

Creep On Creepin' On

Timber Timbre

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

From your chair, my narative tonight is your dickless cousin, brother, father, pet, friend, husband or wife

A lavender scent

A bone-orchard of hearts seems to surround you
As you stare each gift horse straight in the mouth

Stare my arrow down

I was invited, I was called out
to watch you frolic

And dance Oh, I buried my head in my hands
I buried my heart there in the sand

I was cock-blocked, cured, encharmed

I was ferociously put upon until it was clear

I should not keep on, I'll just creep on creepin' on

Yes I will, I'll not keep on

I'll just creep on creepin' on Fell out of this station to levitate your bed

And move her hair on to my chest
exposing her neck

And I tear through

Put you into my arms

and my stomach dropped

As you shifted me off to stop

The ectoplasm coiled like a hovering halo of smoke

And our beloved invention is conjured each night in your throat Oh, I buried my head in my hands

I buried my heart there in the sand

I was cock-blocked, cured, encharmed

I was ferociously put upon until it was clear

I should not keep on, I'll just creep on creepin' on

Yes I will, I'll not keep on

I'll just creep on creepin' on

Do I try one more time?

No, I'll not keep on

I'll just creep on creepin' on

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