

Tea Time Tibbons

Arsonists Get All The Girls

Why don't you sit and entertain yourselves
While I lay it down on you
When a day comes to make itself
It knows to die before it makes it's prime
All this bullshit I can't understand
Why would you fake your phobia
You won't prescribe me my smile anymore
"I fought in a fucking war"
He would scream bitterly
As if the age hadn't affected him at all
It's the nay of victory
Had given him the blindness
To all things contrast to focus
A continuous drown of all
Deafly loud enough to scoff at
His years now have to tiptoe around him
He still cowers
To tibbons
Somewhere in there may be will to remember
We'll see you next week
A new addition to your old one
Don't you fucking dare
My memories keep me company