

Volcano Choir, Byegone

Day dead bye-gone
Laying near the lights
Of the knights of the northern lodges
There's a border road
No one slip slides or is stoppin'
And the neighborly, sleeping in a coffin

With enough keif
You could really bore someone
Took a rat trap out to the Ache Inn
We were drinking all the ways to down
Door was wide open
You know what were saying 'bout us now
He's a legend
I'm a legend
And we both go tripping through the door

You know that we are northern now
I heard you promise me
At the north end of monogamy
Cut there from filament lead

Somewhere I heard you scream:
For others' hearts
And in the limiest of lights
Hold the keys to a Cuban flight that you won't ever ride
It's time to up and die

Set sail! /4x

Hon, you plenty competent
So why aren't you confident
It's softening to be softening
Then why are you so constant then?
Are we going on a coat ride?
Well, were off and definitely stumbling
Tossin' off your compliments, wow
Sexing all your Parliaments