

Bear Vs. Shark, Campfire

The countryside
Is being eaten by the very structures that we lean on
Love letters for bonfires
Love letters for bonfires
Love letters for bonfires
And campfire songs for city children

No where to run
Distance ourselves from the balanced crops of thought
Till the field
No where to run
No where to run
You were never there

The Oceanside
Is being torn down by the countless drops of blackness feeding
Filtration
Filtration
Filtration
For the domestication, medication of diseases

No where to run
Distance ourselves from the balanced crops of thought
Till the field
No where to run
No where to run
Yeah!

You'll lose your balance on this rope
Broncos with cavalry bringing me home

You'll lose your balance on this rope
Broncos with cavalry bringing me home

You'll lose your balance on this rope
Broncos with cavalry bringing me home

You'll lose your balance
You'll lose your balance on this rope
Broncos with cavalry bringing me home

Roarrrr, roarrrr, ohh
Broncos with cavalry

Nowhere to run
Distance ourselves from the balanced crops of thought
Till the field
Nowhere to run
Nowhere to run

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to run

Nowhere to run
Nowhere to run