

# JJ72, October Swimmer

the dreams of dying mothers  
i awoke, my insides shuddered  
the greycoats of the infantry  
victims looking for sympathy  
and splash of october swimmers  
the cheers of helsinki winners  
my barbed bones of futility  
leeking marrow of ability  
and i don't need anyone  
and you don't need anyone  
i want to be a happy boy  
this means that you must employ my lies  
when i want you  
and i don't need anyone  
i want to be a happy boy  
this means that you must employ my lies  
[solo]  
and i don't need anyone  
and you don't need anyone  
i want to be a happy boy  
this means that you must employ my lies  
when i want you  
and i don't need anyone  
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