

My Surface, Your Mojo

I'm honest to the senseless
Truth hits hard the lovers
I'm ashamed for my pleasure
Because luxury is leisure

But when I return to conscience
The ashes of the last filter cold.

Then I feel I'm but a Mojo
A spit into the flame
I feel like a pearl on the velvet
A pawn inside your game.

This turns out as a Verdict
The King of Kings is gone
There's no feel to feel lighter.
The stranger is inside her.

But when I get to believe,
the perfume of morning to receive,

Then I feel I'm but a Mojo
A spit into the flame
I feel like a pearl on the velvet
A pawn inside your game.
You're addicted to the same
You're addicted to the same