

Fortune's Daughter

The Armed

Torn sweater, eagle talon sunrise
Missteps cookie cutter sleep
Lux prisons in subdivisions
Sprawl crawl is now a creep

Fortune daughter, end of laughter
Spandex covered latex crown
Call the guards his tongue is bleeding
It's over, now bow down

We'll find a place
Take arms
It'll all blow over

Directionless toilet chatter
Thirsty girls and dinner burns
An ostrich in ankle cords
You touch the stove and never learn

Justice is a toe smack face plant
Loose strings fried to pieces
Crumbs of distorted sunlight
Threesomes with Zeus' nieces

We'll find a place
Take arms
It'll all blow over

Eat the dirt
Thirst for more

We'll find a place
Take arms
It'll all blow over