

Flying Ace

Son Lux

Desert wizard, lizard, and dragon tussle
Whole forest burned down and ruined the town's truffles
Except for the outer realm mountains, everything else is brown
And hundreds of hounds pillage the village, can't fuck with the sounds

Crew back giant-ass, large, looking slick as the barge
Old-ass mustache cars, we ran those bars

We felt like superstars, we had the cubes too
She had great tubes, pretty feet and shoes
Porn and your mom's lube, Hold on to the right new
Might have the hissy fit, and tear the whole room apart, to bits

Speech about privacy, why you gotta lie to me?
I don't know where I left off, she had the plaid top
"You're about to black out, you need to get out"
"We too tall to fit in this small house"
Neck all stressed down, hanging-ass red face
That or the dog case, more like a comfortable couch
Step over the mess gate, into the real house

Hair on my new wool, looking like cashmere
Looking like crow too, magical star shapes
Sticky like model cap, feathery silk capes
Venomous black crepes, venomous glass snakes
Delicate wine flute, help us commiserate
Florida date state, they had the best bass
Gladly make you a steak, even dig you a lake
This is your stereo, it'll keep you awake
You're about to black out

Back and forth catechism, cattle and ammunition
Queen didn't have vision, didn't he -shit- mention
Dragons were coming soon
Should've made harpoons, instead of ornate brooms
Bought the museum safe, look where we at now
Pillage the village hounds, benzos gone man
We're about to black out, stepping into a room
Popcorn-sealed fume, expensive like [?]
Giant-ass mouth clothes, arrogant all pose
Soak-in-the-soap clothes, standing in old clothes
Giant-ass mountain ship, cut to the cockpit
Focus and close mouth, we're about to black out

We are too tall, to fit in a dog house
What a melodic thing
Taller than Seth Green, shorter than Sid Bream
Entirely in a dream, we are Hall & Oates
Avis' car quotes, saddened and bounded
Why weren't we grounded?
I was at Wimbledon, close to Ontario
Emotional feelings hurt, pissy-pants first grade
Smell like your cousin's age, back before Sissy Rage
Little man, long legs
Samsara horse escape, spiderwebs on clothes
Walking with brown face, look at the new apes
We're about to smash graves