

# Visqueen, Zirconium Gun

Sun burns the charcoal into fine glass  
Beneath the coral undersea grass  
Pearls are born in ocean's oyster sand  
Trapped into beautifying every hand  
Glamorous as any prisoner can

Diamond  
Bombs Away  
Shot dead zirconium gun

Spy ready periscopes are looking out  
War submarines of love have turned about  
Fool's gold is shaped into a band  
Trapped into beautifying every hand  
Glamorous as any prisoner can

Diamond  
Bombs Away  
Shot dead zirconium gun

Camouflage me, Kamikaze  
Sabotage me, glitter shiny