

Beware Beware

Gatsby's American Dream

Beware, beware out of their closets
the skeletons are coming
come down with me where the woods meet the water
lets get away from your dirty little secrets
notice the silence as we submerge in water by moonlight
stay down stay under don't come up
a little bit longer, a little bit longer now
don't hold your breath
your face is bloating and quicly becoming perfect
your skeletons aren't much of a problem now.