

Bugs In Amber "Open E"

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A heavy weight
Predicting fate
Indefinite debate
Defend your hate
Pessimistic fortune takes
Some time to forumaulate
But i could take
A stroll of thoughts
Trickel down
To solid ground

I thought you said something that pertained to sin
And I was overwhelmed by a thrill
Then we did something

Some would call a sin
Timid symptom afraid of sweeter taste

Was it better before I ever knew
Pleasures mixed with bodily virtue
I knew
Everything kept quiet hides your shame
Coming out to let the world know that you partake
In same dimension shouldn't make you outcast
condescended.

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