

Stupid Blood

Luxuria

That I'm afraid and I'm not afraid, is that
Why cut it fine in a ludicrous hat
My prick, my very spiritMy prick, my very spirit
My very stupid blood
Once lit the slow dynamite of habit
For the genius of loveBurn your bridges, burn your boats
Smell the life you never had
Why cut it fine in a ludicrous hatBurn your bridges, burn your boats
Smell the life you never had
That I'm afraid and I'm not afraid, is that

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