

Iwrestledabearonce "It Is "Bro" Isn't It?"

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She loves me
(She loves me not)
You've told me but I forgot
I don't want to be the one you call on
When you struck luck in golden ambers,
You kiss by the book, when you ride lies upon the
thrown
Taurus; it's your year, be in for a surprise
The naked force, eight eyes of a new ear on my back
A homecoming parade, from your tidy bed of roses
What once was
A new career you call it
To catch a souvenir
Of what once was, strict embarrassment
And it makes you boil
And it makes you choke
And it makes you rally up the troops within your throat
When she is me and I bloom within her speech
Birth the machines
Invoking the spirits of ancient fathers
Take hand, earth, air, fire, water
A monthly life and echo of a home
Burn 'em out of their homes
Pillage the humans from their homes, the naked force
Fight eyes of a new ear on your back

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