

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

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What I'm gonna do to you
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What I'm gonna do to you
So hypothetical

Fuck

So hypothetical

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