

Scapegoat "Denouncement"

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To sit high in stomachs, to tend to nauseate am I
rubbing off on you does it make you rubber, I'm on the
bounce back, and I humbly denounce me, myself, and
you On a playground, I take a snapshot of her tag
sticking out By the water, I fell in love with the girl
whose tag stood stout I am the liquor lining stomachs I
cause butterflies, do my feet feel good on you? Or
does it make you less than I'm no greater or equal to,
the fractionate second that my fist connects with you A
greater than digit with a negative sign Flipped over and
divided by the opposite side I'm greater than your
mouth gaping open With my dick in my hand Fractional
ferocity Iron cast of fist is born Cannot sleep an hour
more When vehemence boils remedy And never again
will I be the garnered & she's got everything to offer &
this I see when her eyes shine thru mine & I ask her
what she sees in me & she answers softly this love
can't be defined.

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