

# The Apex Theory, Down Ink

Thanks for these new sheets  
But i've been hanging fire from your everyday  
The knack for the fixed  
Been holding water then you're snatched away

Bells and whistles make the man  
Like you're a hophead waiting to happen  
A welcome waiting to offend  
Who will buy the farm?

My fellow and gone chiefs  
Customs make us who we are

To escape the customary cycles of parables  
The world begins anew and we are inseparable  
They said you brought light  
The doors are always open....