All Wrong

Cryptic Slaughter

She had black hair
Like ravens crawling over her shoulders
All the way downShe had a smile that swerved
She had a smile that curved
She had a smile that swerved all over the roadIt's all wrong, all wrong
All wrong, all wrongShe had a way of making people
Feel good to be around her
As it should beIt's all wrong, all wrong
All wrong, all wrong
All wrong, all wrong
All wrongAnd when she laughs I travel back in time
Something flips the switch
And I collapse insideIt's all wrong, all wrong
All wrong, all wrong
All wrong, all wrong
All wrong

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