

Mourning Would Come

A Static Lullaby

Slut down, you got to treat them right
Dispatch the boys and leave her spread on site
Slut down, she's not the guilty type
She'll make her rounds
And call you moaning in spite

Daddies little superficial heart attack
(This emotional brat can't feel emotion)
Emotion I lack
Because your sex is a diversionary past time
(And your looks are only temporary)
Am I dead or sleeping?

Man down, just pull yourself upright
With your knack for class it'll be just fine
Man down, don't kid your self big guy
Impending doom is your calling in life

And how far is failure from the starting line?
With legs like that I see why
You've been running for so long
But a king can't build an empire without his queen

The working girl and her dirty red light story
(she says there has been no one before)
we lost transmission (can't talk sex)
And sex means love so its deceased
(she won't bleed) You're not the first to be deceived

Oh yes she'd bleed, if it were up to me
Claiming back that heart she swore to me

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I say I lost mine at eighteen
She's been active since twelve
I say I'm coming back home
My bird is heading down south
I've been crawling on the floor
She's been laid out in bed
Since then I've been drinking to live
My standards suffered instead

She's nothing but an aging weathered hole (4x)

She's showing off her world
And I'm having trouble breathing
I found my equal
She said shut your mouth just breathe
And come a little closer
You look better inside me

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