

# At The Drive-In, Catacombs

Lark throated spit through beaks tonight  
These gagging chirps were written in disguise  
What's that sound?  
Caskets floating

Hey you did you ever intend to sleep inside my tomb  
And you would ever attempt to kick from inside of this womb  
Hey you would you ever attempt the excavation of these fossils  
And in case you haven't noticed, we're already dead

This gravity is a quadriplegic horse and carriage...

Pendulum swing through tantrm  
This scalpel's gaze untamed won't feel romantic  
What's that sound?  
Caskets floating

In layman's term sewn through matrimony