

Helmet "Tic"

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The tic begins, where's the manned end?
The climate change will never get in
Silent and strong, prepossessed
You never need to make your own mess

Weasel to me, charming to some
Loathsome and glib, habits like self love
Wearing slim fast, you carve your niche
Lean smug back and work your pitch

And all the way I'm gone
No demon race to find
You paint it up and know
That any face could lie

And all the way I'm gone
No demon race to find
You paint it up and know
That any face could lie

Affect my greatest style
What suits me best of all
I keep my pocket filled
Lean right and fall

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