

Bigger And Better Things "Looting The Church"

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I'm getting a sense I can't help but to question it. I'm feeling it strong, your grip on my arm shows me what you need. you're just wasting your breath cause we've already met before. I'm keeping an eye out for my acquaintance, I'm sure he's heard of you before. let's keep this smooth, imperceptible, stumble me right out the exit door. is it traditional? a ritual? paid off rehearsals preformed with such control. here come your stars in appearing order; from the guy at the coat-check, to the no-name you left with, is it hard to redeem? 'cause it is to me, please, I could barely bare it. bedridden with recollections that I regrettably can't let go, I got the vaccines and the multiple warnings, but lack the will power so both of them failed hard. tired eyed and not surprised, a low count on looking out. the odds and ends, once again, I've heard the way you speak, you don't make a sound. now where did your stance like a statue run off to? the posture so perfect, admired by countless. 'cause now you're confined and collecting dust, too much after party after math. it doesn't get easy does it, no

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