

Kane Hodder**"Queen Of Suburban Legend"**

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365; I'll always miss 375.
I'd rather hear tires, than listen to the static
Than listen to them lick the pavement
(At the edge of the world)
And give up every moment to the floor.
He learned so much
But what's the point of knowledge
When that knowledge came so easily to her
Another nightmare that's a dream
Is it the norm to kneel before the edge of the world
And give up every moment to the floor.
What side says ground-war; which side says astral
plane
(This side/that side)
Find out who asked for a line to be drawn
Hold my tongue between your teeth
Hold my lips between your eyes and stare me down
Truth be told, binary comes to me often
Truth says it's royally loyally subject to
Queen of suburban legend
I'd like to think her to think binary often
Run: error. Search: error.
(Truth says that binary's not worth the effort)
The error's in effort
The edge of the world
And it still seems worth the effort to be in error
Drawn to the door.
Drawn from the tires headed towards the door
And wishing deafness wishing I could
(Reject/replace)
Sunrise at the start of the driveway
Sunset at the edge of the world
Who wants to keep my promise
Who wants to meet the girl
Ecstatic
Automatic
Erotic
(Any which way we want it)
Binary comes to me softly.

