

# Archers Of Loaf, Vocal Shrapnel

Crippled by the call into complete decay.  
An everlasting lost can leave a bitter taste.  
Overrated, she's not faking  
Idiots collect to run a losing pace.

And I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.  
And then they come, demanding a reaction to the light of day.  
The lazy voice is making noise.  
The reasons clad in vocal shrapnel.

Settle in the call to mark the minutes by.  
A minute's thick enough to last a long, long while.  
Overrated, she's not faking  
Frozen into place, one million hateful smiles.

And I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.  
And then they come, demanding a reaction to the light of day.  
The lazy voice is making noise.  
The reasons credit vocal shrapnel.

I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.  
I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.