

Archers Of Loaf, Learo, You're A Hole

Try to prove it,
Try to get there,
Try to make your act a favor.

Like a fat death
Patch of false.
Strips you of your skin, it's heavy,
And worn, and it stains my point of view.

My point in part,
Everytime you put a mark on me
Worse,
Everytime you try to start with me.

And I'm inclined to boil,
You're a solid state.
I'm inclined to boil
Destroy your maze.

Cause you're a hole,
You're a hole,
You're a hole,
Learo.

You're a hole,
You're a hole,
You're a hole,
You're a hole.

(repeat last two sections)

Try to move it,
Try to get there,
Try to force a conversation.

Like a polish,
Too much shock.
Twitches you, your skin is heavy,
And worn, and it stains my point in print.

My point in print.
Everytime you put a mark on me,
Print,
Everytime you try to start with me.

And I'm a thick skin,
You're a nervous brand of metal.
I'm a thick skin,
You're a nervous brand of soul.

You're a hole,
You're a hole,
You're a hole,
Learo.

You're a hole,
You're a hole,
You're a hole,
You're a hole.

(repeat last two sections)

Took a long walk,
Took care of the situation.

_____ all torn,
And the noise _____

Nothing stands out,
And the rest is separations
Nothing stands out
When your mouth is spoiled. (?)

(repeat)