

Miss Black America "Habit Of Dying"

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Music: Miss Black America

Lyrics: Seymour Glass

Currently unreleased

My ambitions all used to mean so much to me
I threw myself into everything face-first
A darling bud of atropine
I dedicated my small life to trying not to fall
Into the habit of dying

Twice
Twice as thick
As the shit I'm full of
Twice
Twice as thick
As the shit I'm full of

Steadfast and secure
And feeling myself atrophy
"Lean into it"
The cancer for the cure,
The killer is this apathy
While tiptoeing round expensive quicksand,
We will fall into the habit of dying

Twice
Twice as thick
As the shit I'm full of
Twice
Twice as thick
As the shit I'm full of

No situation here
No situation here
No situation here
No situ
No situation here
No situation here
No situation here
No situ
No situation here

No situation here
No situation here
No
No.

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