

Live, Unsheathed

the baby's not screaming enough
the singer's not singing enough
ramana's not breathing, to us
behold the unsheathing, it's love

the blade is not ready to cut
it's dull from our thinking, it's rough

Free love is a world i can't linger too long in
"free love" was just another party
for the hippies to ruin
behold the unsheathing, it's love
behold the unsheathing, it's love

Free love is a knife through the jugular vein son
Free love, i can't afford to add up what you fuckers are made of.