You'd cover my face when you'd fuck me
We were intimate without intimacy
Like a gutter punk-tuation
In a foreign conversation
I feel like Thoreau at party I throw
I'm a selfmade scarecrow

I love you more than I hate me
Cuz you are everything I wish I could be
I'm a friendless best friend
A single bookend, "a walking dead ender"
"I'm a return to sender"

We didn't know the fix was in Years before our race was run Our epilogue was predestin Like a Maori tribe 4th son

Like a Randy Rhodes scholar
Or a rotary cell phone
A slave is lost without their collar
The unfavorite sundial tone
My conscience disobeys me
Because I always cease to amaze me
I'm like a virgin blossom
I'm on the verge of nawesome

A unhip-hop scotch blend Where everyone tried to pretend They didn't want our love to end But we all knew that it had to