

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....