

From Autumn To Ashes, A Goat In Sheep's Rosa

A coarse exhalation of lungs that pray for pity
My two fingers punching the keys diligently
Trembling ground pushed my glass off the table
Spilling the blood of the son of your idol
If it were not for the extensive bug collection
I would know not what I've found
This world would still be flat
Mary would be a virgin
And I would still be sleeping sound
If every word is a dead symbol empowered by the carriers expression
I'll bury my instrument citing this incident
I'm a flickering bulb that keeps blaming the filament
The most honest telling of this boyish fable
Is that on level ground
I'm never feeling stable
I've got to try to outlast this candle
Or trust department to fight the inferno
If it were not for this extensive bug collection
I would know not what I've found
This world would still be flat
Mary would be a virgin
And I would still be sleeping sound
Its an endless quest to maintain
When no one is ever right
And out of the fertile plains
We bathe in the fractured rays of
Sun sunlight sun sunlight
And if it were not for this extensive bug collection
I would know not what I've found
This world would still be flat
And Mary would still be a virgin
I would still be sleeping sound
They say this country was based
Hard work and integrity
And whats been done
Thats a lie
It was built on murder man
Mayhem
Slavery
Oppression
Lies
Stealing
And tyranny
As a baseline