

Kids, Kids, Kids

Heavy Heavy Low Low

When the line between truths is as shallow as your breath
When you sigh all we become are echoes of what we once were
Like cheap red lipstick and whore house perfume
Disregard our potential
Cause honey we've vanquished all those fears and replaced them
with lust
Every second of love
Just a few more thrusts and our love will be gone
And I will be vindicated
And I will be lost