

# Hypothetical

Emigrate

Fuck

I've got there hands to hold you  
This mouth will chew and swell  
Like butterflies inside you  
Perfuming what you sell

I know that I'm reaching  
That churning, burning heart  
I see the sweat is beading  
From what I peel apart

Oh, you don't know  
What I'm gonna do to you  
So hypothetical  
So hypothetical

Fuck  
Hypothetical  
Let's fuck  
So hypothetical

You've got the hands to be tied  
Slip out from skin so cold  
I've got the folds to be blind  
Let's see what you like most

I cannot break the fever  
The pounding of your soul  
My little love receiver  
You make me lose control

Oh, you don't know  
What I'm gonna do to you  
So hypothetical  
So hypothetical

Fuck  
Hypothetical  
Let's fuck  
So hypothetical

Fuck  
Hypothetical  
Let's fuck  
So hypothetical

You don't know  
What I'm gonna do to you  
So hypothetical  
You don't know  
What I'm gonna do to you  
So hypothetical

Fuck

So hypothetical

Fuck  
So hypothetical  
Let's fuck  
So hypothetical  
Fuck  
So hypothetical  
Let's fuck  
So hypothetical