

Nickasaur, Telephone Wires And Dial Tones

she whispered me melodies
while screaming infidelities
passing through telephone wires and dial tones
she makes out in blackouts
she backstabs to passout
then drifts off into the night
shes looking
for her next victim
and supposedly im the next
its a change of pace
so lock the doors
her contaigous kisses
leave you no remorse
put your foot on the gas
and just go go go