

On with your home, the song said it all to the sky
With alone catapult and a song gently put to the side
And the tones he would push and the songs he would push
To the side
when it all went to f@#k in the snow that gets pushed
To the side

Well your heart is a bush and it's talking to with some size
When you already put all of the soup inside
They were all really smooshed with a calm steady push
To the side
I'll let your heart find
On with your own wife

Sign up all your relatives
Only your heart would mind
And the serpentine
anekatips.com

I'm the reaper of bond
Called the arrival
Tear into the night
How with you?
"Harder", said your boy

Conserve it with an omelette
And you're on it with the carpet
And you solved it, said you called it
Set your orbit, said you cough it
Said it's often that you're oh fits
And your old tits on your hard drive