

Contempt for Modesty

J Church

I can sit counting, counting every minute,
Life slowly unravels,
Supernatural torture,
Knowing you were leaving I savored the unweaving,
If you really stay in touch it'll be a first,
She said "Sit down, be calm, be cool,
Don't let your thinking get the best of you",
If what I say is true then I'm terrified of what she might do
,
You can take off all your clothes if you don't care who knows
,
Your contempt for any modesty is special for me,
Go out of your way to ruin every day,
I don't care what you wear,
But you seem to think that I want to,
She said "Don't be possessive with me,
And then you can own all of me",
I'm tangled and mangled by her callous charm,
All I know is that I don't want to go home