

## Fuzzy White Casters "Mystery Mr."

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You are my last chance, just a miracle,  
Some kind of dark lust makes me miserable.  
You know you got me tripping through  
You've lost the biased clue that takes me away from  
you.

You try to rip me off  
And forbid my smile  
Make my feelings fly  
'Cause you steal my pride.  
You gotta rip it off  
As you steam the skies,  
While our thoughts run miles,  
And the beasts are kind.  
You gotta rip it off...

You are my last chance, just a miracle,

Your cynic black dance, unpredictable.  
You push me to the hardest gloom,  
Under a lifeless moon that screams a deafening tune

You try to rip me off,  
And forbid my smile  
Make my feelings fly,  
?Cause you steal my pride  
You gotta rip it off,  
As you steam the skies,  
While our thoughts run miles,  
And the beasts are kind.  
You gotta rip it off...

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