

Creep On Creepin' On

Timber Timbre

From your chair, my narrative tonight Is your dickless cousin,
brother, father, pet, friend, husband or wife A lavender scent
A bone-orchard of hearts seems to surround you As you stare each
gift horse straight in the mouth Stare my arrow down I was invited,
I was called out to watch you frolic And dance

Oh, I buried my head in my hands I buried my heart there in the
sand I was cock-blocked, cured, enchanted I was ferociously put
upon until it was clear I should not keep on, I'll just creep
on creepin' on Yes I will, I'll not keep on I'll just creep on
creepin' on

Fell out of this station to levitate your bed And move her hair
on to my chest Exposing her neck and I tear through Put you in
to my arms And my stomach dropped as you shifted me off to stop
The ectoplasm coiled like a hovering halo of smoke And our beloved
invention Is conjured each night in your throat

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creepin' on Or do I try one more time? No, I'll not keep on I'll
just creep on creepin' on