

Discover America, Shiny Teeth

Let the mouth of hell bare its shiny teeth.
Let the flames reach high and singe my tired feet.
Remove the plank.
Yeah, expose the mystery.
Show them polar opposites.
Don't show them in-betweens.
If this is what you got then this is what you need.
Behold, honest appraiser of what you should receive.
At last come down, scoop up your baby bird.
And we might know your word.
Don't be afraid, you got it let it go.
We're only getting by on illusions of control