

Last Supper

See, I'm not even your gal but I love you, love you!
You ain't no fossil to me:
you can kidnap my soul.
Cause I'm a perfect tourist of your cultivated brain.
You can kidnap my soul.
So now just use zip ties for my two wrists!

It's just cool as shit, isn't it?
You nail it!
This is rad. Rad. Rattle me. It popped up on my radar.
Based on what I know of you.
You can kidnap my soul...
But where were you going off my bones at first, uh!

My mouth now is all drools and stuffed with you.
What is the trick, ain't you nuts!
Have you got a kind of a tool, a tool...
So you can kidnap my soul?
Sadly, lonely soul; here I ask: are ashes cold?
What is that buzz all about?

It's just cool as shit, isn't it?
You nail it!
This is rad. Rad. Rattle me. It popped up on my radar.
Based on what I know of you.
You can kidnap my soul...
But where were you going off my bones at first, uh!

Lyrics : Liz Tillman.