

No More

Infected Rain

Our screaming bodies
Are trembling in the highest study
Our wet tongues
Are dancing like mad worms
We were playing dirty games
Feeling like animals
Infected by itch other
We newer felt completely sober

I'm lying tired on the bed
Think about the things you've sad
Empty words and metaphors
You really want to feel me close

I'm teaching you the body language
Never thought your brain was damaged
All you are is a little boy
who likes to fuck me like a toy
You're hot but your words are empty
You cried, I felt guilty
You tried but I was strong
Look at me! Am I wrong?

I'm lying tiered on the bed
Think about the things you've sad
Empty words and metaphors
You really want to feel me close

I'm not white enough for you
But there is nothing I can do
To be with you, to be with you
To make the things for us go better

I'm lying tiered on the bed
Think about the things you've sad
Empty words and metaphors
You really want to feel me close