

Motions

The Bunny the Bear

Well, did you think that I would feel this way?
I just don't think that your lips will ever taste the same.
And are you relevant, without a care?
How do you sleep at night when tossing is endured by fear?
Well, the plunge and the pain...
Just like a sink, it's meant for drowning on another day.
Well, your legs, painted grey..
It's like story blowing over on a rainy day.
When our lips meet we'll ignite this whole God fearing city.
When your lust dries up I still won't go away.
When our bodies meet we're acting via civil motion..
But I doubt our frequency will ever be the same.
And with the motions she fakes, she counts the hearts that she
breaks
and screams,
"Trust me! Touch me! Trust me!" Lust...
Please take my life, gouge my eyes.
Make your way into me.
Take my pride, Hands on thighs.
Suck me dry.
So put it simply, she's still lonely.
And I'll try to refrain from the lies that I make.
So put it simply, she's still lonely.
And I'll try to refrain...
Come on...