

This Time You're Gonna Get It Dirty Shirley

Arsonists Get All The Girls

You want it all the time
So smooth to me
With us all on the other line
Powerhousing bills as well as
Conspiracy's they write
Of our time management
Come now
The board is clean
For a new conspiracy
I'll never love a demon child
For the rest of my days
The logic of a slut wearing a white dress
Never made sense to me

So I
Face the facts of time
Oh it's so great
She's so great
(You'll never understand)
These walls are closed
(The logic of lust)
This mind is expansive
(You'll never understand)
There is just time
(The logic of lust)
"be you me"
Claims the Queen to the King

That
This feud
Was to last
Until blood spilt
Onto one or the others gowns
Making me
(Liar liar hypocrite)
Count the days
In my room
With the mind
Of drawing
And the touch of craft
That was so intent
To demean my corridor
And unleash colours to all
This is the taste of passing
Same as the taste of
Stressing over body placement

You walk down the streets so clean
The red lights glimmer in your eyes
I can never forgive the stains left
Behind in a back alley hotel room