

These Are My Dress Clothes

Bison B.C.

Bodies are burning, your love it ain't earning
Arms are out reaching, our birth should have stayed in

Down in the wasteland of our town a showdown
Finding a fortune within us

The fire ain't out
Bring on the drought

Slow down the function, our heart beats the weapon
Lightning filled eyes washout blackening skies

Cupping your breath with the dirtiest fingers
Kissing the dirt with the strangers

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