

Monoral

"Weird kind of swings"

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If all my make up
And all that comes with it
Was washed away
And now I fear
Those weird kind of swings

If all that you're made of
And all that goes with it
Keeps reminding me
Annoying me

I'm afraid of the words
That slaps again
Waiting for the pain
No really I'm off the frame
I'm aware and heading there again
Of course we got plans
I'll kick ass all the same
Well I could've been in this
Weird kind of swings

Why all the fuse
It wears me out of luck
Lighting up my seeds
Where should I lounge?
The choice is yours
Am I too close
Count me in your feast

I'm afraid of the words
That slaps again
Waiting for the pain
No really I'm off the frame
I'm aware and heading there again
Of course we got plans
I'll kick ass all the same
Well I could've been in...

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