

# Apex Theory, Drown Ink

Apex Theory

Topsy-Turvy

Drown Ink

Thanks for these new sheets

But I've been hanging fire from your everyday

The knack for the fixed

Been holding water then you're snatched away

Bells and whistles make the man

Like you're a hophead waiting to happen

A welcome waiting to offend

Who will buy the farm?...

The sheep with the longing to share

The sheep with the longing to share

The sheep with the longing to share...

My fellow and gone chiefs

Customs make us who we are

My fellow and gone chiefs

Customs make us who we are

My fellow and gone chiefs

Customs make us who we are

My fellow and gone chiefs

Customs make us who we are

So much farther than myanmar

You will always hold true in my heart

To escape the customary cycles of parables

The world begins anew and we are inseparable

They said you brought light

The doors are always open...

My fellow and gone chiefs

Customs make us who we are

My fellow and gone chiefs

Customs make us who we are

So much farther than myanmar

You will always hold true in my heart