

Hunters are murderers
In a world where
Taxes determine value
I don't fear mostly
Cloudy, how can I
Justify a marriage
When I die all by
Myself
This tie I wear is
A fake
One
It hides those buttons well
This is not a love song
Nor some
Clear-cut
Proclamation
"I want nothing
to do with that. Give
me all I can take
of this." And you
can sell a
lie
but not give away
information
That is the
truth
They have no
Problem breathing in sandstone