

The Dna Will Have Its Say

Some Girls

Come on, truly it was always dusted fly dead in the corner of some window.

I couldn't win 'cause sunburnt skin is in.
If there was a pin to pull, I'd pull the pin.
Oh fuck yea I know where it began.

I was buried up to my glands in sand.
Hot boys with toys on their arms don't mean no harm.
They merely mean to impress, to show you what they undress.
The flexed pricks have spoken.

The thighs wide open.
The team members are swollen.
Delicious d'ebutants hearts are stolen.
What's in the future for us?

A public speech on a public bus.
The DNA will have it's say.