

A Good Excuse

Beardfish

I'm bringing down fanatic warfare on you
Encouragement grows with you telling me not to
Grow so tired in this spot of my own
But all my thoughts have been sacrificed

For the sake of it
For the hell of it
For one taste of your wordless fear

Mark my words: You're paying!
In the end I'm safe and sound
A hand grenade to open your backdoor
A good excuse is all that is war

But oh how I love the smell of you

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