

The Apex Theory, Drown 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?..
The sheep with the longing to share
The sheep with the longing to share
The sheep with the longing to share...

My fellow and gone chiefs
Customes make us who we are
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So much farther than myanmar
You will always hold true in my heart

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...

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Customes make us who we are

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