

Propaghandi, Gamble

Your hips are swaying and your eyes are saying that you need two gamblers for this game you're playing
It's a dead-end. seven years after seven to sing for this country instead of raven or venom, 'cause you

Amble when your fingers burn from the last time that you flew and bled and the shadows that you've
Just as fat as a union bureaucrat that the life you wanna live ain't the one you're looking at. there's