

Aesma Daeva

"Fascination"

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Shooken to Casper. Illustrate beautiful disaster. Flight of the mothership lift to badger the male-factor. Marionette vs. the threat of wire cutter function. Stereotypical grinch bashing your pumpkins. Plug. Try to count up your warrior hatchling batch before gestation segment ended and head a platoon of embryonic remnants to the game board. Release Japanese beetle swarm to counter the spread of bitch crops, demolish the harvest and herd colony out immediate. One massive attack. Hunted, confronted and gutted. Most pungent component cloned in outrageous bunches. From the grimacing faces to the knots in my shoelaces, I'm a show you all the phases of a fuck up. Plucking the petals but every rose had it's thorn. Consider that first warning, second will be good times, laughs and epitaphs. As a matter of basic principle next I set my boat a sail. I won't always be there for your tugging on my coat tails. Family stuck. Voyage of the S.S. Martyr. Who you think put that unseen iceberg in the water? Manufacture flotsam and jetsam from out your charter. We got the once pushovers pushing back a little harder now, blink. I think I can. I got grips. Muckraker major spin circles 'round sunken ships. Walk an invisible city of lost clans and he's jealous 'cause my silhouette had more dimensions than his game plans.

CHORUS

Fascination. Fascination. And everything I do I'm fascinated with, That's why I pass the hated wasteland with a grin, 'cause in the end I got my passions while you splash in a puddle of trying to pick apart the puzzle. Fascination. Fascination. And everything I do I'm fascinated with. That's why I pass the jaded grips of competitors who initiate distance with a smirk, 'cause I feel I got direction in my work.

And everything I touch magnificent. Picking apart a drunken township. Sitting in the rain rusting the nails my crown's bound with. If I had an anchor I would lay it in the dirt and mark today the day the earth stood still

while I complete my search. You honor delusions and falsified life comfort systems as boy in the bubble huddled up to simple simon subtle. Born tomahawk. Shock the peanut gallery loopy. Debate the cutesy, groupie, cupie doll community. And I'm hung in a virtual skin and bones emaciated ringworm circus freak bloodthirsty intern trainee urchin feast with a delectable style compiled of that which stands to buff a child's yellow brick vision of slick living. I observe the stories from my fire escape observatory. First I herd the glory, then desert the herbs that word it poorly, understood? Well, maybe a pat on the back for the lucky losers who truly felt they were born to touch the music. I catalog cats as welcome mats, and for the ones insisting on dimming the stars I wipe my sneakers extra hard. I wish upon a penny toss that every servant will betray his gatekeeper and leap to reap the freedom fighter mad galaxy. Huff the war gas vapors and cram hard for tomorrow. Brother, I own twice my wiehgt in patience. Be it padded cubicle or beautiful tomb, I'll be listening 'til you whistling that more suitable tune.

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