

Solutions

Bush

The devil you know
Is back here again
The devil is stoned
He's making friends

We move
We break
We're sun we're shade

You come we go
We're fast we're slow

Blood on your dress
Hole in your sky
Blanket is gone
To permanent night

We're glued
We break
We all dilate
We please
We pain
Again

She checks her head
Shes in the smoke
Figuring which way to turn
Now she's got the rope
Oh

We need solutions
a brain megaphone
We need solutions
a brain megaphone

You've broken your shoes
You look like winter
You're all in a bruise
Handful of splinters

We brood
We flake
We torch
We take

We're bound
Rebirth
Cocoon

I could be wrong
I could be right
Do you think we'll make it out of here alive?
Oh

We need solutions
a brain megaphone
We need solutions

we gotta call this home

She makes me see god

I'm out on a line

Any way the pleasure comes..