

# Acetone, Chills

I've got chills. they're multiplyin'.  
Strange vibrations in my head  
And I can feel disintegration  
Like flies livin' in my bed  
Ow  
There were three dots in formation  
Eerie sights along the road  
And there were signs and indications.

Split in two, then spun around disappeared  
Ow  
I've got chills. they're multiplyin'.  
Strange vibrations in my head  
And there were signs and indications,  
Like flies livin' in my bed.  
Ow