

# Designer Shroud Of Turin

The Callous Daoboys

If I could see it in third person  
I'd break my back for that weekend, prophesies nothing  
There's no hell worse than  
Looking at wolves and deciding they're fawns  
Skinned clean by repetition, you hate this part

Goddamn, you're a big believer in that applause light praise  
With mastodon opposites  
You crave nostalgia for the 2000s  
With the hacks in swim trunks, not laughing  
See, there is no formula  
Just sand to add to the hourglass

I'm lying through my teeth  
For the sympathy of  
My body's oxygen  
But I could live without it now  
So, get your story straight; is it the knife or the pen that you need?  
For "loverboy's lament"  
It's all been projecting, I won't be respecting the runtime

Flooded skull and the city  
With your "big boy" feelings  
That's how your old man did it

Speak when spoken to  
If you're a wound just climb the wall  
That's how real men do it  
Baker's Dozen of bad motherfuckers  
Speak when spoken to  
Curfew from the mistress desk  
That's how real men do it

It's like we kin to it  
Ain't gotta tell 'em who it is, let the pen do it  
Your honor, in my defense, he had the dawg in 'im  
Hands up, found luck, it's a new beginning  
I be on my own conditions and terms  
Dishing heat with splendiferous words  
Golden brown comin' out the oven  
Dough me fa sho cuh "These boys is bussin"

An admission of the sin in em  
Got no business doing deep sea 'ditions  
Since you left me at the lectern  
Your attention is essential to the feature  
Got time for the drop-top sequence of events  
Spent to the interest of the whole (Rich quick)  
Save face in a comedic way 'cause  
The butterfly pimped anyway (Everybody can see)

You'll be alright

Tonight's the night  
And it's gonna happen  
Again and again

Your newlywed game, I'll play like it's Groundhog Day  
Now we're both progenitors  
Diamonds dancing in reverse  
What have we done since  
We last spoke?  
Thought I'd fly in a suit to impress you  
Take all the chances we had, make them mine

I'm lying through my teeth  
For the sympathy of  
My body's oxygen  
I could live without it now

If your suffering sticks to the ceiling, you won't be satisfied  
Unless you know it's R.O.I

Stopped me from a skinned knee  
Goddamn, you make my dreams come true  
"He was marked a cadaver"  
"Found dead in his eggs Benedict"

Nostalgia for the 2000s  
Nostalgia for the 2000s  
Nostalgia for the 2000s  
For the 2000s

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If you're a wound, just climb up the wall

I can't believe you got the penthouse

Turin?  
And it's designer?  
You won't be impressed  
They got the shroud  
Turin?  
And it's designer?  
You won't be impressed  
They got the shroud