

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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