foreseen
So let's take a moment dear
Just to find some room to breathe

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