

Belly Dancing Stoa

Leatherface

A scapegoat in a waistcoat
Selling mini plagues again
There's idle speculation
That I procrastinate my life away
A more persistent Monday morning daze

You can't bend me
Or attempt to mend me
You can't lend me how you're feeling

When I first saw you in that attic
You looked anything but ecstatic that day
Why would someone leave you sitting there
Right in the middle of a dead room stinking of paint?
I remember just thinking you are coming home with me
And ever since you've stayed in one piece

Is it an illusion you're alluding to?
A belly-dancing stoa
Is more believable than you

You can't bend me
Or offend me
You can't lend me how you're feeling