

I'm twice born, once and seven something
Once is the resurrection of honorable function
Been shoveling a coal as the engine's doctor
Long enough to see my silhouette acquire a permanent kink in a posture
The metenance of icicle spirit by the warmth of true endearment
Was, is, and forever will be a luxury
I'm a soubrette columnist fathering doom document
Cursed version of a certain Virgin Mary womb occupant

I know swamp rats who never suckled oxygen purification
Sure it's blurry may have had them speeeennnd breeezzzzzz
Stuck until my friend leaves puppet for the plummet committee
Sputtering bum numb enough to stomach the city
Who's that hugging a silhouette of willows with a hill's crest pan out?
On the candy coated crab apples, sugar dipped deadpan outs
I got a plan, I'll turnaquet my quest
Defeat a needle into battling to mute the mess
With patience galas with absentee balance I shove in the button
Strutting to exhibit mankind's hostility function
With a, pppppppppp paling in comparison a methias Goliath
Live to rigged frame in a wicked silence
I top and ate my nameless square then I bumped eyelids
With a Christ we saw the same thing through a second
What's that? The grand mosaic depicting historical glory in a legend
Nurse me through the time stick and stone mixes hex my fertile crescent
Now all's well, I'm laughing on the inside I swear
Just trying to keep my head above red tide despair
My imperfections pair off with buddy system symmetrics morbidly
So every second the discontent's locked accordingly
Let's turn mummy's shut up affection a berserk glory condition
And pray for the day a star child tugs the ribbon
Meddle in a two-hand grip when that spoon full of sugar medical chaser
Credible crasser antidote's terrible taste the
Water with a stolen soul pen left picture mad rhythm pinned
Never set a grin and fly health
Consider me a mobile advertisement for that hybrid plan of fabrics
I deemed practical, now is you is or is you ain't compatible
I feel a wind in my opinions plus hyper clutch
Crush one's ginger bread tenement awful,
It's like the day the great oak met the saw mill
A lifeline of spectacular expansion leaves the reaper
At the hand of what man's hand jokes
My friend's got a book about dreams, I look and laugh
I dream a book about my friends and still can't decipher the half
Ch-chatter boooox, now let a soothe sayer major
Cater to a king green battered on the brink of disease
I am, skin and bones, I am, sin and poems, I am, tin and chrome
You grin and groans fuck it I'm tinted when accrete zone
Blow the pedals off a dandelion trying to make my little gypsy blush
And felt as if I'd actually accomplish something
Fortify the bullies of the jokes soaking in treatment
Sit and watch the percentages teeter on the evening
On a ghost up in a fuse a lot second before the cock dropped
In the Styx and stared him down until he fixed it

Fashion, it's cool and all but what about God?
(Oh God, well he's the man, but what about reading?)

What, like novels, man that don't hold my attention, what about television?
(Television hurts my brain, how about walking in the rain?)
I hate walking, it's boring, how about some old fashioned gone fishin'
(Yeah, fishing's great but I can't stand hooking the bait, lets dance)
I've got too left feet plus motion sickness, how about breakfast?
(Man, I'm hungry, but that means I'mma have to borrow some money)
Let's fly a kite (Let's burn the generals)
Let's sell lemonade (Let's drink)
Let's poke a hole inside the tugboat, ease on back and watch it sink
(Naw, lets scare a pupil once a year just to shake the academy)
Casually note the blossom of phantom alignment strategy

I'll make the waterfall out of order in autumn saw the quarter
When the gods mimic the vintage knuckle drag sacked in a coffin
I affiliate my rag dummy appearance with a most cohesive spirit
Clattering the yesterday ain't shed a tear since
Hear me, wrote the Old Yeller community cartoon
The carousel balloon extravagant aware, inviting it
I'm swore to Adam and matter and saddling
Warhead thorax and abdomen to primitive horse back galloping
My index fingers rest in my talisman branded up in the jackals skin
One must pardon yee old common street detour
Weaving graceful through the prom directed column
Greater virus retreats to a lot in Valom
Bean stalk where the fiend walk and my name is mud
But that's got a ring to it so my soil welcomes the flood
I walk through God's practical joke on man practically broke
And if they raise my rent again I'll spend my nights practically soaked
Who spits silk dimensions with a noose looped by the raft?
After lack of reasoning jedi 3, 2, 1,
Oooh I'm hung, I've clung to hope but see you in hell
I'll be that clear blue icicle that simply refused to melt
Sturdy eye krulin, tin can skeleton,
Skull of a thousand dilapidated dream remnants
Here to convict based on a tin bucket of evidence
I steer where the heaven's merely a legend so the peasants dream well