

Run It Through the Dog

These Arms Are Snakes

We enter rooms at midnight.
With packages of lusts and stuff that no one could size up.
This is not just a picture fixture encapsulated in your mind,
it's a perfect romantic moment captured in time.
No we are no sin.
The room had burn holes with chemicals
that only medical tape could prescribe,
and the walls had holes with souls that no one could describe.
I'd like to think that maybe pieces of us are still there,
it all went out the window when I saw you go...no we are no sin.
So I took a souvenir, one that I gave to to you
and the other was put in my pocket till a wax judge would appear.
"Do you take the oath" to commit and submit, I do.
It sure was a night.
Placing ourselves in our own graves.
It sure was a night.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>