

Percogesic

Gallant

She wants nitro
When she herself's a box of TNT
All the baptized and underacknowledged
She lights her flame over nothing, oh
She needs every single pleasure

As the percogesic was tapering off
And the fumes surrounded, I know I bit off
More than I can chew
A lot of low sight in my lungs
I never thought I'd be so disarmed
Bit more than I can chew

Raised on full bites
She stumbles through her parents' living room
As the velvet curtains lay
I drew my blood over my front door
And I hope she passes over, over

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A lot of low sight in my lungs
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One thing I can't change
And I hope she passes over, over

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