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6Gig "Bagmask"

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chord spine the way of a splinter masked bags with mixed days that didn't rhyme to me or speak to me rhyme to me or speak to me tan lines that burn in the winter mixed up with masks that didn't rhyme to me or speak to me. I cried my quarters to sleep I didn't leave them one on one with the woman in a magazine looking at fast drying paint cans looking at fast drying paint cans. Chord spine the way of a splinter mask bags with mixed days that didn't

rhyme to me or speak to me stuffed chokes the day in my heartbox early mourning heatlamp that couldn't rhyme to me speak to me. I cried my quarters to sleep I didn't leave them one on one with the woman in a magazine looking at fast drying paint cans looking at fast drying paint cans. I look forward to hearing from you.

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