

Deny

King Woman

I know the spirit
Etiquette
I'd wash your feet with
My dirty hair

Jesus I love you
With all my heart
But I feel like an angel
I'm lacking the star
I'm lacking the spirit
I'm losing the heart
I'm lacking the spirit

I pray my mother
Won't you ever find a cure?
Throw back odd pill
Find euphoria I once knew
Am I so dulled down?
Am I a whitewashed wall?
So dirty on
The inside?

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