

Ceschi, Optical Illusion

(Ceschi)

Late at night, while resting sticky eyed, sirens cyberfuck me
And it's been this way since hell froze over in 1813
One could, stood for colored vists, discovered California gold
In the mouths of horny non-gangster rappers from Vallejo
What a funny fucking feeling to be sucked into you whole
As the sun is screamin mercy while children step on it's toes
What a dirty fucking feeling when our naked skin collides
In the middle of the day as your father is gardening
I'm afraid it's an optical illusion
That you look so innocent tonight