Lucifer

These Arms Are Snakes

Open positions, and sing songs of love.
Then repent against yourself,
And swallow your own foot.
It stinks like fermentation and I know it's your brain,
Because it's just like the past,
Which I cannot forget.
It's just like,
Just like,
Just like,
Just like... no.
Shallow old rotting stiffs,
That live in some graves.
Perpetuating throw backs,
From said such old graves, old graves.
It's just like,
Just like,
Just like,
Just like,
Just like,
Just like,
Just like,
Just like... no.I hold aspiration, and it's in a key,
So I count the tickets, oh I count the tickets.
I hold aspiration, and it's in a key,
I count the tickets, I count the tickets.
I hold aspiration, and it's in a key,
I count the tickets, I count the tickets.
It's just like
It's just like
It's just like
... Fire.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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