

MAULERS

BEXEY

The minutes turn to seconds seconds feeling like how an hour lasts
I write your name in a heart in the steam up on the shower glasses
I don't know how it started
Far from arrival nearly departed
At this point it's part of the cycle
Seeing the airport more than my family
More than anybody symbols on my head no teletubby
Chop sticks teriyaki Burberry hanker-chief accessory
Sensory overload clenched fists grinding maulers
Love to say I told you so judge me from my style I know it
Cause I ain't truly got one
So cover my casket in some lighter
Fluid on the day I pass away put me in it and please set fire to it
Can't put me in no box for long like sneakerheads flipping stock
Or claustrophobics squeezing in to Japanese sleeping pods
Blood stains on my creased Sergio Tachini top
One way ticket out of earth I'm off to go defeat your gods
Da feet are resting in that seat so go find somewhere else
Satans on her period I call that bloody hell

Close your eyes for me
And shut the fuck up
Don't ruin the moment
Spewing nonsense
Close your eyes for me
And shut the fuck up
Don't ruin the moment
Spewing nonsense

Don't ruin it, no
Don't ruin it, no
Don't ruin it, no
Don't ruin it, no