

Sonny Moore, Mora

Take a step off of that silver bird from your planet
and you brought a little bit of that cold with you
ring me out like you would your bastarding father
and you're so quick to stick to that scum
hungry like a pirhana
Swallow a little of that sea
now taste a little bit of that salt in me
throw up a little of it on your knees
now doesn't that bring you back to the beginning
before you poured your elements away
now sink back to the bottom of it all
Seal your lips with the black stitch of a secret
parade with that speechless dryness of the desert
lay flat under the lime light and feed off of the fiction
cold callus and boiled between the bleak deep of your dirty hands
Swallow a little of that sea
now taste a little bit of that salt in me
throw up a little of it on your knees
now doesn't that bring you back to the beginning
before you poured your elements away
now sink back to the bottom of it all