

These Arms Are Snakes "Run It Through The Dog"

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We enter rooms at midnight.
With packages of lusts and stuff that no one could size
up.
This is not just a picture fixture encapsulated in your
mind,
it's a perfect romantic moment captured in time.
No we are no sin.
The room had burn holes with chemicals
that only medical tape could prescribe,
and the walls had holes with souls that no one could
describe.
I'd like to think that maybe pieces of us are still there,
it all went out the window when I saw you go...no we are
no sin.
So I took a souvenir, one that I gave to to you
and the other was put in my pocket till a wax judge
would appear.
"Do you take the oath" to commit and submit, I do.
It sure was a night.
Placing ourselves in our own graves.
It sure was a night.

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