Fumes

subtractiveLAD

stay awake little misfit, her lips wet a very particular mischief, sis' wiggle an index if your limbs let, or settle for a warm burgundy bubble out of her beak instead, hey, tequila to free the worm, had his liver scuba suit up on the sabbath. his personal pale rabbit, at the hole's end her delicate mitten tipped, for sticking pissy liquor in him every day at 6, silly, predictability is a bitch, fully, pattern had her awkwardly christening the small talk chalk board, she said "this is less of a 'fixer-upper' than my last bar". funny, you're less of a 'fixer-upper' than my last whore. crass is similak to the milky wit of todays youths, both chuckle out. next couple on the house, next couple on the couch, swapping social coma rants, phobias and soldier doubts, jokes and corporate mogul bans, motor-mouths, the key to open his closure: pussy plus yay she hid is a broken toaster, and later wake neighbors over chemical flavor to fuck sickly, tooth/nail beauty through the skin deep.
now the dizziness is similar to whimsy with a pretty twist, if pretty is a bidding war for meteors of iffy sniff, and cigarettes and pills on the speaker silouhetted by the muted television and the rickety venetians, between tweaks he sweeps at home depot and reads, mostly biblical but not cuz he believed, but found the lexicon of jesus-heavy literature fly, feverishly sponged up the information high, and fade into the cradle of his same deck train wreck, she pet him with a mechanical tape deck play back, plus the depressing sum of the 2 combined pay checks, stung less when little debbie d-cup put her legs back, drunk, put her on the business end of his favorite couplet from corinthians, sunk into the comforts of a kid again, enough to share the stuff that truly interest him, this is where the vision of a shiny happy Christmas end, tipsy little princess wasn't listening, just yes-ing him, the more she fed him "yes", the more he fed her fresh barbiturates, assuming it was them against the world's into oblivion, but he was just a stupid simian that her live with him
pirouetting madly on a mirror full of baggies in the valley of the irritable aggie, any sincerity, miracles,or memory buried in the back-seat by the hazardous material was seriously gasping,here he is in action trying to patch up the attraction, figured he would win her back if he act in a common passion, penned a couple chapters about a sassy pair of magnets with a cottage on a hill and a picket fence and a marriage, never having gathered her rabid enthusiasm over language was fashioned around the aspirin his cabinets, asked her to read it expecting flattery after the fact, this is an exact imitation of how she react: "you ain't shit man, your story's a joke, you should package it with a last smoke and 6 feet of rope", man she know 5 chores, more coke and all fours, said "leave me on the floor and leave the dope by the door". bounced all shook up, she cook up aluminum, consuming every skull and crossbones in the room in under 2 minutes, he fuming with a flipped lid, storm into the crib and found her body on the tiles, like no she didn't. yes she did.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/