

When We Do The Dance

WHY?

We heavy a glance with good lust
Can't wait for a chance when it's only the two of us
Yes just us, hey, but in a way, boss
I want to bust into your great great grandmother's uterus

In a deep time sense, "Computer, enhance"
When we do the dance, high priests ordained it
Our blood demands it, the Lord commands it
Future generations might applaud us, standing

And our foremothers' lovers and them
Form a fabric of this, put their lips to the hem
And blow the shofar softly, not to sound lofty
Or whatever, dungchen or bagpipes by proxy

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