

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