

Thought Industry "Republicans In Love"

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Sorry, I'm drunk dear. It happens all the time.
Honestly, I thought I loved you. Too bad you're so
damn lame. Scare me with the chance to die by people
I
would call friends. I guess it's a lovely trick. I probably
should enlist.

Grind me meaty. Wash me holy. Chew me crust
bloody. Spit on me. You know I trust you dead.

GOP's oily sudsing. Attempting to wash what won't
rub. Flossing gums, then licking bottoms. Nonchalant,
they're groping crotches. Raped green by forty
ounces.

Shiny bliss. My cocky drunk grin. Pretentious for

deceiving you. You're gullible for believing me.

Grip cold drink starless starlet. You're the stench that
sates him. His zipper's sticky on Sunday morn. Ron's a
fist of cement late for breakfast.

Emmanuel Kant. Hamshackles, and first and ten.
June bugs lick the horses teeth smiling in the grave of
summer. Assume texas stance. Moled south for
Houston. Toads dismembering flies. Ill-behooved to
miss them.

I tend to think we are free.

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