

Arctic Death "April"

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april was spent wasting my time
april was spent baiting the line
a weekend with my fingers frozen
and that's when i finally touched you

don't lay your judgement on me
i hear you praying for indecency
we waited to climb in
i begged you to hide my pistol in

a bone is a bone
a bone is a bone
break a few for me
i am still alone
everyone cry,
cry for what you don't know

i'm a mess of it
a pitiful clone

notice how you stain
something you can't paint

and all alone, in a minute i've grown so weak
with two dollars on my dresser
i've been to embarrassed to speak
i wanna go slow

don't lay your judgement on me
i hear you praying for indecency
we waited to climb in
you hid my pistol in

policy is all that you know

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