

Hyperviolet

Pig Destroyer

Traced in a wet sand her name in perfect cursive.
A love letter to the crescent moon.
By tommorrow it will be gone I told her.
There is no tommorrow she said.
I can feel her in a bikini of coiled snakes dancing into the hiss of the wind.
Postcards from a paradise in flames.
She used to be so right.
So right about everything.

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