

I am your blood red ketchup
And you're a hot dog
I am thinking, and I'm closed
I will take you, take you for a walk
You shit and I talk, ey
Rhythm is cold and my time is blue
You can licking while I breaking up the hue
When the evening come you are coloring
Making a yogurt tiny
Here in money
Color to blur it
And I'm just not been like

Man you forget about your blood red
Yes you forget about the blood red love
Man you forget about your blood red love
Yes you forget about the butter

Ah this is the disappearance into the night
I jump into a butter Mr. mustard hold me tight
So why can't and I just love you instead
You deserve my hope for nothing
Stalking my head you gotta
Crush, I crush a mirror
Reflecting myself
Ego tripping, tripping need a me I know I know
But when I die I show you baby
Fall down under your skin
Next to oven, lustful words I
Lost down you'll within
Said when I die I shall be buried
Fall down under your skin
Next to oven, lustful words I
Lost down you'll within

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It's a kitchen trap
It's a kitchen song
Blisseh