

J Church

"Contempt For Modesty"

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I can sit counting, counting every minute,
Life slowly unravels,
Supernatural torture,
Knowing you were leaving I savored the unweaving,
If you really stay in touch it'll be a first,
She said "Sit down, be calm, be cool,
Don't let your thinking get the best of you",
If what I say is true then I'm terrified of what she might
do,
You can take off all your clothes if you don't care who
knows,
Your contempt for any modesty is special for me,
Go out of your way to ruin every day,
I don't care what you wear,
But you seem to think that I want to,
She said "Don't be possessive with me,
And then you can own all of me",
I'm tangled and mangled by her callous charm,
All I know is that I don't want to go home

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