

Global Citizen "Tea Time"

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you are my number 21
you cum whenever you feel like it
head over heels and coming undone
i'm seeing red and you're wrapped in latex

you look like some kind of angel
but your bite draws first blood
licking my wounds while you latch my gun
rip down to the flesh and it's fully loaded

it's tea time
it's time for tea

your eyes cut me in half
your nails tear me to shreds
my bed looks like a war zone and
my head is primed to explode

there's nothing like a fresh brew to kick start the day
i wake up and you're purring again

i almost fill you with lead
i withdraw and it snows instead
automatic fire lands warm on your skin
glitter and ash help to blend it all in

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