

Euphoreador "Slum Lord"

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Been baffled by beauty
Taking languid draws* all day
Sifting through the words of my government
My slumlord sol invictus I have to pay

Been talking too regal
Tempting all the tail
Wandering parts
Of the onerous arts
Nefarious duplicity

Ought we go down
Into the New Orleans
Penchant the blessed
Of worn-out virgin
Leaped into the ocean
On a whim
And I don't think she can swim
In the fever of our lives
Do we not exercise
Then come again

Conjecture fits, the face don't
Sublimely doubt in lycopene
Tearing down the road towards a fucking low
Could lay million dollar on another fun over here
Keep a goddamn plan
Fierce to the false occasion
Feast to the fuck
Blister in the mind declare
I simply don't care

Hell and we will go there
Inner phage
Things won't be free for fools are we
We all dainty
Wasted lifetimes
We all decree
Portion putrid fail

Thems are the way
Pull him off

We can tell the curtain call
Bring it down into the womb now
Hold your faith
Feel the light
See your vision
Fear resolve flight
Offer, take, to the world
We care less everyday now
We're just little ants
What supplants what I see
What is you then we

Fluttering take-down
Do we can't die anymore
We can't die again
Only once
So better make it goddamn faster
Into the world we only go

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