

Beverly Crawford

"With Aplomb"

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Fix my new memory with a cold naked stare
Chew up the words but with thoughts beware
Fondness can escalate beyond my repair
Chances the fiction with orchestrate despair

Could these hands blow dry?
I can handle it again
These words collide
I can handle

Happiness is coated in a mindless kicking
Let's fall apart, get up high and leave

Again, these hands blow dry
I can handle it again
These words collide
I can handle

Kill your bizarre mindset, fuckhead
Sell it to the feeling concrete brainwave castration
Kill your bizarre mindset, fuckhead
Sell it to the feeling concrete brainwave castration

Walking backwards home with you
Walking backwards home with you
Walking backwards home with you
Walking backwards home with you

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