

City Of Caterpillar, Maybe They'll Gnaw Right Thro

Quick! Set your traps: burn your stakes: throw your stones. We wanna feel safe. And the mice will
hit the brightlights: lay off the brakes we need to breathe... such short spurts: shor:t short: spurts. In
Quick for god's sake cut out the lights. They'll know I'm here. They'll know and gnaw right through.