

## **Mascara Story, The "Conquer You"**

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This near romance, between us,  
When we kiss I don't just taste lip gloss,  
But a piece of you I would never return.

A box of new butterflies,  
From you to me,  
With pink ribbon and everything.

Now it's compulsory, at least to me,  
To audition my words before I speak,  
I'm knotting tongues that isn't what you'd want.

A box of new butterflies,  
From me to you,  
But take this compass and map and glue.

Lover,  
Please, find a text,  
A map of yours truly,  
And I'll conquer you,  
Lover,  
Please, find a text,  
A map of yours truly,  
And I'll conquer you.

With your shopping list, of positives,  
That love that we act on or impulses,  
Kiss me quick, the gentle art of us

Under our sheets,  
They'll find no, find no sleep

Lover,  
Please, find a text,  
A map of yours truly,  
And I'll conquer you,  
Lover,  
Please, find a text,  
A map of yours truly,  
And I'll conquer you, I'll conquer you.

And kiss me quick, and kiss me now.  
And I'll hold your sides forever.  
And I'll hold your sides forever.  
For you.

Lover.  
Please, find a map of yours truly,  
I'll conquer you and,  
Lover,  
I would give you the coat wire (?)  
Right next to my heart,  
But see that's the fun part,  
And I'm all for you smiling,  
Over and over again.

Your beauty hurts,  
You're so beautiful,  
You're waiting for me,  
I'm nothing at all,  
But I'm content,  
And I'll conquer you.

Your beauty hurts,  
You're so beautiful,  
You're waiting for me,  
I'm nothing at all,  
But I'm content,  
And I'll conquer you, I'll conquer you  
And I'll conquer you, I'll conquer you.

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