

# These Are My Dress Clothes

**Bison B.C.**

Bodies are burning, your love it ain't earning  
Arms are out reaching, our birth should have stayed in

Down in the wasteland of our town a showdown  
Finding a fortune within us

The fire ain't out  
Bring on the drought

Slow down the function, our heart beats the weapon  
Lightning filled eyes washout blackening skies

Cupping your breath with the dirtiest fingers  
Kissing the dirt with the strangers

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