

# Wintersleep, Caliber

Mumbling monosyllabic moments  
Nobody understands  
Life's too short for explanations  
You've got too many big plans  
You've mapped out every single second  
Of what you'll do when you're done  
You keep your caliber loaded  
No-one's gonna fuck this up

You drive the exact speed limit  
Keep off a track or your miles  
Listen to radio music  
Smiling when everyone else smiles  
You should take a beating willingly  
Do it in the name of the cause  
Do it for the feeling that one day  
Maybe you could be your own boss  
Maybe get a beautiful woman  
Get a fat piece of land  
Get a couple of kids  
A prototypical civilian  
Housing towards the future  
Mining towards the sun  
You keep your caliber loaded  
No-one's gonna fuck this up

You have got to stay on top