

Kyuss, Catamaran

Smooth stones beneath me
Cool air surrounds
Soft and savory
Take me to God, you can take me to God

No it doesn't take your
Will to set your brace on me
I never doubt your possibilities
Please let go of my sleeve

Smooth stones behind me
Cold air surrounds
Soft and savory
You can take me to God, you take me to God

No it doesn't take your
Will to set your brace on me
I never doubt your possibilities
Please let go of my sleeve