

Freaky Be Beautiful

Moist

I'm walking this railings edge
Just to feel this good
And freaky be beautiful you came following me
Like I knew you would
It tickled my fancy tickled my sense of fun
You claw like a rack on my back ever thickening
Its just begun
Freaky be beautiful he falls
And his blood it sprays so cold
On my face he feels so cold
My crallow bird waiting
Shallow breathed shrapnel lung
I'm pressing the beak to my cheek
And its thickening kick off turns the sun
Freaky be beautiful he falls
And his blood it sprays so cold
On my face he feels so cold
Oh no oh no
Freaky be beautiful he falls
And his blood it sprays so cold
On my face he feels so cold
So I rot down inside
For the loss
And I will not deny
I'm winding...
Dig it out...
Freaky be beautiful...