

Voice Like Rhetoric, A "I'm Sort Of A Perfectionis... Perfectionis...T"

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I'll be completely honest

These words sultry they slip

(Incoherent)

I'll be completely honest

From loose lips upon ground

There was a house on sand

But our kids killed it though

Our fast food and four year degrees

Give us credibility

The podium speaker stamps

Down subconsciously

The protesters chant

The weather is calling

I'll be completely honest

These words sultry they slip

(Incoherent)

I'll be completely honest from loose lips upon ground

There was a house on sand but our kids killed it though

The rain is finally here

Bring out your brail the PC

The lost followers of 18

Can we make ourselves

The protesters chant

Anymore cliché?

I don't find comfort

And i must find Jezebel

It's all in our heads

The way we get by

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