

Breed 77

"The She"

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Ripped off
You smoked the Bible
Rolled it up
Your last breath
Hot on my back
You get started
Try to get somewhere
You move so slow
You're not even here

Dear traveller

It's my death
My rhythm
My arithmetic
I got used to
Nobody ridin in the back

Sorrow blowin through the veins
I'm over Houston
You're over the night we met

Dear traveller

The she
Scared electricity
Where no human
Carries a map
You say you gotta burn to shine
But every prism unwinds
A road to ruin
And this tickets mine

Dear traveller

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