

Garden of Computer Spit

Lovedrug

The sun will shine upon you
But not on all the others
You are sugar sweet, so fine I'd like to eat
Your apple's poison seed
Will be the end of me

In the darkest den
The coolest lion sends
A message to my head
It made me squirm, it said
You were born to make me die

You are the final word, you are the pound another
You are the cops that murder my support to love laws
You are the persona, you are the broken arrow
You are the hunt that shot into everything I do

Well and perfectly your soul will leave your body
Now that I'm involved with pistols at noon
And any moment soon you'll be so unhappy
Because you will finally know that
You were born to make me fight