

No Trigger, The (Not So) Noble Purveyors Of The

One time was not enough. Fourteen and lost, combing through the jungle sounds. The taste hit buds and got stuck like a desert island citizen. Irony settles the feeling of unease, I mean check it out, there's a decade on the way. It's all been done and done again and like hell am I changing. We got the tools you got the job, it's where we both belong. It's all been done and done again and like hell am I changing. We got the tools you got the job. It's where we both belong. Let's catch up. We're wading deep and smiling wide, pan in water, sifting what we find. We're not leaving here empty-handed. It's all been done and done again and like hell am I changing. We got the tools you got the job, it's where we both belong. It's all been done and done again and like hell am I changing. We got the tools you got the job, it's where we both belong. It's where we both belong.