

Flexa Lyndo, Split Our Sex

Rehearsals to ourselve, in a withdraw delight
Afford a bliss like murder
Omnipotent and acute

Such a guilt of an attouchment
Within god acknowledgement
O, I strike my horses away
From that black junkin' town

I'll take you there
I bring my bag
For you something else

Rehearsals to ourselve, in a withdrawn delight
Would you adore some knife
'cause it commemorates our wound

Yes, I'll take you there
I bring my bag
For you something else
I'll take you there
I've brought my bag
For you something Els

We did lie to split our sexes so far