

# 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