

The moon looks like the sun

— Devon where's my cigarette

With watery lens

They wept with water,

Jhgshsss haha fuck

Fuhhhhh

And sang the nut the Khama say, for the night,

With lasting days they wept and snag the rivers tended,

They bended, bowed to the last soft king of Eden,

For the tragedy was that the prince did not stay,

Even through the night when the last suffered,

The city burned who was not there,

They died, he died for them

It was a warring front and the last at

We landed on the shores,

In the fast Olympus did sway our gazes out

With tall promethean horns

With tall arched towers

Brutalist they were just like the pizza shop

It was great that night

They were happy, only did one of them sing for the devil

The devil did roam the streets, he was afraid of the devil

Had he continued on the wicked see, the milk see, he thought

Would he see him finally

Parents stopped being parents,

It was a cold blizzard we kissed snow.

Did he on the milk see wane, he wanted to be spiked,
Though the night they journeyed
They wanted to be an honest folk
But they weren't.
They wanted to be what the old trappers were
They were so kind, and these new dappers
Were not of a good hive, a tribe did stand in their way,
A tribe that no one forbade nor dismayed
A tribe lethal, and wanted their deaths promptly, and without delay,
(Fenris this is a script)

They did a sail that one Promethean baled did snow tide,
Three hundred men were killed don the track
Three hundred men were stretched on the rack,
They didn't have the rack of a shack,
They kissed snow and did so blindly,
For as a book they did unfolded,
The same old narrative that's stale,
It became stale and they became stale,
However did they blind to the snail,
Have you not been to graveyards,
Blasted they be in the foray,
Dave Blunts was blasted in the caves

(laughs)

Secretario

Mi Amore, Esspresso macchiato per favore, essprso macchiato

Ciao bello cha messo, a tutti bato cosi importante ciau bella anto masse,

With Plenty for charato essprosse macchiato espresso esspresso m, Fenrisio

They kissed no one did they break,

Their small last hearts did break,

She popped ass like pillies,

Like nbo billiesm

He shook it at the grave site,

Fell into the grave, prrrro ben knave

Saying that eulogies yeah that's in the grave,

Whoo don't leave,

Forgive me lord father, father, z have you abandoned me

Light have been days and so did we for tutor sleep,

(Is that the end?)

(yeah)

They folded like sheets.