

Protector

illuminati hotties

I am not sure that you're my screen door, honey
Keeping the bugs out humbly
Looking leaner and latticed
Maintain a temperate status in the sunlight, dumpling

I am not sure that you're my superstition
Eyelash with one whole wish in
It was a light on your cheekbone
I couldn't tell what I asked for even if you were listening still

Protector
Protector

I am not sure that you're my nightly news
Reporting local untruths
You had one hell of a headline
With no detailing the body but you kept me glued

Protector
Protector