

Anima

"Turn Into Something"

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Oh twisted me I came to eat
At the hall where we danced to some duds
My crowd of pals observed my fingers
And prayed for the lunch I had hung
And cheers rolled out and
I thought early of tunas in tennisons tubs.

That should turn into something
You should turn into something

Oh blissful bleed I came out peaking
And leaked out like a wet clown
My tears rolled down and arms went round
At night I gapped at her gowns
So often green but she held me
My curtains were covered in hounds

She said
Oh my sweet goodness wish you could be here every
time
But don't miss me goodness because I rub away
everytime
Then groan at the goodness but do you mean not every
time
Then gone in the goodness wish I could stay here
everytime

A mistful meet with teachers speaking
There muffled by buzzes and hums
So headphone tones do float me home
My chair was begging to come
And I'm not bummed some works not fun
Then we crawl in the carpet like bugs

Unrestful eve I sipped on leaks
And sat in the room had a grudge
The jumpping dust made catfish bust
From corners now dripping with mud
And she knocked twice and we got silly
And noone knew what would come...

She said
Oh my sweet goodness wish you could be here
everytime
But don't miss me goodness because I rub away every
time
Then groan at the goodness but do you mean not
everytime
Then gone in the goodness wish I could stay here
everytime

But you'll turn into something
You should turn into something

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